

My name is Ashris Choudhury

I was born in Visakhapatnam, India on 11th of April, 1995. My mother's name is Dr. Madhuri Patel and my father's name is Ayodhya Kumar Choudhury. I belong to the Agharia caste. My dad was in the navy and so while growing up I had to hop around in many different cities - from the urban cities of South India like Vizag, Chennai and Kochi and then close with Ma (who is a gynecologist) in Sundargarh (Kutra) and Jharsuguda

I work as a software engineer in HeadsUp. I earn 70,000 usd remotely. I run a Youtube channel called India in Pixels where I create data visualizations and do data storytelling about India. Some of my videos are titled: Why Bengali sounds so sweet, Awadhi: the language of Awadh and so on. I aspire to be a creative legend who India is proud of.

So there are two buckets almost - one is the techie hat where is code, scrape data, create data visualization. I run a webapp called iipmaps that has earned me 50,000 rupees with paid subscribers. They use iipmaps to generate data maps. Then, I also have a Youtube channel where I create video essays. I earn around 20k from there.

Bachelors of Architecture (Hons) from IIT Kharagpur (2012-2017)

No I am 28 years old and I am unmarried. Currently, my parents want me to get married. I identify as bisexual queer and so I am still wondering which kind of partner can I be with

I live in Jharsuguda, Odisha. I live with my mom. 2 months back we purchased my very own flat above the flat I live in. I am working with Aakar Architects to design it. It should be done by end of 2023

I do have asthma, at least I did as a kid, now I don't.

I can speak Kosali (Sambalpuri), Hindi, English | Basic: Bengali, Spanish

A Book of Disquiet by Fernando Pessoa

A Book of Disquiet by Fernando Pessoa, Stories by Rabindranath Tagore, Sigmund Freud, Carl Jung, Maps of Meaning by Jordan Peterson, Resnick and Halliday, The White Tiger by Aravinda Adiga

Inception, Interstellar, Butterfly Effect, Shawshank Redemption, Black Mirror, Love Death and Robots, Game of Thrones, Stories by Rabindranath Tagore, Shaka Laka Boom Boom, Backyard kids, Rick and Morty, and so on

During one of my now decreasing visits to reddit, I came across a map of India. This map, though familiar to me, posted the names of the states of India that had been translated in English literally. This intrigued me and led me to the 'India in Pixels' page on Instagram.

The creator of 'India in Pixels' presents incredibly intriguing facts about India and Indians in the form of data visualizations. The page is known for good, well-researched, and quality content that is objective and non-polarizing.

Data in itself doesn't necessarily bring us closer to the truth. Even if objective data is presented, people interpret it in their own ways, driven by their identities and preconceptions. However, data can solidify vague ideas by providing a quantitative aspect.

I read every single comment on all of my posts and if I observe someone consistently bringing negativity or being disrespectful, I send them a message asking them to tone down their comments. I aim to maintain a respectful and warm community.

I set a milestone and when I reach there, I don't question what next. I've learned that the imagined milestone doesn't necessarily give the happiness or fulfillment one might expect. The absence of a predefined path can be depressing, but also liberating as it means you are free to do whatever you want.

I consider it as a conversation between me and my readers. I read something, find it interesting, and share it from my perspective. I am okay with the fact that the same content could be interpreted in multiple ways.

Humans first follow identity, and then rationality. Identity often weighs heavier in our perception making or modeling of perception than does rationality. This is something I've noticed while presenting data and observing how it's interpreted.

Back in 2016, Spectecool was born out of a rather random video my friends and I created. Despite its seemingly silly nature, the video brought smiles to people's faces, showing me the power of storytelling and humor. Spectecool was thus initiated with a simple mission: Spread happiness.

I believe success shouldn't be dictated by others' standards. To me, success means feeling inspired by what I do, stepping out of my comfort zone, and making a difference, even in small ways, to someone's life.

Choosing authenticity over conformity has always shaped my life. It keeps me true to my passions, and it helps me foster meaningful connections. It's not always an easy path, but it's fulfilling and rewarding.

I would tell them that it's okay to be uncertain. Life is about creating yourself rather than discovering yourself. So, be genuine, embrace the journey, and don't let someone else's definition of success overshadow your own.

My experience with Spectecool back in 2016 underscored the value of challenging the status quo. I found that an inflexible academic system can often spur entrepreneurial spirits like mine, driving us to find meaning and purpose beyond traditional structures.

In 2016, I was deeply inspired by those who weren't afraid to follow their passions despite potential fear or embarrassment. Figures like YouTubers Troye Sivan and Superwoman, along with alums like Somnath Meher, Biswapati Sarkar, and my friends and seniors in KGP have all contributed to my journey. They taught me the value of authenticity and pursuing what I love.

During my time at IIT Kharagpur in 2016, I wore many hats - actor, director, screenwriter, researcher, linguaphile, and standup comedian, to name a few. I co-founded Spectecool, creating satirical content on various issues. Also, I was a student assistant of FabAcademy, an initiative by Prof. Neil Gershenfeld, MIT, and a student delegate at the Smartgeometry Conference, conducted by Hong Kong University.

The biggest challenge has been ensuring the accuracy of data. The spectrum of India's complexity is wide and each dataset brings its own nuances. The mission is to depict India authentically and that requires rigor in data validation.

The process of discovery is the most exciting. Each dataset presents a new aspect of India. The challenge lies in making these insights relatable and engaging, allowing viewers to see their own lives reflected in the data.

Architecture taught me the art of storytelling through spaces. Translating this to data visualization, I weave narratives through data. The architectural principle of form follows function guides the design of my visualizations.

I draw inspiration from diverse sources - music, nature, books, and people's experiences. The multifaceted nature of India, its rich history, and its vibrant present are constant inspirations for India in Pixels.

Apart from India in Pixels, I've been involved in many interdisciplinary projects. One notable project was developing an Augmented Reality application for education during my time at the MIT Media Lab.

I envision a future where data visualization becomes a powerful tool for empathy and understanding. Beyond the aesthetics, it has the potential to provoke thoughtful conversations and encourage action.

Balancing a demanding professional life with passion projects can be challenging. However, I've found that they often complement each other. The discipline and technical skills from my professional work feed into the creative process of my passion projects.

To me, creativity is the ability to make connections across seemingly disparate fields. It's about perceiving patterns, generating ideas, and expressing them in a way that resonates with others.

Start with curiosity and an open mind. Data visualization is a creative field that requires both analytical and design skills. Practice, patience, and a willingness to learn from mistakes are key.

I aspire to create products and platforms that make a positive impact on society. Be it through software engineering or data visualization, I aim to contribute to a more informed and empathetic world.

Back in 2013, I was studying Architecture at the Indian Institute of Technology (IIT), Kharagpur. It was during this time that I began to develop a deep understanding and appreciation for the subject.

In 2013, I was beginning to realize the holistic nature of Architecture. To me, it was not just a subject, but a beautiful blend of art, science, engineering, technology, aesthetics, philosophy, social sciences, mathematics, and more. This multifaceted nature made it feel almost spiritual.

In 2013, my interest was particularly inclined towards Information Architecture. I was intrigued by how data could be utilized as a fundamental building block in Architecture, enabling responsive design decisions based on the analysis and visualization of data.

Before I began writing, I googled on 'how to write a blog about my architecture education that would be interesting and relatable'. However, finding no fruitful result, I decided to stick to 'Tips to write my first blog'. Google suggested I narrate a story as everyone loves stories.

No, I didn't. No one in 17 generations of my ancestry was associated with any field related to art or design, and 2 years before I began pursuing Architecture, I didn't even imagine I'd be studying this subject.

I didn't have a specific interest. I enjoyed sketching, playing Xbox games, was intrigued by journalism, and found programming intriguing as well. The world seemed vast, and my interests were varied and didn't converge on a specific point.

I was a bright student in school and good at all subjects. However, being the overachiever that I was, I faced high expectations from those around me. So, when it was time to choose a career, there was considerable pressure to go into fields like medical science.

Observing my mother, a dedicated gynaecologist who managed her professional responsibilities alongside her role as a mother, I knew I couldn't match her level of commitment. Moreover, I had the feeling that I would not make a good doctor, fearing I might turn into the kind who conducts odd experiments on patients.

Preparing for IIT-JEE at FIITJEE was transformational. It was a challenging period where I had to compete with many brilliant students. It was a struggle, but it led me to appreciate the beauty of science and develop a rational perspective towards life.

After my not-so-stellar performance in the IIT-JEE, I began researching possible branches I could pursue with my rank. Among them was Architecture. Initially, I knew very little about the field, even jokingly referring to it as 'the study of temples'. However, after appearing for the Architecture Aptitude Test and researching further about the field, I found it to be dynamic and expansive. It seemed to offer a fusion of all my varied interests.

While researching, I came across the works of Santiago Calatrava. The way he blends aesthetics with structural mechanics was phenomenal. It made me see Architecture as a field that could beautifully incorporate aesthetics, science, sketching, and modelling. Despite not knowing many famous architects, or having anyone from my circle connected to this field, I decided to take the risk and chose Architecture.

Reporter Ashris reporting.. Filhaal am in my way to my beloved Odisha 4 Dushshera.. Am in my berth reading Fluid Mechanics. Its boring :| rly. And being nostalgic with dat "Chai garam chai" to "kophi kophi", to snorings of ma copassengers.. Theres an Tamil newspaper lft by smbody in my carrier. And a Bengali uncle nw asked me if I am frm Bengal.. His granddaughter is screaming in 220 dB and a girl next 2 me texting(hee he) actly, India ka population ka sahi estimate trains pe hi realize hta h! Huh! Chalo, nw its Vijaynagaram.. See ya!

I just started loving Doordarshan today. Being bored of the same reality shows n events, i dided to do a random surf. I came across a 1997 Pankaj Kapoor n Reema Lagoo starrer film Rui ka Bojh. Yeah! the film is just as Indian as the name suggests. Its a classy satirical witty and touchin movie. It not only made me feel closer to my parents but also made me nostalgic of days when bullock carts werent jst in buks. Hats off to Pankaj kapur man! Aj kal achchi films banti hi nahi yaar!

I plead all you guys who are turning 18 before 2014 to plz cast your vote and get a better efficient government. Hell with the government and its education minister. Not only have they pushd our juniors in a sea of confusion but by creating the minority reservation mess, also hamperd present IIT 2012 procedure. They have delayd the whole schedule indefinitely thus creating unnescassary commotion. In this country, the last ppl to be considerd for an issue are the ones who are affectd by it... Plz Vote!

Girls and Guys who have recently turned IIT Delhi Haters... Please Listen.. The delay in the counselling is not vice of the Jee guys but our respectable Government led by our superhero Sibal ji... The Government had allocated some percentage of obc seats to muslim minority candidates allowing 324 candidates to fetch a seat... The Honorable Andhra Pradesh court and then Supreme Court scrapped this law saying Reservation based on Religion is unconstitutional.. Thus, 324 ppl lost their seats.. The whole branch allocation thing now has to be made again to account for vacant seats... So, al ths time.. IITD is nt that bad.. Just our govt's awsum policies...

ATTENTION MEN AND WOMEN OF FIITJEE VIZAG!

<http://groups.google.com/groups/search?q=fiitjee-vizag-2010-12&btnG=Search&site=search=groups.google.com>

We are the ones that India shall boast of one day. We are the lucky ones who are endowed with such wonderful talents. When in future, we would have acheived gr8 heights, let us have a group to which we always seek advice from professional to personal level. And whats better than having a group of ppl of our own friends from our alma matter FIITJEE! Facebuk wil eventually b crowded with your zillion other friends of future college. This group wil exclusively 4 our batch, for us. So, its an appeal to plz share ths in large num and join rite nw!! Click on the link plz!!

ATTENTION ATTENTION!!!

Girls and Guys joining IIT Kharagpur. While I was just going through the ill developed IIT Kgp Site(www.iitkgp.ac.in), I found a link called "Welcome Freshers" you will find just above the admission tab... And what I saw shocked me. We need to report there at 19th July with so many documents.. And the largest headache is over 20 checkups that u need to do submitting the original reports and even confirmation of vaccines u had... Its such a menace... plz pay attention.. its an important notice... u shall thank me for this... www.iitkgp.ac.in/topfiles/freshers.php check this link...
@[1569404615:2048:Subhamoy Mahajan] @[100000465662539:2048:Uma Jaya]
@[100000886270902:2048:Vaishnavi Kommaraju] Ruhika Darbare

Debating really is becoming my passion. I'm feeling wonddderful to be among really intelligent and yet, colorful(a polite way of saying non engineers) people. In today's Preliminary 3 debate rounds, we won 2 of them. The first one, we(me Abhilasha and Varun, with really low hopes of winning any) lost against Shriram College of Commerce, claimed(and actually is) the best college of tournament and actually having third years and all... Then, twas Amity having freshers.. We won by a slight margin.. And finally, our Kgp team itself which was a luvly debate!! And we won with a clear margin.. 2 more rounds tomorrow and we need to win both tomorrow... Colleges of the Delhi Elite like Lady Shriram, Hansraj, Stephen's, and all those 100% cutoff waley people. Wish me luck...(I really feel I had opted Arts or Laws.. These people have an awesum life..... Now thats Debatable!)

THIS IS REAL : Facebook CEO (Mark Zuckerberg) had the idea from twin brothers in harvard university in 2001..... and compensated them with 65 million dollar in 2007 In 2009, the twin brothers again started a new social networking project (ZURKER) and launched its beta version in dec 2011 with some new rocking features, new features than facebook and G+. Facebook is worth 50 billion today but its users getting 0 % profit, so twin brothers came up with a new idea to share the profits with its users. If you join it now you can become a share holder and get some shares. Join today and become share holder. Currently there are thousands of members joining. You can only join through referral: Click on the below link to join

<http://www.zurker.in/i-399982-yadxoyzzz>

There is a period when pride is all about having 500+ friends and over 30 likes per item on fb. You accept every friend request and try every move to flaunt. You thus carry a baggage of over 100 people as your "friends" just to add a weighed figure. Its time to remove the baggage. Thus starts my mission to have "friends" in my "friend list" and not strangers whom I never met before.

Surviving the coming events of December 21 2012 is not necessarily like surviving other natural or manmade disaster. You and your family will have to be more proactive and assume more preemptive strategies for long term or even permanent survival. You need to realize that this will be a global event that will effect each and every living thing on the planet. Food and clean water will be scarce and public utilities will be nonexistent, The world governments can not and will not be able to assist in your continuing wellbeing and you will more or less be on your own.

The purpose of this website is to assist and provide you with the necessary

resources and information to help you prepare for, and survive a long-term global disaster. <http://www.december212012.com/>

Seriouslyyyyy!!!! You have a website for this!

Ah! Holi... You came again.. You had to come again! I have been unlucky enough to never have a good Holi in my life ever before. It has usually been a day like a curfew for me, watching the whole colorful world from my enclosed glass box. Probably because, on this day, people have the official licence on to turn rash and laugh back at you after they are done kneading your face like HOOLigans. (Notice the pun). There is just something wrong when a bunch of maniacs are running after you threatening and swearing whom you don't even know! Seriously, what is the excitement about? It's just a day! My request: Please play, Waste Water, Waste your money on Chemicals, Destroy this environment, but please.. Understand the real significance of the festival and value it rather than losing your mind and proving you're nuts.

And they asked me how was NSS...

Feedback / Suggestion

The current semester activities of NSS, IIT Kharagpur are over. We invite feedback / suggestion from participants to help us improve. Pls. keep in mind various constraints that you faced and suggest accordingly. We shall accommodate it as much as possible in next semester which will bring out the best from our combined effort. * Required Pls. write your name. *

Pls. write your roll no. *

Please write your unit no. *

Pls. give your feedback / suggestion. *

It was a novel idea of limiting EAA for Architecture Students to one year. I have huge sympathy for my other friends who need to bear with NSS for another year. Let me not sound rude but I was hugely dissatisfied by this whole program, just like many of my other friends were. I did more service to the society and had genuine concern for the poor and needy before this program than I have now. The primary job in NSS is to maintain attendance sheets and primary service is to ensure whether a P is marked or not. There are no sentiments, "feeling of service", awareness and all of that at all. You cannot expect people to enjoy a rally by blackmailing them to fail and make them repeat this for another year. Service is something that comes from within and not by forcing someone and warning to fail them. Probably that is why the program was meant to be voluntary and not forced, which is a huge mistake. The authorities probably got a hint of how dissatisfied the students were from the camp speeches we had. The lack of proper decision making is portrayed when you ask us to

dig the roads, which is in no way of any concern to the villagers using water, which is so scarce and is not even there. It is so illogical to complain of lack of funds to help the villagers but still have dozens of events every month.. Swami Vivekananda Birthday Rally, Youth Day, Probably 2 Annual Days of NSS! There are funds here to buy sweets and loudspeakers. I am in no way trying to be rude but just explaining my discontentment and dissatisfaction over the hours I spent over this futile program. Please consider that unless a person is genuinely interested and happy to pursue something, you cannot force him/her to like it at bullet point. I won't be wrong that if it wasn't for the attendance blackmailing policy, the people in NSS would drop down to 0.01%.. However, look at Gopali Youth Welfare Society, a voluntary student run organization with no compulsion to service..My friends, out of their own will, out of genuine concern visit Gopali, it's children, and interact with them. They have gathered enough funds to build a school there, without any sponsorship or anything. Essentially, it is a live example of what is wrong with your system and your plan. Please reconsider your objectives and genuinely change your plans instead of mere asking for suggestion from students who would be scared of writing their genuine comments, for the fear of you failing them for a year. Thank you.

Way to go! Am glad that these issues are discussed and rationality finds its place slowly, yet gradually.

Let me express my views on this as well.

I was dissatisfied when I joined IIT Kharagpur. Very very dissatisfied. I had always seen IITs as a huge social experiment. Imagine: out of 1.2 billion people, you select a handful of 8000 brainiest folks, get them together into one place, provide them with all the facilities they need. IIT Kharagpur probably is the only IIT providing fast internet for free with no limits 24x7. We have Asia's largest technological library. We could have never afford those books with Rs 8000 mrp had we not been in here. Nehru intended IIT KGP to be the backbone of this country's technological growth. And again, we are among the 0.05% of the student community who fought and managed to be here.

Yes. All that. And, what are we doing?

Pouring oil in diyas, acting in drama shows, contesting for elections and reciting some songs that we don't understand. There is nothing wrong in doing these. But then, if I am not interested, nobody in this place can force me to do that.

We are here for a reason. We fought and worked hard not for making friends and pleasing our seniors but to make our ways through. We are here to meet interested enthusiastic individuals who are equally passionate as we are. We are here to learn and we are paying for that. I don't want to sound rude. But, just because someone appeared for an examination one year before us, it does not give them the right to subject their seniority on us.

I was allotted a random hall based on most proably a lottery. Why do we start

having so high feelings for it so as to sacrifice our academics for it? Why is it seen as a disobedience and rudeness if I have realised my interests and am sure about them? Does someone has to teach me how to behave in a mess and say "Good Mornings" and "Good Nights"? Why aren't we sophisticated individuals who live upto the "uber-cool IITians tag"? Looking here, I feel like living with a bunch of hooligans.

Friends aren't made by rules and regulations and respect isn't earned by force. If someone isn't friends with me because I was not okay with a guy older to me shouting at me, I am glad not to be friends with them. I sometimes feel like a trapped prisoner living amidst a nexus. Why are people so sheepish that they can't raise voices against this bullying? Why can't people respect each other's right to choose their interests. I am totally fine with people doing hall activities if they are interested and by no means I have any problem if you use my bed for making the pyramid to arrange diyas.. What infuriates me is when people behave so illogically and act as if they are tramps and village-mongers, with no concept of self-respect, no concept of dignity and righteousness.

We are who we are. If the real world is harsh, let us deal with it. You weren't there while we were working our asses off to be in here and you wouldn't be here when we face the world either. So, let us make our ways through and we will find our own ways. Maybe someone in the courts of basketball, someone in the corner halls of Library, someone sitting in their rooms, somebody with art brushes, someone someday will find their way. Not everybody needs a diary with the list of 2006's maintenance secretary's name in it to be successful in life.

Guys, stop wasting time, and consider this: These 4-5 years is never coming back again. And the path isn't rosy as it seems either. Stop wasting time and get smart.

Regards

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xB_eWW5ttaM This man seems to be the most dangerous person around in this nation. How hollow he seems with his fumbling words, a salad of women empowerment and RTI garnished with jargon without any concrete beliefs. This sort of impotence is what making our nation a weak, wobbly state. This hollowness and vagueness doesn't seem to stand for strong policies, bold moves and progressive movement. Congress just lost a vote and am sure, million more today.

Hugely hugely dissapointed.

RIP Winter(2013-14) Oh my beautiful li'l charming Winter! You came into my life for the 18th time and now you have to go. I'll be sad and I'll miss you. I'll miss how you made me sleep every night like my mother. I'll miss how I cozily covered myself with three blankets and felt like a fat turtle protected and safe in

my shell. I will miss how the nature seemed so beautiful. No stupid bloodsucking mosquitoes and no flies, the leaves over the ground like a red-brown carpet. I will miss how you made me nostalgic of the days when I wore my grey sweater to school. I will miss how you gave me excuses to not take a bath. I will miss the morning chai and the evening snacks that seem perfect only because of you. I will miss you for making ice creams so fun and yet challenging.

I feel safe when I think of you. Like a magic spell, you hold the nature into a grip, a silent lullaby! Like, time runs slow with you. I will miss the long nights you made. I will miss the Christmas mood. I will miss the vegetables that sprouted only because of you. I will miss the khad-khad-khad noise my teeth made as they shivered when I took a bicycle ride from Archi department at 3 am in the night. I love those lonely walks on the terrace as I hummed slow tunes. I love the subtle tint of darkness that you symbolize. I relate with the song of death you sing. Its like a promise of warmth. You gave me time to think and introspect. You will be missed, beloved Winter! . While you made everything cold, you made me realize how warm I am from within. Oh! How I relate with you! How I wish I could speak to you if you were a person. How I wish I could be lost in your sad tunes.

And there, you are gone. I'll wait for you another year. When you shall come with your lovely breath in 2015. I will be waiting for you. Always, with awaiting eyes.

And Monsoon, you suck. Stupid insect harvester, sticky humidity maker! I hate you and your buzzing noise. The sweet smell.. what do they call "petrichor", yah.. that is shadowed by the fact that you lock me up in a cage and I have to wear raincoats like a prison dress everywhere. I have to carry that lame umbrella like a walking stick. Lame ass monsoon. Go, make crops for me to eat and get lost. Summer, you are a good man. Be gentle and flee away again to welcome my beloved Winter back.

I'll miss you Sweet Winter. Bye.

Sahil Jalan, a fourth year student from IIT Kharagpur, went missing since 23rd February 2014, due to an incident at Makedaatu Falls near Bangalore. We there fore humbly request you to please come forward with any help that you or someone you know can offer to speed up the rescue operations. PLEASE do come forward if you have any information or contact, which can help in his search and rescue, like anyone from NDRF Team for instance. Please post on Sahil Jalan's wall:

<http://www.facebook.com/sahil.jalan>

or mail at: helpsahil.iitkgp@gmail.com

if you can help in anyway.

Please, forward this message to as many people as you can through messages or any means. Please pray for him.

Yup, do the spamming. Yup, do the door to door knocking and insisting to share, like, comment, or promote the posts of your candidates for the elections, but please do so if you really believe they deserve to hold the post. Please do so if their proposals really seem to address what the need is. I admire @[156819310131:274:The Scholars' Avenue]'s initiative to really give the whole election a bit of credibility. Its probably the first time people have started talking sense. Now, I don't even remember who came into my room on hall day and seriously, it wouldn't matter if they had or hadn't. It doesn't matter when I see your face on every group I am in. What really matters is whether you are doing this for your institute or for the POR in your CV.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LeRFUd0mtCc&list=UUfv_a6UvMwg4ezHbbNPzVvQ

Insist everybody who has made through this long to have a look at this video.

With my dad moving to Chennai, and well because of my lack of any accommodation in Vizag, this would be the last year I'd visit Vizag.

Damn man! Vizag, you gave me more than I had asked for! My best friends, the best moments of my life, new beginnings and new ambitions! Mahesh , damn you. You should have been here while I visit for the last time. #nostalgia is overwhelming. Love you Vizag!

Vanakkam Chennai! We shall have a great time! :D Can't wait to see how much has Adyar changed!

Praharsh Subhamoy Shramajit Nikhil Abhijeet

Thanks Praharsh for the honor you have bestowed upon me. I am glad to dump another Bucket Load of Drama to the Ocean of Bucket Challenges by now. Art and Aesthetics aren't really my passion, but I shall gladly share some of the books on Architecture that have intrigued me. (People who know me would know that me commenting something on Art and Aesthetics would be irony at its best.)

1. Form, Space and Order by Francis D.K. Ching: This one is the Bible of introductory Architecture which breaks down the constitution of space and explains how Space is constituted. Space here refers to Architectural perception of volume where a design is done. Abstract characteristic of spaces like hierarchy, order, rhythm, scale, orientation and clustering with many possible outcomes are illustrated which give you an idea of what Architecture is based on, in its purest form.

2. Social History of Indian Architecture by V.S. Parmar: The boring title in no way does justice to how cool the content is. The book takes a logical, almost mathematical approach to derive how social customs and norms were instrumental in shaping how buildings took form. Things like why the jali was used in Rajputana style of Architecture or how did the different explanations to life and death translate into two different styles of Architecture in North and South India. A logical mind as yours would really appreciate how abstract "designs" are infact concentrated end results of several iterations of functional practices.

3. 10 Books of Vitruvius: This dude was the first to document Architectural theories and gave shape to what Architecture must aim for: Utility, Stability and Beauty. His books have explained various facets of architecture in a rather poetic manner. Its kinda funny at times, but nevertheless makes a good read of a grand narrative. Again, I stuck to this for a week or so and didn't find it quite interesting to continue.

4. Fountainhead by Ayn Rand: This book is one of those novels that I hate so much that I love. I have fundamental issues with the idea that the book conveys. The whole basis of argument that one must give away everything that it takes for his beliefs with no concern for its consequences doesn't really appeal to me. The idea that one needs to suffer and make one's life hard to please Gods of Architecture doesn't resonate with me. It evokes many kinds of feelings and makes a good read for sure, challenging your firm beliefs and perception of life and ambitions in general.

Well, for the normal non artsy books, I take a very safe approach of only reading books that have been received well to avoid a sheer waste of time. I sadly have failed to do so however with books like Meluha and Alchemist :/ The classic ones didn't disappoint me though. There's no point however mentioning those as you'd already be knowing them. RK Narayan's Malgudi Days and Premchand's mostly all works have been amazing reads as well. I also have loved works of O.Henry and Saki. Its quite difficult to streamline just some. Murder of the Orient Express is the only Agatha Christie book I followed and I loved it.

Eh, so much so for a list.

My favorite part, the nominations.

I'd like to nominate Vam Shi Reddy, Harshit Sharma, Nishant Vats, Monika Dash, Ankita Diwan, Apoorva Reddy, Anchit Singh, Sheenal Chhabra, Prachi Verma, Abhijeet Pasumarthy, Subhamoy Mahajan, Abhilasha Priyadarshini, Shyam Garg, Pratik Patra, Karthikeyan Kuppu, Sayantika Naskar, Swati Mundre, S Sai Manoj, and Kritika Agarwal to take carry on.

Where can I go tonight? What can I do to shower the least bit of love? Why do I need to change this time? Isn't there someone who loves more than I? And I try out on the boulevard And tonight I'm not very far, But I'll talk to you like

you're not here And I'll say the words that you want to hear Cause it's such a long way down It's such a long way down And It's such a long way down And It's such a long way down It's such a long way down It's such a long way down To the ground

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LFCsQkDtcyA>

Found this amazing sweet li'l song which Sony had in its walkman mp3 players.

(<https://medium.com/take-off-your-shoes/if-i-had-to-do-it-over-i-would-skip-the-mba-13901eed3011>)

I pasted the content here to save you the trouble of opening another tab.

It has been three years, but I will not forget those shoes. Dull grey in color, old and comfortable, a pair of Hush Puppies, that I hoped I would find on that shoe shelf outside this particular Neonatal Intensive Care Unit (NICU). If the shoes were outside, I knew he was inside, and that meant I could hope for a split chance to merely watch him from a distance, as he hovered over many tiny babies, and made his way to my little son's incubator. I read his facial expression as he spoke about my baby to the junior doctor, and lip-read the instructions he gave the nurses, hoping I will find words of cure, words of hope, words to make my heart keep beating.

Those shoes belong to my baby's neonatologist, and during the 45 days that my baby stayed in the NICU, this doctor was my interface to the powers of God, equipped with skills and experience that I did not have, that my baby, and many other premature babies needed.

He had learnt the hard stuff. The stuff I had skipped.

Last week, a first cousin stayed with us for a few days. He is in town to give talks at various Astrophysics institutes. He is a few months away from finishing his PhD in Astrophysics from Caltech. Caltech is probably one the best places on earth for this field. But that's not as important as the person I'm describing. I've seen him through it all - building telescopes at the age of 11, spending his weekends at the IUCAA Astronomy Center in Pune, rejecting a socially prestigious engineering seat for a simple B.Sc. in Physics, later moving to IIT Bombay for his M.Sc., and finally to Caltech for his PhD. This boy started gazing at the stars very early, and even today the man in front of me is still the same boy - still studying something hard, still making sense of the stars, hoping to make a difference to the field of Physics. In campus recruiting, he is offered high-paying data scientist jobs, yet he prefers to stick with the stars, - Those guys don't want me for Physics. I'll finish my post-doc, and then figure it out.

He wants to come back to India, he wants to take care of his grandparents, and he wants to be with the stars. He says he will find a way. He did not get an MBA so he does not know words such as - opportunity cost - or - risk analysis.

He is busy with the hard stuff. The stuff I skipped.

On an ordinary Saturday evening, my family and I are watching the International Premier Tennis League on TV. In one of the breaks between games, there's an interview of a teenager from Pune, my hometown, who qualified for junior Wimbledon this year. My husband remarks, "Wow! That kid must have practiced 5 hours a day throughout his childhood. That's hard stuff. I wish I had done that."

My husband plays tennis on weekends. Once in a while the coach pairs him with one of the young kids, the ones being trained for a career in tennis. Those kids play 4 hours a day, 2 hours before school and 2 hours after school. We see their parents watching everyday, devoting their lives to a shared dream. The school makes special arrangements to ensure they don't miss out on exams during tournaments. The coach has created a scholarship to fund all tennis related expenses for these hard-working kids. They're engaged in what Geoff Colvin would call deliberate practice.

That's hard stuff. So hard that it's physically painful. Most of us would never attempt it. I skipped it.

Why am I mulling over these stories? Why do I feel spontaneous envy when I bump into the 60-year-old painter who lives on my floor, or the 70-year-old scientist who loves talking about his projects? To me they have something that wealth or power or luck cannot bring - vibrancy until death. As I soak in the warm light that emerges from their cheery old eyes, I try to make sense of my past, and my future.

I had worked hard at the strict convent school I went to, and worked hard during engineering too, and yet after all the training in working hard, I chose a generalist degree for my post-graduation, an MBA. I know why I chose it then - a new experience, a great Ivy-League school, exposure to business, readiness for entrepreneurship, etc etc. But somehow an MBA took me further away from pursuing a hard-learned skill, a skill that feels real, a skill where there is no finish line, a skill that in later years gives meaning beyond career building.

Nowadays when I am asked for career advice, my first question is - "How long a career do you want? Are we talking 20 years or 60 years?"

It just may be a mid-life thing to wish for changing one little thing in your past. In such moments, I wish I had planned for a 60-year career, and got that hard skill, something I do with my hands, something that takes years to master. The longer, the better.

It's only in mid-life that we finally realize, there was no need to hurry.

<http://swarajyamag.com/politics/recall-bhopal-tragedy-to-know-real-teresa/>

<https://heartrajan.wordpress.com/2015/02/19/why-is-aamir-khan-such-a-pretentious-prick/>

What's up with all this hate! It is very easy to sit comfortably in your desk and rant about someone, and its a difficult task to do new stuff, initiate things and inspire people, even if you are doing it to gain publicity or fulfill an underlying 'motive'. Reminds me of the story from Quora where they talk of the bottle of Indian rats which needs not be closed because as soon as a rat tries to climb up, the others will pull it down.

Teresa might have been an agent of Christianity with her devilish plans of converting people, I don't care. She did what folks like me and millions others cannot do and I respect her for that. Aamir's views on AIB were his own. Brilliant demonstration of exercising freedom of speech by asking someone to shut up. I am no Aamir fan but I don't see why do a postmortem of all his works and try to belittle them, all because like me, he did not find AIB's Roast funny. This, is cyber bullying at its best.

We collectively need to turn down the 'Hate' in us by a notch. Someone is putting himself out there and is doing something new. Irrespective of howsoever cheap or shallow it appears to you, its better than sitting in a couch with your big ass doing nothing and being an arm chair critique. Criticizing for the sake of it, without meaning to correct someone but just mock them is simply pathetic.

You did it with Kejriwal, you do it with Gandhi and you do with folks who don't sit idly like you but do something creative, do something for the society and the nation. Even if its a marketing gimmick, so what? It inspires people, it gets hope to people. I relate and connect with Satyamev Jayate even if its a marketing stunt by Aamir.

Why can't we see the better traits in people instead of digging out for the worst. Why can't somebody be appreciated for the things they did rather than question and be skeptical about their intentions?

Not everybody is all sparkly white, and you know what, its okay! Everybody has their flaws and we accept and tolerate them instead of counting each one of them and mocking them to death.

Lets just peace out, all of us.

It takes just 2 minutes. Protect the net! Else very soon, like TV Channel Subscriptions you will have

Airtel Mast Dhamaka 4GB Pack @196 (Rs 50 for Facebook, Rs 50 for Whatsapp, Rs 20 for Twitter, Rs 75 for Google)

This will cause the whole of net to be monopolized by the network companies and we will be subjected to use only those sites that have lobbied with the networks. This move has been made so that Network companies can regulate

our usage of WhatsApp, Viber, Messenger and other Apps that are taking a toll on their profits.

Lets not let this be imposed. Take charge, now.

Revisiting places that formed a very integral part of your life is always an overwhelming experience. Ten years have completely made me a stranger to Chennai. There are mountains of glass, cement and steel all around. Stalls have become malls, streets have grown into flyovers. Metro is being constructed, and hence there are iron skeletons and concrete pillars wherever eye goes.

The driver tells us 'there by the lane, Surya's house, you know Surya? Famous actor'.

There are things also, that haven't changed. The CPWD quarters still haven't changed at all. There is the familiar smell of jasmine and incense stick in every corner, and there are Amma's pictures with the two leaves on every wall, beside which there is a garbage dump too. Odyssey, a mall where I got all my Enid Blyton books is still very much there but the ice cream cum juice parlour by its side isn't.

The flat of the new apartment having the same layout as the one we lived 10 years back, hits a strong déjà vu. The balcony where I threw stones at the pigeons, hall where I did my failed MAD craft works, the same TV and bed arrangement where I had spent hours watching Oswald and Noddy. Ah! nostalgia hits hard.

Cities like people become so intimate in lives. Visiting a city seems very much like meeting an old friend.

Chennai has lot more to say, it'll take a day or two to know it well again.

A lovely little girl was holding two apples with both hands. Her mum came in and softly asked her little daughter with a smile: "My sweetie, could you give your mum one of your two apples"? The girl looked up at her mum for some seconds, then she suddenly took a quick bite on one apple, and then quickly on the other! The mum felt the smile on her face freeze, she tried hard not to reveal her disappointment! Then, the little girl handed one of her bitten apples to her mum, and said: "Mummy, here you are, this is the sweeter one!! No matter who you are, how experienced you are, and how knowledgeable you think you are, always delay judgement. Give others the privilege to explain themselves. What you see may not be the reality. Never conclude for others.

Hi there folks. We (Me and a bunch of retards) plan on making a Facebook group for people who would be interested in YouTub-ing and well, make cool

stuff. Once added, you can add other friends too and we can sort of make a community. So, if you're interested, ping me, I'll add you. :)

P.S: Its for folks from KGP and Cal, so that we can have like collabs and all.

P.P.S: We plan to make funny sketches and Videos, parodies and not 'stuff' if it wasn't clear :p

P.P.P.S: No, it will not be about making Youtube tutorials like Coursera (Argh). I personally am looking for people to collaborate with us for Spectecool (bit of self promotion, if you permit). But people can form their own videos too and launch something under their banner. But I think it would be something that say TVF or AIB makes (it'll take time to get to that quality, but meh, kar lenge), or say Kanan and Biswa to start with.

I was frantically running in the station running after a train which I just missed. "Excuse Me", a middle aged gentleman in suit said. He looked lost. "Can you tell me where we are exactly", he said opening a large map of Zurich. I was getting late, but I explained him the whereabouts and the local Points of Interests. "I just have 3 hours here before I attend a meeting and I have no clue about this new place"

I decided to take some time and show him around. "Where are you from", he asked. "I'm from India, uncle, I am here for my internship."

"Oh! I'm from Pakistan. My son will be studying in this institute here. whats it called.. ETH, yes"

"Cool! I work there only." I said with a smile and received the same back. "Let me show you couple of places around, there's a local museum and a lake, but I need to leave by 4, I have got some work to be done", I said.

He told me that his son was from LUMS, apparently one of the best universitites of Pakistan. He was here as a delegate from Pakistan for the FIFA World Congress. He asked me about India, our place, how we live.

"You guys are on the right path. Pakistan somehow has no discipline, you guys are better on that. I don't know why they fight over all the time."

It didn't feel for a second that he was any different than a fellow uncle I'd come by in India.

We went to the museum and he paid for my ticket. He was asking me consistently if I was getting late for my work. After some minutes of wandering around understanding zilch of the German annotations, we decided to return. I got the return ticket for him as a kind gesture.

"Both these countries should give up their ego and let go, you know. There is so much we could do together. We almost know all about India through our media and your Indian shows, they are very popular in Pakistan"

We bid farewell in the end. "Beta, thank you so much that you took out time. Wish you all the success for the future"

"Bye uncle! Namaste"

"Waleikum-Assalam!"

And I went by on my way rewinding the incident in my mind.

A helpful guide to all the future students who will be appearing for the Architecture Aptitude test (For B.Arch, IIT KGP and IIT Roorkee):

This is the UCEED 2015 Question paper, the entrance examination for B.Des course in IDC, IIT Bombay. This reminds me of the examination I appeared 3 years ago. Its super fun and tests pretty much all parts of the brains you'd need for Architecture/Design.

<http://www.gate.iitb.ac.in/uceed/UCEED-2015-Question-Paper.pdf>

It gives you an idea of the sheer breadth of knowledge and exposure you need in a Design related field.

P.S: Even if you are not an architecture student, do check this out. You'll love this.

<http://www.theatlantic.com/international/archive/2015/06/thank-you-culture-india-america/395069/>

This article makes an interesting read. It contrasts India and US in regards to what-you-mean vs what-you-say and how emotions in India are implicitly conveyed, while in US they are more explicitly stated using words. He takes a step ahead and states that an explicit expression of gratitude in India is actually frowned upon, as it is seen as being formal and that hence reduces intimacy.

Being an Indian, I somehow never grasped that concept. I never understood why using 'Please', 'Thank You' and 'Pardon' are not used more often. I use these expressions very liberally, often not emphatically meaning it. I say 'Good Morning' to cashiers when I meet and 'Thank You, Have a nice day' when I leave, but am not received with a smile or a reply. I often wonder why is that and this article probably sheds some light in this regard.

And also, I do thank my parents, I mean it when I say. I am not hesitant to apologize when I think I have wronged. I don't think that should be frowned upon. People should be encouraged to be more expressive and courteous.

Being so uptight makes no sense to me. As a society, does it make us pretentious to say Thank Yous more often? Maybe it feels alien because it seems 'English'-like. I don't see any harm in embracing that, though. In fact, being more

verbally expressive would let go of the ego, the sense of awkward silences we usually have.

With time, I have learnt to shut up and do what others do. I don't thank or greet as much as I did before, but that doesn't feel alright.

Last week, in the local mall, I was carrying this huge trolley of food items that would take forever to be registered by the cashier. A woman behind me just had an ice cream, so I let her go ahead. She smiled and thanked me 4-5 times.

I am thanked for when I buy something at a store with a big cheerful smile, I receive a smile when I go for a jog and the other joggers pass by. I return the favors by saying Thanks more often and it comes very very naturally to me. It genuinely makes me happier and ponder 'That's how it should be!'

What if this communication gap is the reason why we don't help strangers more often, forget to be in touch with people for days and lose that kind of human connection with others? If these fancy words can lubricate relationships, what's the harm? Go and thank more often! It costs you nothing and sometimes its all that takes to make someone's day,

You were hidden in my heart So, I couldn't find you. I didn't feel your presence.

My eyes wandered all outsidess Alas, I didn't peek within my heart.

In all my existence of love, in all agony and in all hope, You remained with me, for me, although I didn't ask you to.

You were hidden in my heart So, I couldn't find you.

As an expression of joy, you were with me in my play Oblivious in that joy, I let time fritter away

Buried deep in my heart, to songs of my joy and misery You gave me the tune and still I did not sing of thy glory.

:)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LY_rMXXuJp8&feature=youtu.be

This is probably the only song from my 'true' mother tongue to have found a space on a popular music platform :) Am so so glad that there's this initiative to get these incredibly endangered songs to the forefront. Yes, the 'raw'ness of the original song is lost here in process, but I guess that's the cost every culture needs to pay to blend with the mainstream. I love how they have done the fusion with Tamil lyrics. :D Beautiful :')

For the curious ears, this is the original version of the song: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1D-Vz01KQHc>

The language is 'Sambalpuri' btw, a dialect of Odia which is distinct enough to be a different language altogether and am a proud speaker.

Oh! New MacBook Pro! Cool.

Well, so what if

1. It cannot run any Archi Software 2. Doesn't have a LAN Port 3. Doesn't have games 4. Cannot write on NTFS External Hard Disks 5. Has practically every cool app 'paid' 6. Makes right clicking a pain in the ass: making copying, pasting, moving one too. 7. Has its nearest Service Centre in Cal. 8. Has no CD Slot 9. Its 'Delete' key is bizarre. 10. Costs me double that of my loyal PC

Its Apple, nevertheless, duh.

#Windows_Love

There's an ongoing copypasta on reporting OP related videos to the Admin and stopping it altogether. I take the liberty to change the content a bit.

My take on OP or Ragging is the same as it was two years before when I was supposed to be 'ragged' or rather 'oriented', if that pleases you.

This post is for all the second years now in my Friendlist or otherwise:

You are pretty smart already, you don't need me to tell what to do. But as a senior, let me share some of my thoughts so that you can decide on your own your course in life.

60% of KGP is not in any society. Obviously, this isn't because this 60% isn't talented, but just chose not to join any society or might be the societies didn't discover the talents they had. In most case, these folks themselves haven't figured out their talents.

Hence, halls become the natural arena to discover one's skills. This is where your friendships are formed, you find role models and you do things that make you aware of what you are good at.

But the issue is: The average 2nd year is shy and probably introverted. (Please let me take the liberty of using 'He' as a substitute He/She/They henceforth in the post) He will not get out of his room because he thinks he isn't good at things that people are doing. He hasn't even discovered his strengths. Hence, an external push is required at times to get him out of his comfort zone.

This 'push' is what OP was meant to do. It appeals to people's fear to get things done. Once the fear pushes people out of their shells, your 'raggers' become your friends, apparently and the ice you had between your seniors and you is no more.

So, yes, OP does help some people to get out of their shells and do new things, make new friends, form new memories. Most probably without OP, this guy would be sitting in his room doing nothing.

The problem with the model is that like most things in the world, it is designed for the 'average' guy: the Most Common Guy. It becomes disadvantageous to people for whom fear isn't a driving force, introversion isn't a problem and blurting foul words doesn't break the ice. This makes these individuals go back into a shell that they never were in.

What is worse is that the assumptions that OP makes is damaging. It makes it appear that you need to smoke, drink, and abuse to be "cool" and "senior". It is based on foul notions of masculinity that advocates "manning up" by doing supposedly 'manly' and 'challenging' things like buying a condom from a shop, getting naked in front of your colleagues and slapping your colleagues if they aren't able to tell the names of the people in the room, stuffing a cigarette in your butt and dancing to a song. This is where I lose you and fail to see how are you trying to help these kids.

In fact, I think the seniors have been using OP as an excuse, a nice sounding reason they can shove down Administration's ass to continue the process and underneath this blanket, they do what gives them entertainment and fun. It certainly seems more damaging than you present it to be.

I am very skeptical if this really helps people.

(You here refers to the seniors) You really think you can continue acting stud doing your little entertaining games on the fresh guinea pigs you import each year? It must be so satisfying to see these second years living in fear, dancing to your tunes, bowing down in silence to your abuses! Where in the world will you get this open arena to flex your puny muscles and feed your desperate ego.

Dear Second Years,

Like the world, there are assholes and good folks everywhere. The world is shades of grey and hence not every senior is a monster, nor is he a messiah. You will find both inspiring, positive, uplifting seniors trying to get the best out of you and then there will be plain dumb head junkies trying to get you to the lows their lives currently is in. Exercise your judgement.

Do things that you love to do, don't do things that you think you don't enjoy. But try it all and go out there, for your own benefit, not because someone is shouting at you. When someone does, and you are offended, tell them so, authoritatively but respectfully.

Don't be a sheep tolerating the abuse or the bullying. You can sense when someone is trying to lighten the mood and is being funny and when someone is trying to be hurtful. Be frank and stand on your grounds. You don't have to be a follower but an equal to your seniors. Don't let them make you believe that

they are any superior to you because they wrote an examination some years before you did. There is absolutely no difference between you and them.

Your morality is not up for sale. Don't let someone force you to eat meat, take cigarettes, weed or alcohol if you are not okay with it. Don't do anything that your morals don't let you do. Again, stand for your friends who are being shouted at and are being wronged against. If a senior has hurt someone, you or a friend, be vocal about it.

Also, don't think that 'being a man' is equivalent to being immoral. You don't have to do anything to be a man, or a cool 'IITian', you already are.

EDIT: Few students got back to me as a response to the post and I'm glad you did. If your seniors have been troubling you mentally, feel free to drop a mail to the Dean, the Director, the Head of the Department and the Faculty Advisor who will get back with you soon. The only reason there are seniors who continue with harassing you is because they think they won't get caught. And you on the other hand will be worried that your complain may affect them and enrage them more. You know what? If someone treats you like shit, they don't deserve the respect or the time of yours. These are supposed to be the best times of your life. Do not let some sad souls take away your time and spirit from you. Take action.

Cheers.

<http://www.coa.gov.in/>

This has to be the shittiest website I have seen in a long time, probably only beating the atrocity that <http://govindtiwari.blogspot.in/> is, by a slight margin.

This body of people, that goes by the illustrious name 'Council of Architecture' recently hosted a competition to choose a logo for 'Architects' of India as a whole and came up with three designs that would seem like to be creations of an absolute Architecture fresher, or say, a Civil Engineer.

This elite group of probably 50 year old self proclaimed experts decided that IIT needs to abide their norms for my B.Arch degree to be valid, and hence followed set of norms that only B.Arch students have to follow : a) No Department Change Provision b) Compulsory professional 6 month internship (They won't even allow a research internship in Archi, wtf) c) Shit load of redundant courses d) Only Bachelor course to be 5 year long.

Huh. They even wanted to take IITJEE off for B.Arch students in IIT which was contested by my Professors and we still have that autonomy with our AAT, to some extent.

How valid is it to have such a body with such infinite powers? A body of such stature, the experts of Architecture in India need to be more connected with

its body of students and do something better than merely making dictator like rules to impose their objectives.

@[1539969539625874:274:Spectecool] gets to you 'Dear First Year Me', a montage of responses of what some Fourth Year Undergrads would convey to their First Year selves if they could travel back in time.

Zara sa long hai, but its worth it :)

@[1069007900:2048:Prachi] @[100001744984086:2048:Pawan] @[100001818380771:2048:Vishnu] @[100002521143371:2048:Vamshidhar] @[100001017188031:2048:Apoorva] @[100001227044764:2048:Harshil] @[744298694:2048:Hardik] Vivek @[100004164213023:2048:Sankalp] @[100001457817567:2048:Abhineet] @[100003877300087:2048:Debanjana] @[100001835097813:2048:Dhruba] @[100000620014055:2048:Abhishek], a shout out to all you guys for kindly acknowledging my request. I am really sorry Bordo and Tropi for not being able to use your footage, for audio issues.

Highly recommend to turn off the annotations.

@[1353131974:2048:Aditya Shankar] is a friend, a jerk and an extremely nice human at the same time. He isn't pure and pious but all that is compensated by the consistent effort he puts into doing what he believes in. He has been working consistently with @[188716944525429:274:Saathi - IIT Bombay] to create awareness about LGBTQ rights in IITB campus and making it more inclusive for all.

In this video, he describes his journey of breaking the poker face of being someone he wasn't comfortable being and accepting himself for who he is. Watch the video for some really personal, wise words and some heavy Hindi shabds like 'kavyanubhooti'.

In ending, wise words from me: 'Don't be scared to be different, be scared of being just like everybody else'

I've copy pasted the answer here to save the time from opening the link. But if you like the answer, please do leave an upvote. Btw, it comes from Nishant Koul who is presently an Analyst at HSBC, so you can trust his words.

Question: Why is there not a single Indian university within the world's top 100 index list?

"They make the best employees. Not the best engineers by a long shot.

To be a good employee, you need to know your profession just enough to be able to get the job done, but not well enough to be actually be able to innovate or come up with an original idea.

The entire program at IIT is focussed towards making you an authority-loving person, who would do anything the authority-figures want them to do, even with unreasonable deadlines. Those are the kind of people which employers love to hire and those are the people who are rewarded in this system.

Why do you think employers look for a good GPA while hiring ? It's a measure of how much shit you can put up with without complaining.

All our role models in IIT are people who get great jobs, rather than people who do great research or people who tread off the beaten path and start their own venture. The entire system is based on a superficial conformity-reward-conformity cycle, which doesn't end. Also, in a place where your peers are perceived to be brilliant in general, something they conform to becomes a natural thing to do.

Every first year knows that their dream is to get into Schlumberger and Barcap, even when they don't know the first thing about them.

Till the time we start respecting and rewarding individuality, rather than churning out conformist students trying to do their best in the rat race, we will continue to ship out a whole bunch of cheap skilled labour to the rest of the world, and be known just for that."

Thanks for the well articulated answer, Nishant.

<https://www.quora.com/Why-is-there-not-a-single-Indian-university-within-the-worlds-top-100-index-list/answer/Nishant-Koul>

SONDER

If you are able to read this, we must have met some time, must have had a brief conversation sometime in the past, or probably just shared the same university, school or some sphere of work.

But basically, I am a person who raises your friendlist count by one number.

I am an extra in your life just as you are in mine :)

We will not know much about each other beyond what we project on our virtual pages, the fabricated images of ours. We both will never know how ugly we both look in the nine photos we reject for every single photo we upload. We will not know about the doodles we draw in the back of our notebooks or the dreams we dream late in the night.

You and I are unique like the other hundred friends we have in common. But still, I think I am the protagonist of the life I live. Just as you do in yours.

Beyond the role I know you in as: a colleague, a teacher, a random acquaintance, you are skin and bones, flesh and blood and like me, a bundle of memories and beliefs. You are a book that I will never get to read beyond the few pages that you allow me to read.

When we pass by next time, we will exchange smiles, or probably not. We shall exchange 'Hellos' but we will not exchange our deepest memories and thoughts which might be more similar than we expect. We will ensure that our eyes don't meet because it will give away our vulnerabilities.

I will never know about your first kiss or your most embarrassing story in life and neither will you know mine; but I promise that I shall keep in mind that you do have them with you, beyond the walls we have raised to protect our vulnerabilities, the walls that guard us against getting hurt, attached and being judged. I'll know that I only have read couple of pages of the volumes that you are.

In this state of sonder, I acknowledge the infinite complex universe that your mind is. I wish we could both get a peek within them. But they happen to be more like parallel universes: sharing the same three dimensions and varying in the other subtle ones.

Life is awesome. We are strangers. 'Strange'. I don't 'know' you but I know that your life is just as detailed and profound as mine is. We both are made of the same material that sun and stars are made of and so we are more similar than we are different.

Love, Stranger

Most viewed writer in Architecture.. Bwahahaha.

It either means Quora is messed up or there is this huge dearth of good quality content from the qualified individuals who can write, on Quora.

I urge all my friends who are reading this to give it a try to write your first answer. Don't be shy or worried wondering that it won't be good enough, it's alright.

There are so many people having so much fun on so many things, please write!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qzu8SdSP5J0>

Interhall AdDesign Silver :)

A vote of thanks is in order.

First and foremost, a big hug and thanks to Tori, the sweet li'l star of our Video Ad who so gracefully and enthusiastically managed to portray the emotions we imagined for the concept. You must be one proud father, Shankha Pratim Bhattacharya Sir :) We couldn't have done it without your and Ma'am's support and encouragement. We shall make sure Rito gets to be the star in our next projects :)

Thanks to Shivajee, Arghyadeep, Avijit, Rahul, Arpit, Ashish for being our mentors and torch bearers of the whole project.

Piyush for being the karta-dharta. Tumhare warnings ke bina nahi ho pate yaar meetings time pe ya practice, bhai :p Dayesh aur Ajit for your hard work and spirit.

Now, to the men who were the Commanders in Chiefs of the project: Sanket, Subhajo, Hardik for being the strokes, lens and voice of the act. Subhajo, bow down to your skills man!

Ankit, Raunak and Shetty for the ideas, corrections, improvements and finesse. Thanks bhai log.

Tech Advisor Garguy for handling the PJs, and ensuring everything happens the way it should in the logistics, a big thanks man, we couldn't have done it without you.

Jay, Shyam, Shinde for being there to encourage us.

A big thanks to all the second years who worked on the Print Ad, Billboard and the Radio Ad, you guys did an amazing job. I loved Umesh Mehra ki kahani :D

I'm sorry if I have missed anybody. Apologies also for the strings of notifications each one of you will be getting (just turn them off)

I have never a big fan of team events, but thanks for teaching me how fun and worth-it-in-the-end it can all be. It was amazing working with you guys, fistbump from me to you all. And of course, #YO_AZAD

As a personal note, of all the presentations I could watch, I loved Nehru's and SN's presentations personally. You guys did a great job. You got me impressed. Cheers!

Of the many things in my bucket list, feels awesome to strike one off: To perform standup comedy in front of a live audience on stage. Thanks Devashish Mulye for organizing it so well. It that had been something frightening I always wanted to do. This was so out of my comfort zone experience.

It went much better than expected. Making people laugh is whole lot easier than making people laugh on cue. Some really brilliant performances, especially from Vikrant, Rishi, Aithal and Darshan. I would have paid to watch Vikrant perform. KGP needed something like this :)

Ship of Theseus is a thought experiment that raises a fundamental question: If all the components of an object are replaced, does it still continue to be the same object?

Every cell in your body will regenerate, your thoughts will change, even your core beliefs will alter, with time. Will then, you be the same 'you' or will you be as good as a stranger to the present you?

Its not what this video is about, but I somehow landed up thinking about this.

Bad IIT PJs

1. Why did the Dean become a cannibal? Answer: He ate the DoSA.
2. Why did the fresher from RP Hall not go his class on his first day? Answer: His senior told him that the Main Building is close.
3. Why was Indian Idol hosted in Kharagpur? Answer: It provides a great platform.
4. Why does Computer Science have such a high inertia? Answer: They get placed.
5. Why is Azad Hall so poor in Hindi? Answer: They only know the A to Z of life.
6. What was the middle name of founder of IIT KGP? Answer: Technology
7. What did the student call BC Roy Hospital after he was mistreated? Ans: 'BC' Roy.
8. How do you spot a fresher? Ans: He thinks CCD and CDC are the same thing.
9. Which crop do Agri students from Patel Hall grow? Answer: OPium.
10. Why do students from Sn Hall stay young? Answer: The students are all 'Tin'agers.
11. Why do KGPIans consider CO₂ as O₃? Answer: Because they GolC.
12. Which hall in KGP believes in feminism more than SN and MT? Answer: Ms Hall
13. Why do they call orgy 'orjn' in KGP? Answer: Because Jnan Ghosh.
14. Why did the KGPIan visit Africa to enter the land of dreams? Answer: Because he thought Dreamland is close to Sahara.
15. Why was IIT Delhi renamed to IIT Teja? Answer: It went all 'Mark idhar hai'

I'm sorry.

Meet Gouranga Dey, Head Cook of RK Hall of Residence who has spent 46 years of his life at IIT KGP. He has been running marathons for 40 years now

and has won several national and regional competitions. He still continues to run four rounds in Jnan Ghosh twice a day. He shares his memories with us, his struggle in life, the initial days in IIT, how IIT was during the Indira Gandhi's Emergency period, and many more interesting stories.

We realize the video is pretty long, but it was meant to be a documentation for anyone who wants to ever have a peek into history and hence we thought we shouldn't run our scissors too much. Making and transcribing the video was a hard challenge because as students we are so conditioned to ignore people around us.. rickshawalas, mess workers, security guards who are struggling each day to meet their ends.

Trust us with one hour of your life, it will be an experience you will cherish for your lifetime.

And in case you ever happen to meet Gouranga Da, give him a hug :)

(In collaboration with @[1433721693547904:274:Metakgp] for the initiative 'The Kharagpur Documentation Project')

Credits: @[100001818380771:2048:Vishnu], for being the kind interviewer :D
Harsh for taking the wonderful initiative at Metakgp

I was cycling on my way to Azad and was stopped by a old woman with a small child and a teen girl. She showed me medical certificates and said that they need some money, 600 or so for medicines. I felt she was being honest and I offered her 200 rupees. She blessed me and I touched her feet. I don't know if they were pranking me or not, but it made me happy :)

So dear future Ashu, if you are reading this, I love you for showing compassion and empathy.

<3 Ashris

Now this is a game changer. Check out www.t_s_u.co (Remove the underscores)

Facebook is mostly user generated content. It is through this content that it generates its revenue. The likes, comments and shares are the 'currency' on Facebook that users cannot encash to real money even when Facebook does get real money out of it.

The link I just posted is of a social networking called tsu that pays its users for their content and engagement. Isn't that cool? It has to be, since Facebook does not allow you to type in #tsu That's how terrified they are :D

This deserves a shout out.

Culture should adapt itself with time. I take pride in being part of a culture that has re-introspected and done away with traditions that don't comply with our rationality. Hence we did away with child marriage, sati pratha, the horrific animal massacre in the Gadhimai Festival (from this year). In this spirit, lets also stop using crackers in the Festival of Lights. It is a havoc for our animals and our nature. Our environment takes toll for days because of our few hours of fun.

Lets stop using crackers. Lets eat sweets, dress up in gorgeous clothes for selfies (or maybe not), light diyas, make rangolis, make things clean and neat (ha!), spend time with friends and family, Diwali will still be fun, maybe a bit less, but it will be closer to the essence of why we celebrate it.

Is it true that arranged marriages, even in recent times, last longer than love marriages?

"arranged marriages are a pretty good sign that a culture is conservative and sees marriage as a social and cultural obligation more than just as something that people do of their own free volition. These cultures logically enough also tend to be cultures where divorce isn't socially acceptable and/or where especially divorced women are often in a difficult or impossible situation. Thus even if people are not any more happy in their marriages, they will nevertheless be more likely to stay married rather than divorce.

The fact that arranged marriages last longer is thus not evidence that they are happier."

<http://qr.ae/RwEd7t>

Kudos to this guy for making a strong point which I wholeheartedly agree with. Its blatant generalizations like this that the journalists are making that make us hate each other and make us see ourselves as Indians, Hindus, Muslims, Arabs, Christians and so on. We are essentially humans and our gender, caste, religion and nationalities do not define us. Yes, they influence our perceptions, but our preferences can never completely define who we are as humans. This is why statements like 'Indians are so and so', 'Hindus are so and so', 'Muslims are so and so' make no sense.

In my opinion, the term 'Muslim' has been hijacked by these extremists who propagate terror the same way the 'Swastika' was hijacked by the Nazis to brand it as a symbol of racist ideologies.

To quote Mr.Aslan, 'Religions don't propagate peace or violence, its people who are violent or peaceful. If you are a violent person, your Islam, your Hinduism, your Christianity will be violent.'

You are and will always be identified by how open minded, compassionate, accepting and empathetic you are and your religion plays no role in it. As an atheist, I don't care what your religion is or what your holy book says as long as you as a human being don't support violence, misogyny, homophobia and racism.

Peace.

Fuck you assholes. I don't care you got placed. You dumb piece of shits will be getting your asses fucked all your life to earn a lot of money not to feed yourself but be a slave to richness and luxury. You will spend money to live a boring life. You are prisoners that's all... The only difference is you get a salary instead of a wage and in place of 'Prisoner number 2965' you are 'Associate Manager'. You did so much work for something and now will ruin all of it over some shitty replaceable lifestyle. You are nothing but a brick in the empire of corporate braindrain. You shall waste your intelligence, creativity and liveliness on serving the system living in your illusion of freedom while in reality you are just a slave: A slave who will help make someone else's dream. You are nothing, don't deserve to be called a human. Human creativity and imagination is wasted on you.

Fuck you.

You are killing me with your immense force of creativity-killing-death ray, IIT. You are making me into a person I hate to become. The things about me that I love have been stunted by your rigidity and my desire to explore the world is curtailed by you. I am waiting to get rid of you very soon, of your ego hungry people, of your stupid principles that makes you loaded with inertia, stagnating your thoughts. You suck, Architecture: Everything about you sucks and stinks. You are making dumbheads who can do what you want them to do, slaves. Utter stupidity is what you produce.....

I am at my best when I think of new ideas, act on my own, learn stuff to accomplish them and present them to see awe and inspiration in others. Being creative and progressing is what makes me feel alive..

I will try to prevent times when I am forced to do things, especially creative tasks, since creativity comes like a breeze of wind and is not in my control. I hate tasks that are awarded with no appreciation, require no innovation, are too mechanical and generate no awe..

I will enjoy my work by finding employment where I can be creative, be in control, present, make things, build systems, configure things, implement tasks..

I will find enjoyment in my personal life through speech, teaching, narrating,

helping, learning new things, exploring cultures, and making connections. I will find opportunities to use my natural talents and gifts such as thinking, oratory, writing, creativity, compassion, philosophy, rationality, and adaptiveness.

I can do anything I set my mind to. I will learn every damn language, visit every country, invest in learning and building big systems in place for mass learning, change the education system, create league of institutions in most inaccessible parts of the world.

My life's journey is to build my entire life on my own. I have been a misfit and finding an identity has been the central problems of my life. While everyone is so contented with their roles, I need to ask myself the most fundamental questions regarding my sexuality, my regionalism, my family connections, friendships, my interests and so on. The vision gets blurred at times, but I have a strong faith in my intuition. The challenge is to have faith on myself amidst every distraction and easy shortcut. I need to build my identity, actualize my dream goal of setting up an alternate education system, build passive income sources and be contented in being myself.

I will be a person who my husband, my children, grandchildren, maybe couple of friends, and my students and my well wishers will find valuable. I want them to remember me for my compassion and having touched their lives in gentle ways. I want them to notice my absence and remember me with kindness. I don't want them to weep, but be inspired by my life..

My most important future contribution to others will be to be someone for them to look up to, someone who didn't compromise with his life. Inspiration will be what I want to give back. I don't want my relationships to be founded on attractiveness, materialism or conditions, so what I give back to my relationship holders will be understanding, compassion and security in trusting me..

I will stop procrastinating and start working on:

Giving up smoking, drinking and getting high: They dissociate you with your physical body and create ill effects for you.

Make better friends, give time to them. Prioritize people in life: spend time with parents, make them comfortable with my sexuality

Get in shape, improve body confidence, date people, ask people out, have physical intimacy, be more confident

I will strive to incorporate the following attributes into my life:

Uniqueness | Style | Inherent Charm

I will constantly renew myself by focusing on the four dimensions of my life: Getting in shape, quit addictions, stay healthy, get styled up

Reading, Spend quality time alone in peaceful places, click pictures, write

Sleep well, Fall in Love, Career wise grow into someone you really want to become

Make close friends, spend time with people, win people's trust again, experience touch again

Like millions of people I was carried to work today in a comfortable metal box by the controlled explosion of 60 million year old dinosaur juice. (You call that petrol).

I avoided unexpected traffic on my way thanks to flying machines orbiting the earth, which talked to a metal and glass supercomputer in my pocket smaller than a bar of soap. (You call that a phone).

My pocket supercomputer is of course wirelessly connected to the entirety of humanity's knowledge. The entirety of humanity's knowledge is of course free. And I can search all of it as fast as I can type.

None of this is even interesting to anyone anymore.

@[504092866334302:274:Oliver Emberton]

<https://chrome.google.com/webstore/detail/nptel-condenser/blkbiemnncjjjhhgomoeakfcnjficocl>

How would it be to complete preparation of a course for the upcoming Mid Semester Exams in 3 hours instead of 72?

Well, that might just happen if the right people do the right thing in the right time.

Introducing NPTEL Condenser, a open project (closed for now, for beta testing :/) to condense NPTEL Videos.

As a Beta Contributor, you will get early access to the extension and decide on how the condensation should be like.

A small gift from me to you, KGP :)

"We don't believe in destiny so we have nobody to blame our failures for. We find community rituals baseless and illogical, so we interact less with our relatives. Technology is working everyday to make us less dependent on each other, reversing everything Religion and old order had worked on."

I learnt to appreciate Religion much more as an atheist than when I was a theist and have realized how crucial it was for the society to be happier and contented.

<https://medium.com/@ashris/religion-2-0-c746ff6d8069>

<http://www.islamreligion.com/chat-con/?cmp=en-con-in&kw=&pm=www.wikihow.com&gclid=CMD1o93Rz>
This was a nice experience, thought I should share. The chat is for you if you wish to convert to Islam, I thought 'why not?'.

Please wait for a site adviser to respond. You are now chatting with 'Laila'.
Laila: Hello. Welcome to our live chat. How can I assist you today? you: Hi
Laila. I wanted to know your stance on the issue that Islam is considered to be misogynistic and aggressive compared to other religions. Why is it so? Laila: Islam is a religion of peace and Muslims are not allowed to harm any innocents, no matter what religion they belong to Laila: as for misunderstandings regarding the fact that Islam preaches violence - media is doing a lot of promoting on this end Laila: while in fact there are no such teachings in Islam Laila: plus, suicide bombers, who cannot even be called true Muslims, use religion for whatever causes they feel fit... unfortunately... you: True. I agree. It is unfortunate what is happening. Now, I am Hindu by default, I consider myself to be an atheist, but I am totally open to new ideas and opinions. If all the religions preach peace, why do you think I should convert to Islam? Laila: If you wish, I can tell you about some benefits of converting to Islam. you: Sure, please do. you: I have an open mind. you: and no biases. Laila: There are many benefits in Islam, and to enumerate them is impossible, but I will try to mention a few. Laila: 1) One is freed from the worship of and slavery to created objects, systems, lifestyles, and becomes a true worshipper and servant of God. He worships God Alone and no other deity, loving Him Alone and placing his hope in Him Alone. Laila: 2) In accepting and practicing Islam, one knows that he is fulfilling the purpose of their creation. God created us for a purpose, and in abiding by Islam, one fulfills their purpose, the worship of God Alone and none else. Laila: 3) A person is provided with a light which guides them through life. The religion of Islam has answers to all situations, and one will always know the right step to take in all aspects of life, from the religious, political, social, familial, and corporate. Islam provides guidelines which one uses to base their decision. In following these guidelines, one knows which decision to make, and also knows that it is the one which earns the pleasure of God. Laila: 4) One forms a personal relationship with God through prayer, supplication, fasting and the many other forms of worship in Islam. One feels this personal relationship and feels that God is with him with His knowledge at all times. Laila: 5) One comes under the favor of God, thus being more eligible to Divine help than others. Laila: 6) Forgiveness and Mercy of God. God promises that He will forgive the believing Muslims if they happen to sin, if of course they sincerely repent and truly feel remorse for their sin. Laila: 7) The greatest benefit is that if one converts to Islam, they are promised that God will enter them into Paradise, even if they might be punished for some other greater sins which they may have committed. They will abide therein forever, having all their wishes fulfilled. you: Oh no Laila. Pardon me but I do not really think 'God' exists. But, the belief is what is crux of any religion. Bowing down and feeling blessed makes us humble and hence happier. THrough the imaginary 'God', we make ourselves humbler. Paradise and Hell, both exist here on earth. Why do I need religion if morality

and conscience guides me to be a better human.. not hurt other animals, be kind to others, etc. I don't want to be good in the hope of getting Paradise in return, I want to be good because it is the humane way. Again, why Islam? Laila: what do you believe will happen with you after you die? you: I will cease to exist. Laila: pure nothing after it? not even for the soul? you: my soul is my mind, my brain. It will stop working. See, I agree its a lovely concept. But honestly, don't you think its better if we live in the present, appreciate the world, be kind to humans and not worry what happens after death? I am not arguing for the sake of it, I really want to be convinced. Just help me out here. Laila: faith is belief in the unseen Laila: so if you do not believe in the existence of God, then that is your choice I guess you: What if unseen is morality, goodness and kindness without calling it Allah or Jesus or Ram? you: Do you think one has to believe on a 'person' or 'entity' to be good? you: And be afraid of hell to be go good? you: If one is doing good for the desire of something, say Heaven, is he really selfless? Laila: different people have different motivation for why they choose to follow religion Laila: some are afraid of hell, while others simply love God and want to do good you: no no, I don't love God you: But I want to do good things you: And I am not afraid of Hell either you: Do you think I am wrong? you: Also, if I agree with all your philosophy, the human qualities you want me to have like peace and kindness, but I don't wish to follow customs like the dress and the prayers for 5 times a day or celebrate festivals like Eid, it makes me a bad person? Laila: the worldly standards of bad/good may vary according to what a particular person considers good or bad Laila: religion gives the God's view of what is good and bad for us you: Um, but Laila, the view of God was also written by people, no? you: Don't you think these books, thousands of year old should be rvised you: not all, but partially? Laila: The Quran is a record of the exact words revealed by God through the Angel Gabriel to the Prophet Muhammad. It was memorized by Muhammad and then dictated to his Companions, and written down by scribes, who cross-checked it during his lifetime. Not one word of its 114 chapters, Suras, has been changed over the centuries, so that the Qur'an is in every detail the unique and miraculous text which was revealed to Muhammad fourteen centuries ago. Laila: The Quran, the last revealed Word of God, is the prime source of every Muslim's faith and practice. It deals with all the subjects which concern us as human beings: wisdom, doctrine, worship, and law, but its basic theme is the relationship between God and His creatures. At the same time it provides guidelines for a just society, proper human conduct and an equitable economic system. you: I respect that. you: I have read Quran, parts of it you: I really liked reading and I like the take Laila: so as you can see we don't believe Quran is of human origin but rather of divine you: But I do not like how it totally treats non-believers as absolute sinners you: Well, to each his own. I respect your belief, but I still think it was written by people you: You cannot say 'The Quran is true because the Quran says so' you: It is self recursive statement. you: Anyway, I don't want to offend you. Laila: no problem - you are entitled to your views, even if we don't agree :) you: What is Islam's take on homosexuality and monogamy? I am a strong believer of gender equality and women rights. But I

have read that Islam does not approve of it and is also somewhat misogynistic. Laila: Islam does not accept homosexuality Laila: it is considered to be a sin to practice it Laila: if a person has such urges but does not act on them, then it is not a sin on him/her Laila: here is more on homosexuality in Islam <http://www.islamreligion.com/articles/5272/homosexuality/> you: Well, there is another disagreement I have. I think the urge is not any different than what a man has for a wife. Love is Love, it cannot be a sin to love :/ I mean, why should it be a problem? Hate is bad, jealousy is bad, anger is bad... love cannot be bad, Laila. you: Well, never mind, let me not drag this issue. Laila: do take a look at the link I gave you - it does explain the Islamic stance on this question you: Lastly, do you personally think, I want to hear it from Laila (I don't know if its your real name), the real person who is typing this, man or woman, if you really think that a book should dictate every single aspect and thought one has and should Quran not be a guide and not a dictator in life? I would gladly accept something as a guide, but I would never want something to curl my freedom to think and accept things when I feel like they have reason. Laila: I'm female and Laila is my real name and I have accepted Islam by choice - I'm not a born Muslim Laila: I found it as the best model of life and most logic belief system Laila: I had studied other religions before, so it was an informed choice, you can say you: Again, I respect your decisions, but I am afraid it doesn't seem to be something I need to believe. I wholeheartedly agree with your idea of peace, but I don't like Islam taking some decisions on my behalf that I wish should have been left for me to decide. Live and let live :) Thanks for the conversation. Laila: it's been nice to talk to you Laila: and if you have any questions at any time, you are most welcome back to our chat Laila: are you male or female? may I ask? you: Thank You :) you: I am a 20 year old boy from India Laila: ok :) Laila: Thank you for giving us this opportunity to assist you. Laila: Have a nice day. you: You too, Bye!

@[345293234521:274:Fine Brothers Entertainment] tried copyrighting the whole genre of React videos that are similar to their format (which is as broad as Kids React, Teens React, Elders React and YouTubers React). That clearly didn't resonate well with fellow Redditors and this happens: Quickest descent of subscriber count that any channel has ever witnessed. You can even see the numbers falling right now:

Tally of @[345293234521:274:Fine Brothers Entertainment]'s React Channel's subscriber count: <http://www.livecounts.x10host.com/?channel=Finebrothers>

Damn, Internet can be cruel.

The darkest places in hell are reserved for those who maintain their neutrality in times of moral crisis.

Do you owe something to this country? Your birth was a random event, why

be grateful to be born in country X?

We all love our parents, right? We love them even when being born to them was probably as random as the country we were born in. Probably if we were born to the royalty of England, we would have got a lot more privileges, lived filthy rich lives but then we don't regret it. We are happy with our assigned parents who toiled with sweat and blood to provide us with everything they could.

How is our country different? Aren't you glad that our worries include 'which university should I attend' or 'Which phone should I buy' and not 'will my mother be killed today' or 'will my house get bombed' ?

A healthy country encourages dissent, doesn't judge people on basis of their affiliations but on basis of their opinions and ideas. If the students at JNU rallied to condemn death penalty, oppose the government, raise voices against the ruling party, or even abuse the Prime Minister as they already do, nobody in our country should or could have punished them.

But when you think slamming your country and its values are pre-requisites to be called a liberal person, the shame is on you. You can still oppose ideas without sounding like a hate-oozing tamashebaaz. It is times like these that we should draw a line.

The very reason why India

"In a perfect country, cities are beautiful, partly because there are very few architects around and originality in design is really frowned upon. Rather than calling architects every time a building is required, developers here simply follow templates that have already seemed to work."

"You build densely, don't give up all roads to cars and make sure that streets are lively. As a result of this beautiful, slightly boring predictability, there is very little nibyism and property prices stay reasonable.

The people love nature, and they never are unhappy when a new development is announced as none of us would if Venice to be built in a field near us; that is the sort of standard of beauty expected and delivered by developments in the perfect country."

This actually makes sense to me.

I don't post about movies, but when I do, it is when it moves me beyond imagination. What a perfectly balanced movie this was with such impeccable acting and honesty. Shabana Azmi is easily one of the best actors in the film industry.

#Neerja didn't just save the lives of those 359 passengers but also Sonam Kapoor's film career. She shines in the movie and so does the movie.

A very high recommendation from me :) <https://youtu.be/AxvUWofBdo4>
<https://youtu.be/umfqvSUIInBY>
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qO_NrUE-VfY

This has to be a very big moment. We have almost achieved the ANI (Artificial Narrow Intelligence) stage of Artificial Intelligence with this: <http://www.theverge.com/2016/3/9/11184362/google-alphago-go-deepmind-result>

The ANI stage is the weak-AI field that focuses on one particular domain like chess or Go. Hopefully, the AGI (Artificial General Intelligence) level will be unlocked in a decade.

Check this out to be super amazed. <http://waitbutwhy.com/2015/01/artificial-intelligence-revolution-1.html>

This is a valid reason to be very optimistically excited. It is just like that time when the whole world was wanting faster, stronger horses and then motor vehicles just came and turned the world upside down. Those who were skeptical and said 'Ha! Those boxes of iron and steel are never going to be a thing' were the ones who were disappointed.

Do you think accountants, librarians or clerks will still exist in a developed country 20 years down the line? Maybe. But there is a high probability that they won't. They won't and so won't jobs in the domains of call center, data entry, translators, waiters and technicians.

<http://www.npr.org/sections/money/2015/05/21/408234543/will-your-job-be-done-by-a-machine>

What is even more interesting is that if AGI level is surpassed to the ASI level, (Artificial Super Intelligence) owing to computational speeds exceeding our imagination, machines will get far more creative than us and will be able to beat us in every goddamn field. But by all optimistic guesses, that will probably not happen anytime soon.

So what is indeed interesting is to note how the time between the ANI and AGI phase will look like, you know, when there will be machines to do jobs for us that humans can't do with as much precision or lack of complains.

They have an answer too. <http://www.futuristspeaker.com/2014/03/162-future-jobs-preparing-for-jobs-that-dont-yet-exist/> <https://fortunehub.net/2015/09/17/15-exciting-jobs-that-will-exist-in-the-future/> <http://mashable.com/2014/04/28/jobs-of-the-future/#6jDqf7LtDgqE>

Some jobs listed here are just BS, but the others seem very believable.

It took me time to let it all sink in and on the course of wandering makes me think.."When one achieves all the things are you are chasing for, what is left?"

Maybe when our superficial needs are all met, we will realize how hollow things seem and make time for more humane aspects of life, arts, philosophy, teaching since they will be the only leftover ruins on our plates after AI has snatched all the mundane jobs we are today obsessed with.

It's not like we can revert back to the early AI once AI has woken up. How often do we say 'Let's get back to pre-internet era when things were more social?' The pros will dominate the cons but will give rise to a collective midlife crisis for our species when we will have to set our priorities right.

If you are still reading, thank you for sharing the excitement. Well worth all the hours I spent digging this up. I am all together amazed, excited and humbled :D

This is worth the seven months invested in its making. Kudos to you KGP for your overwhelming participation. I had a lot of fun in making this.

How Happy is the Campus? We have the answers. Find your Pi Index now!

The Happiness Project 2015 Results is here :D

Link: <http://thescholarsavenue.github.io/Happiness/>

It isn't really optimized for phones, it works, but its ugly. Use a laptop or a desktop, it is so much better. Also, Chrome or Firefox, please. If you are using IE, good luck, may God have mercy.

There are few places that you will just have to be in to appreciate. Hampi was one such enchanting place.

It is not the walls, rooms and the corridors that make a place, but the space contained by the architecture itself. A sultry stony city in the hot summer is not what one expects to find calming, but somehow it still is.

Time melted, became very viscous and flowed slow. It made having conversations easy, feeling melancholic easier.

Here's a tribute to Hampi. Do visit if you can. (It is also Hanuman's birthplace Kishkinda, interestingly.)

Education industry is the biggest scam in this country. We are willfully subjecting ourselves to substandard teaching and self reduction of bright energetic creative brains into obedient employees.

The only reason why universities still exist in the same dictatorial manner like they did 100 years back is because of a lack of an alternative.

It is such a crappy design anyway. Happy, stable, bright kids turned into unhappy, frustrated, confused mediocres who will end up as company slaves. And I am paying a hefty 10 lacs for this self infliction. What bullshit.

Right now, you know how helpless you really are, a goat of the system, you can't argue if 72 of you are expelled, can't argue if are subjected to four fold hike of fees.

Don't just rant like me, think of what could we do. We can't let our next generation go through this crap again. Protest is not the answer, the system sucks. We need a different system altogether. I don't have an answer now as to what, but I soon will.

Thank you for wishing me on my Birthday. I am humbled and blessed to have friends, seniors and well wishers like you. I wish we could interact more than wishing birthdays though.

As a small return gift to you and to me on turning 21, I created this. It is about life, moments, time and the desire to hold time in my clutches as it slips away :)

I have been trying to document my life's key moments and this happens to be one such attempt.

@[100001439200349:2048:Prasoon], this one is dedicated to you :) <https://vimeo.com/162678074>

Thank you @[1102115464:2048:Ankita] for the particular clip, you know which one. And yes, there couldn't have been a better travel companion than you. :)

Do you know of the day In the summer of may Our hero visited a room Somewhere in DSK

On the table the book did lay 'Hunger Games: Mockingjay' Off his bag, he took out the paint spray And sprayed he sprayed, he sprayed away

Watching this the room owner did say 'What an ass you are GSK' 'For this you will have to pay' 'Flee now or your head I will cut away'

Panicked,he shouts like a bray He sprints, he runs and cycles away Reaching his room he watches a show Of his favorite actress: Tina Fey

You may think it was unusual Things happened this way But it was just another normal Sunday In the life of our hero GSK

The movie 'Wit' is a work of art. It is one of the few movies that makes you think about it for years and subtly changes you for good.

The movie is about a lady named Vivian Bearing, a scholar of the 17th century English Poetry who feels that her wit offers her a higher mental pedestal to rationalise the world and not be affected by its tragedies. Brilliantly portrayed by Emma Thompson, the character is gritty, strong and witty, yes. But as she faces death, she starts feeling that her wit no longer offers her the protection from the inevitable.

She gets treated like a specimen for research, analysed objectively. It is then that she yearns for love and kindness, something she had learnt to stay away from. On the face of death she isn't helped by the swordplay of words, the dance of oratory or intriguing paradoxes; everything becomes simpler, all pretenses are gone.

It is a beautiful beautiful movie.

I used a one minute dialogue of this movie in the video I recently made 'Sweeten', check that out if this seems interesting.

I leave with yet another part of the movie where Bearing's mentor E.M Ashford is correcting her on one of her reports for using the incorrect source that corrupts the meaning of a poem.

"The sonnet beings with a valiant struggle with death calling on all the forces of intellect and drama to vanquish the enemy. It is ultimately about the seemingly insuperable barriers separating life, death and eternal life.

In the edition you chose, this profoundly simple meaning is sacrificed to hysterical punctuation. And Death, Capital D, shall be no more, semi-colon. Death, Capital D comma, thou shalt die, exclamation mark! If you go in for this sort of thing I suggest you take up Shakespeare.

Gardner's edition of the Holy Sonnets returns to the Westmoreland manuscript of 1610, not for sentimental reasons I assure you, but because Helen Gardner is a scholar.

It reads, 'And death shall be no more, comma, death, thou shalt die.' Nothing but a breath, a comma separates life from life everlasting.

Very simple, really. With the original punctuation restored Death is no longer something to act out on a stage with exclamation marks. It is a comma. A pause.

In this way, the uncompromising way one learns something from the poem, wouldn't you say? Life, death, soul, God, past present. Not insuperable barriers. Not semi-colons. Just a comma."

"They were intelligent, talented individuals whose potential was underutilized.

Life to them must have been more than accessing food, water and shelter. What we thought of comfort must have been a cage to them. The fire of the youth

couldnâ t have let them waste their lives serving someone else.

They eventually became self-employed entrepreneurs starting own shops, selling fruits, selling pani-puris, doing odd businesses and then starting families of their own.”

:') One chapter ends, another begins!

Now that you are moving to the Mayanagri, although yes, becoming a ZooZoo, I wish you all success, louuuuv and happiness in the new chapter. I pray you get everything you wished for and more. ;)

Beware of pickpocketers.

:') Kal hi dekha tha, itna chota sa tha tu, chotu! aur abhi kitne bade ho chuke ho. ITC me maze karna and khush rehna.

All snowflakes are unique, but you are a special one, bobo.

Best of luck :D *Azaadiyan theme here*

On the 29th day of June, 2:38 in the morning, I Ashris proclaim to have won over my inner demons by understanding all the things I am not, all the people not worth my time and all the information that amounts to shit. I am a harbinger of creativity with the sole intention of transforming ideas into real experiences. In doing so, I want to create happiness for myself and others and show people the beauty of art, logic and life.

Nothing else mattered or will matter. My work is my life and nothing and nobody comes before that.

”The Masters of Architecture degree is a 3.5-year endeavor and the first 1.5 years are preselected courses. I felt a strong current of formalism where design was art rather than problem solving. The culture of the department was to push you beyond what you thought your capabilities were so instead of being asked to develop a couple of ideas deeply, you would be asked to create 10 concepts.

This led to work for the sake of work, often with little thought behind it. The constant negativity, pressure, and the lack of emphasis on ideas and concepts left me uninspired. It all seemed preparatory-where students are taught to suffer because that is what the industry would ask from them- until such day when they start their own firm.

The culture of grad school also spawned a kind of suffering for the sake of this art. People stayed up three nights in a row- proud that they hadnâ t showered- or of how many cups of coffee they drank. For me, the result of that work (often a pretty rendering- or good line weight) was just not worth their effort. The

emphasis on how something looked as opposed to how something worked did not resonate with me. These long hours led to architects rarely spending time with people from outside of their department. I didn't realize how strange our lives were until some MIT engineers came into studio and were shocked at how much work we did relative to what was produced.

An aspiring photographer and graduating student told me that in 3.5 years he had not had the time to explore and photograph downtown Boston. Architecture students should be drawing inspiration from their environment. To see them holed away in their studio spaces not engaging with the world demonstrates a big problem with current education models.

The larger university of MIT is incredible but the investment and time I was forced to pour into uninspiring architectural quicksand was too high. This may have been a dream come true for someone else but it was not where I was supposed to be. I woke up every day with a heavy heart, with no desire to face the world with a strong motivation to keep sleeping.

I knew that I wanted to make a difference in this world- that is what drives me- and I had chosen this path to take me there. I now started feeling that there were other avenues that could take me to my goal. However, with a degree in architecture, experience in project management coupled with a difficult job market I found the path to change careers daunting and fraught with obstacles.

I was afraid of leaving such a prestigious institution. I was afraid of disappointing my family, my husband, and my friends. I was afraid of jumping off into the unknown with no plan. Everyone advised me to stay and to find opportunities using the system. Logically their arguments made sense, but intuitively I knew I needed to make a change.

Making the leap and jumping off without knowing what was next was the best decision I ever made. It was scary to find myself without next steps but I tried to be proactive. I set up informational interviews with people in fields I thought would be interesting- I went to meet-ups and discussions and told friends and strangers where I was trying to go. A professor once told me "if you don't tell people where you are going, how can they help you get there?" As a result, more and more, I meet people who are trying to help me achieve my dreams- and I try to help them achieve theirs."

@[1102115464:2048:Ankita] (Only you can see this post, chill)

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Hi there! Wish you had a chill Independence Day. I made an application called Indecoded which presents India's demographic and social data through cartograms.

It is pretty cool to see the states dancing to your commands :D The application is pretty fucking huge (7MB without compression :() so it takes a minute to

load.

If you decide to check this out, please click on the link, go have a cup of coffee or something and come back in a minute.

I hope you like it ^_^ <https://indecoded.github.io/>

Hi there!

Very soon, we will have an anonymous chat network for the campus (the project I am working on). But the key feature is in it being guided, one where the interface helps you through the conversation. Called, TwoPoint2, this application creates ice breakers for you and your anonymous partner so that the burden of building up a conversation, this pressure to impress the other person, isn't on you anymore.

As you answer questions and talk, you level up. In a way, like our sweet 2.2, TwoPoint2 just makes conversations flow. When you reach five levels, you can choose to share your identity.

The site is already up, but before it is launched to everyone, it would be nice to test it with a control group to get feedback and suggestions. It would be wonderful if you could help me out here, all I would need is one hour; besides, it will be real fun.

If you wish to collaborate, send me a message (don't comment) since you wouldn't want to know your co-testers' identities.

Cheers!

Hi there again! TwoPoint2 Beta goes live tonight at 9pm, keep the slots free.

Dearest Facebook had issues with me diverting their users to another chat platform, so we made friends with Google instead. The application now includes a ping sound for unread messages, a refresh option to get your disconnected connections work again and a whopping 1200 question database that never throws old questions at you in a chat. Also included is Privacy Policy explaining what the chat stores and a SSL certificate so that your connection is private and secure. No worries.

Stay tuned, this will be fun.

Hi Friends!

A hearty congratulations to you all for making TwoPoint2 a success! It's your project just as much it is mine. As of this writing, within 6 hours of release, we have 389 unique users with 2362 unique chats.

You have messaged me personally telling me the nice conversations you have had. TwoPoint2 had been a dream project of some sort because ever since a first year, I wanted that we as a campus could connect on a deeper level because I thought we are too disconnected otherwise.

Spectecool was an attempt to create sweet moments out of KGP lives that bind us. Blind Meets IIT KGP was an attempt to bring like minded people together in real life. And it all culminated to TwoPoint2, an attempt to give a platform to create meaningful conversations and interactions.

This platform can be used to make new friends, get suggestions from seniors, debate on world issues, express ideas you thought nobody else had.

While all this happened as I am glad they did, a tiny fraction of the users had to be the party spoilers. See, I understand that sexual frustration is a real thing and I do empathize. But I am not letting this platform be a channel for you to spoil the experience for other users who genuinely want a good time. And c'mon guys, if you can't get a girl in real life, forget about the momentary epiphany of connecting with a girl on a virtual site and expecting to find a girlfriend.

Let it be a warning to not confuse TwoPoint2 with a dating/sexting/hookup website STRICTLY.

You will get a personal mail following which you will be banned. TwoPoint2 as I conceived is a platform to share ideas, makes friends and enjoy each others' company. If your only drive to be on the site is to troll, hack, or harass users, the consequences will be serious.

Anyone facing harassment on the site can report to me directly following which a warning shall be directed to the offender after which on further violation, they will be banned.

Enjoy the power of anonymity and realize your responsibility. Have fun and let others have fun too.

Peace.

"Huge swathes of people, in Europe and North America in particular, spend their entire working lives performing tasks they secretly believe do not really need to be performed. The moral and spiritual damage that comes from this situation is profound. It is a scar across our collective soul. Yet virtually no one talks about it."

"Itâ s as if someone were out there making up pointless jobs just for the sake of keeping us all working. And here, precisely, lies the mystery."

<quote>"I love computer programmers," Ingels explains of the design. "They have a very beautiful definition of complexity as 'the capacity to transmit the

maximum information with the minimum data.” Ingels often uses technology as an analogue for design. He describes architecture as ”world craft” - Minecraft for our concrete reality. ”A kid in Minecraft can build a world and inhabit it through play,” he tells WIRED. ”We have the possibility to build the world that we want to inhabit.”

”I think that in the next 20 years the physical world will undergo a lot of the dramatic change that the digital world has seen over the last decade,” Ingels says. BIG is poised to shape that transformation. Even virtual and augmented reality, he says, is an opportunity for architecture: the creation of worlds. World craft.</quote>

A ’haath choom loon’ moment. @[100000620014055:2048:Abhishek]
@[100001818380771:2048:Vishnu] @[100002925607940:2048:Keval]

Abey, over smart! style mat maar, samjha? xD

Nice article by @[100000220515130:2048:Aditya Mani Jha]!

”I find bowdlerised lip-lashings like â over-smartâ or the equally delightful â style mat maroâ to be revelatory in the extreme. Scratch a little and the veneer peels off like a face pack, revealing a smorgasbord of middle-class insecurities. â Style mat maroâ is, on the face of it, a reminder to not be a show-off. But in truth, it is used (by parents, teachers and friends alike) to smother individuality, to nip differences in the bud, particularly for young women who choose to argue, answer back, wear what they like or challenge the herd otherwise. â Over-smartâ is, in theory, meant to diss those too enmeshed in their privilege to notice that theyâ re being jerks. In truth, it is used most often by grown-ups to end conversations where the child is answering back or calling them out for their bullshit.”

Gulzar is one of the most creative geniuses I look up to. He summons magic in scenarios and settings that are so extraordinarily normal. It is his way of looking at things that makes his art unique.

This isn’t unique to writers but applies to every single creative person I admire. Their art screams at me ”The magic is already there, it just needs a careful observer to catch it and show it to others.”

Bad IIT PJs Version 2016:

1. Why couldn’t the physically challenged man enter IIT? Answer: There was a STEP on the entrance.
2. What’s the difference between E-Cell and a Battery? Answer: Battery has a life.

3. Why is Central Library the tallest building in the campus? Answer: It has the highest number of stories.
5. Why was everyone scared when surgeons from BC Roy started protesting? Answer: They committed a surgical strike.
4. Who in IIT hides his true emotions? Answer: The Facad
6. Why shouldn't anyone propose at Dominos? Answer: It would be too cheesy.
7. What would a study tour for Fifth Year students be called? Answer: Field 'Trip'
8. Which charity do KGPIans contribute to every semester? Answer: Gymkhana Gym
9. When do you know a student is in hardcore depression? Answer: He gets a F in the one-credit Science of Happiness course.
10. What did Architecture students design for their final year project? Answer: The Inferiority Complex

"We get the cliched 'Be Yourself' all the time, but let's strip that off with sugarcoating. The truth of the matter is, if you are not being yourself, you are setting yourself up to fail. Somebody out there is going to be a better version of whatever it is that you are trying to fake because it is their authentic self. And in the same breath, nobody is going to be better at being you because you are being your authentic self."

-Troye Sivan <3

<https://arxiv.org/pdf/1611.04135v1.pdf>

"Furthermore, we have discovered that a law of normality for faces of noncriminals. After controlled for race, gender and age, the general law-biding public have facial appearances that vary in a significantly lesser degree than criminals"

Paper predicting criminality from facial features. Controversial much?

How will a future be where our machines can make generalizations based on physical features? Without the understanding of in-depth social context, will they also turn racists making blanket statements like 'people with such and such skin color happen to be criminals?'

Deep shizz.

Every single episode of this series is a masterpiece. Black mirror takes a dig on the modern society where we are prisoners of technology, trapped into staring at black screens and drawn to black mirrors. Through hypothetical scenarios it

shows how we as a society will evolve if technology is left to take full control. From scenarios where we can rewind every single memory to one where obesity is a crime, the imagined what-ifs seem eerily real when given a second glance. I am no expert, but I believe this series is one of the finest example of artistic storytelling.

Highly highly recommended.

”That change was brought about by the Foundation’s Train For Tomorrow, a \$2 million project funded by Dubai Cares that delivers long-distance interactive video training to teachers across the region. Through a solar-powered video link two master trainers simultaneously teach many educators dispersed across remote areas of the country. These newly trained teachers in turn share their knowledge with the other staff in their school. This creates a ripple effect, so that minimum resources, the impact of that knowledge sharing is amplified exponentially. In other words, it’s viral content with a purpose.”

Does anyone in my friend list working on or is motivated by things like these guys are doing? Do you want to collaborate on an initiative like this?

Heading Nepal ð

I made a small li'l game HLWD BLWD here at <http://iashris.com/hlwdblwd> basically the online version to a famous game called 'Hollywood Bollywood' I remember playing as a kid. It is still rough and I am yet to get the leaderboard feature implemented. But it works on phones too. You just press the key you wish to guess and try to figure which film it is. Only Bollywood films in the database now.

Since I was in a rush as I made t, I didn't get much time to improve the code quality and it is pretty rough and hackable :(Can someone with some time and enthu help me improve the code? Feel free to fork a copy and submit a PR.

It was a local train from Howrah to Kharagpur, around 3 in the afternoon. A lady, maybe in her 50s was sitting next to me with her daughter. It wasn't a very congested coach, thankfully.

As we passed Howrah, I couldn't help but eavesdrop the conversation between the two ladies since my earphones weren't working and I was solving Sudoku to pass time. From whatever Bengali I could decipher, I learnt they were talking about how dirty the station is and how poor the management is.

Halfway through the journey, my copassengers bought couple of oranges and began eating as they conversed, dropping the peels right under their feet. They weren't the only ones for sure. There were others eating groundnuts and others dropping empty namkeen plastic covers. It bugged me and in an impulse, I bent

to pick up the orange peels, wrapped them in the newspaper I was reading and put it in the bottle holder in my backpack. I didn't give any sly taunting glance but the ladies were visibly startled.

I had also picked up small plastic covers my other copassengers had dropped. I went back trying to find the goddamn 7 and 9 in the last unsolved Sudoku grid, only to notice moments later that people had started collecting their trash and put it in plastic pouches too. The ladies now collected the peels and threw out of the window instead of dropping on the train floor. Two aunties on the back seats picked up the plastic covers they had dropped and put it in their bags. I couldn't help but smile. A old uncle sitting two seats away nodded looking at me with a smile too.

I truly think good actions shouldn't be bragged about but I had to share this because if one of you reading this takes the first step to do something about what you think should be done, many more will follow you. It takes a small gesture to inspire people, not speeches, words. ð

I wish I had found this talk before. It answers so many questions on purpose of technology, future of human growth and identity, all unlikely from a spiritual guru who quotes and I love it

"Functioning consciously means that every moment of life is an exploration, which is too scary for a whole lot of people, so the best thing is to identify with something which gives you some sense of what you are. But this 'some sense of what you are' makes sense for your survival process, not for an explorative process. It doesn't explore life. It helps you sleep well at night but it doesn't awaken a different dimension of knowing, it doesn't awaken a different possibility of exploring different unexplored dimensions within you. If this has to happen, the most important thing is the ability to sit here, not identifying with anything. It is so hard to remain uneducated in this world because everyone is trying to teach you something. This is all I did in life, remained uneducated: Not to be influenced by parents, by family, by religion, by things happening around you, culture, education, just the way creation intended you to be, just the way you were born. not tangling your intelligence with nationality, religion, race, creed, gender, family.. Simply, to be able to view your life as a piece of life. If one does this, you will see perception will explode in ways they have not imagined possible"

Rant alert

If Kolkata would be a person, he would be immune to all sorts of diseases because these microbes wouldn't have anything left to infest on. Saying it is cancerous is an understatement. It only reinforces how shitty the discipline of city planning is when there exists a shitpile like city 100 km away from where the subject is taught and nobody can do anything about it. Kolkata is the kind

of patient that doctors are advised to shoot rather than touch for the fear of contagious diseases. I firmly believe that it is the architecture of a city that makes the people the way they are. I used to wonder why are Bengalis always so frustrated or lazy, it makes all sense to me since these are either of the two options the city makes u feel.

Prof. Gerhard Schmitt from @[391782007587043:274:Chair of Information Architecture] @[768635709814450:274:ETH Zürich] discusses in this TED Talk what makes a city 'livable' and 'responsive'. When interning at ETH under him, in a discussion he once said and I still remember his words

'Ashris, you have reasons to be optimistic about your country. Problems aren't always bad. All the more, these problems are packets of opportunities for student like you to innovate new solutions and do what nobody else is doing to solve those unique problems'

P.S: If any of you are interested, please find a course on eDX called Future Cities by Prof. Schmitt which beautifully explains how a city is no different than an organism with its own metabolism and health stats.

((P.P.S: Do not spam him pliss for internships.))

From pranking IIT Roorkians asking for organic chemistry tuitions to hitting national hackathons with virtually no idea to serious 2.2s and to things I have only told you, I have found in you a true friend, Pranay.

I cannot recall many memories that I will remember from IIT with you not there. Jab bhi main kuch banata, you'd be the first person I'd share it with asking for your feedback. Thank you for always appreciating whatever chutku mutku I have done, I cannot tell how important your encouragement was in making me confident of doing things. [P.S: <http://iashris.com/py> from 3 years ago] I have looked up to you, as a friend and a person. Your ability to cheer up people around you even when you aren't in the happiest mood is something I have to learn from.

Very happy birthday PY :) Aage jahan bhi rahega tu machate rahega that I know. Aaj milte hain.

The recent unfortunate incidents in the campus have moved us all. It is a pity that we couldn't empathise with them before they made such a drastic step of ending their lives.

Ironically the very medium I am using to convey this message to you is responsible for masking our true human feelings. It makes it seem like I am always have interesting, intelligent things to say. But in reality, our lives are just as

much drenched in insecurities, sadness and anxieties as it is in happiness and joy.

On these lines, I have something to share with the campus : The KGP Sky of Thoughts : a platform for the campus to vent out, pour in your anxious thoughts without feeling criticized or judged - anonymously and optionally, hear from others.

You can leave encouraging words for others and also get a list of resources to manage anxiety and depression. Maybe, just maybe it helps someone when it isn't too late.

<https://skyofthoughts.github.io>

The project is open sourced. Find the code here: <https://github.com/skyofthoughts/skyofthoughts.github.io>

Life is very beautiful and precious. Keep the fire burning, KGP.

<3

This is gem!

It is a moving feeling to read this and nod in agreement all along with smile and tears both. Thanks for taking the time to write this.

Find here: <https://skyofthoughts.github.io/thoughts.html>

Text:

"Belongingness" is a word that I have always been obsessed with. I used to use it in every school essay every year. It's a concept that I could relate to. It's a sense I craved for. When I was 10, I got into a new school, the best one in our town. I was immediately intimidated. Kids made fun of me and in a matter of days, I became an outcast. For an outcast, there is no greater need than the "need to belong". You are the odd-shaped puzzle piece, with no place for it in the big picture.

Where the rest of the pieces have been clubbed together to form something elaborate and beautiful. You are just there, tossed aside. An odd looking piece, with almost no value of its own, wanting nothing but to belong. And when you don't belong, you try to fit in. You change yourself. You try to stick to every corner of the puzzle, cutting or folding the edges here and there. You get it in the shape that would fit in the big picture. The edges you just lost were your quirks, which used to make you different or special? Now, you would never know.

That's exactly what I did when I was 10 and have been doing since. In school, in high school, in college, everywhere I went, I poured all my efforts to fit in because I feared the abandonment. You might ask why? You might say that all those experiences would have made me stronger, I would know how to cope up with loneliness by now. But you don't realize that it has also made me

paranoid and afraid. Have you ever seen a person who has been through some pain? Have you ever seen them when that pain is about to strike again? No, they don't get immune to it the next time. They flinch! They flinch before it even comes because they know exactly, how bad it will be. And they would do anything to find an escape.

You know that person who people might call an "attention seeker". Maybe he is the guy who has seen the worst of silence. The silence, which freaks you out. The silence, which makes you vulnerable. The silence, which makes you realize the importance of conversations. The silence, which drives you to try again and again. Every time you try, you let a part of that puzzle piece go. Occasionally, there would come a puzzle where you could have belonged but you would be busy "amending" yourself. Then, sooner or later, you can't help but realize you are reduced to a version of yourself which you don't even like much. In all that cutting and folding, you lost your own charm. You are tired. You feel damaged. And then, you realize that you gotta stop trying! Stop trying to fit the piece in wrong puzzles. Accept that sometimes, you just don't belong. And that's okay. Find the puzzle you are meant for. It might take a while but it's the only one which would make you feel complete.

You keep amazing me, KGP! Another gem:

First year anecdotes:

1) "I don't go to classes because I don't feel the need to", said Stalin. Stalin's resistance inspired David. Who is David? David is me, it's you. David is everyone who feels like he is just another sheep in this herd. Stalin! He is the topflight they talk of. Stalin gets a CGPA of 9.0. David fails in a subject.

"Hahahaa", Goliath has his laughter! "You fool. You puny thing, you cannot defeat me."

Who is Goliath? You'll know at the end.

2)"I love you David", quirks Medusa. Looks like our young David has found the one. Little did he know that all the expectations, all the love, all the hopes will die off, only to to make Goliath stronger. And there stood the whimsical giant, taking a jab at David.

End of the first year with a F in the pocket and a broken relationship, David walks the path of atonement. The summer quarter. He cries at night all alone in the scorching KGPIan heat. Churchill and Feynman are scuba diving. Enrico is having the best summers at some exquisite location. Oppenheimer is eating the best meals at home. And look at Stalin! proud of yet another 9.0. What is our poor little David upto? Clearing a bloody subject in sweat and tears. Medusa? Woosh! She is gone.

Eventually David clears the subject.

2nd year anecdotes:

1) "How have you been David? Let's go to the old witch who sells magic herb"

"Go along with him David." screamed Goliath. His lusty red eyes, had more vice than ever.

"STOP", said a voice. The voice, "I've heard it before", thinks David. It was this cooler than the Jupiter's wind, voice, who has been guiding him all the way through. It was weak though. David abstains from indulging into debauchery again."No Stalin, have your way", said a stronger than ever David.

The voice was Yoda's. The wise old master. The truth.

Goliath had his own piece of cake this time. He was scared. 2) Keeping aloof from Stalin and the likes, David began reading books, going to classes, reading research papers in his field. His occasional quench for Medusa was still in vain. He began excelling in tests, scoring A's and EX's He was welcomed to work with Morpheus, a saint far, far away from KGP.

Our little David realized that he can defeat the mighty Goliath. With all the armor and spells, with all his vigor, along with Yoda's lessons, he swung his sword. There fell the giant. Goliath was smeared in dust. He was dead. The fearsome giant was put to death by this little David.

3) David realized Medusa was an infatuation. His journey to learn Morpheus' work awaits this summer.

Dear KGPIans,

Who was Goliath? It was every bad thing which our conscious mind tells us. You can defeat them champ. I was in a terrible state at the end of my first year. Poor grades, miserable relationship and no friends. I pulled off myself from the dirt. I am at a much better place now. Working on projects, reading great works by George Orwell and eating pizzas. Never try to blend with people whom you think are cool here. NEVER. You are all in all wonderful inside. Just like every bad phase, yours will pass on too. Go to classes, love your department, eat pizzas and stay fit. You have to hang in there.

Find your Yoda. Train your David. Keep away from your Stalin Stop whining over your Medusa AND Defeat your Goliath.

Keep the flame burning champ. Keep the flame burning.

Signing off, Your David, v2.0 :-)

"In our house, English is not English. Not in the phonetic sense, like short a is for apple, but rather in the pronunciation â in our house, snake is snack. Words do not roll off our tongues correctly â yet I, who was pulled out of class to meet with language specialists, and my mother from Malaysia, who pronounces film as flim, understand each other perfectly.

In our house, there is no difference between cast and cash, which was why at a church retreat, people made fun of me for “cashing out demons.” I did not realize the glaring difference between the two Englishes until my teacher corrected my pronunciations of hammock, ladle, and siphon. Classmates laughed because I pronounce accept as except, success as sussess. I was in the Creative Writing conservatory, and yet words failed me when I needed them most.

Suddenly, understanding flower is flour wasn’t enough. I rejected the English that had never seemed broken before, a language that had raised me and taught me everything I knew. Everybody else’s parents spoke with accents smarting of Ph.D.s and university teaching positions. So why couldn’t mine?

My mother spread her sunbaked hands and said, “This is where I came from,” spinning a tale with the English she had taught herself.

When my mother moved from her village to a town in Malaysia, she had to learn a brand new language in middle school: English. In a time when humiliation was encouraged, my mother was defenseless against the cruel words spewing from the teacher, who criticized her paper in front of the class. When she began to cry, the class president stood up and said, “That’s enough.”

“Be like that class president,” my mother said with tears in her eyes. The class president took her under her wing and patiently mended my mother’s strands of language. “She stood up for the weak and used her words to fight back.”

We were both crying now. My mother asked me to teach her proper English so old white ladies at Target wouldn’t laugh at her pronunciation. It has not been easy. There is a measure of guilt when I sew her letters together. Long vowels, double consonants “I am still learning myself. Sometimes I let the brokenness slide to spare her pride but perhaps I have hurt her more to spare mine.

As my mother’s vocabulary began to grow, I mended my own English. Through performing poetry in front of 3000 at my school’s Season Finale event, interviewing people from all walks of life, and writing stories for the stage, I stand against ignorance and become a voice for the homeless, the refugees, the ignored. With my words I fight against jeers pelted at an old Asian street performer on a New York subway. My mother’s eyes are reflected in underprivileged ESL children who have so many stories to tell but do not know how. I fill them with words as they take needle and thread to make a tapestry.

In our house, there is beauty in the way we speak to each other. In our house, language is not broken but rather bursting with emotion. We have built a house out of words. There are friendly snakes in the cupboard and snacks in the tank. It is a crooked house. It is a little messy. But this is where we have made our home.”

:’)

The last few days of my KGP tenure couldn't have ended on a more sour note. It feels so numb and helpless to opine after every incident like this.

We know so much about the physical world but have a poor understanding of ourselves. Do we really know what makes us happy?

I'll tell you about my Department. It has one of the most loaded curriculum in the campus. There is too much of work, placement stats aren't the best, all the professors aren't all that understanding, we don't have the highest GPAs, but still, we manage somehow.

Not because we are somehow specially gifted, it's because we have each other.

Why do we need friends? The Greeks understood it well and said we should have three kinds of friends - one with whom we can have fun, one with whom we can do business, where we mutually benefit from the interaction and the third with whom we can help sort our problems, who act as our guides. These three pillars help us live through life. These are the three pillars our parents offered us openly and we took for granted.

Department of ARP sort of unknowingly engineers the students' lives in a way that we have a healthy mix of all the three types of people. We know each one of our batchmates, we have fun with them. Our seniors and often our batchmates act as the guides. Through teaming up on different projects, we learn from each others' skills.

When such an atmosphere exists, people open up to each other. And when one is in distress, there is always someone or the other to notice and help you out.

I see a strong resemblance with this and what Halls did with OP. OP makes you interact with people over random things. It makes it possible to connect with each other 'Arey tu bhi XYZ se hai, arey main bhi'. I admit I realised this pretty late. Initially I was of the opinion that OP is equivalent to ragging while it is not. Think over it.

To a rational mind, it all sounds stupid because we only notice the superficial things like I did. It is not about reciting the HCM list, not about the random events, it is about people - giving people moments to recall later and bond over.

Everything around us - Illu, Hall Days, Holi are someone's clever engineering to create social occasions to bond over. This is what religion as well gave us - a super powerful friend who always was there for us so that we never felt alone and could speak our minds to him.

In today's world where we are all atheists, culture is regarded as superstitious shit, we have pushed ourselves into a hyper-individualistic society where every decision we take depends on us. This can be very empowering but also extremely anxiety inducing.

Why were our parents so much happier than us even when we have so much more? It is because they had people, genuine people, true relationships.

OP was a perfect way to create bonds but unfortunately 70% of people who take OP have no idea what it was really meant for.

We need to re-engineer our IIT life on our own. Departments need to take up the ARP model where it is more of a family than a place to work.

Professors need to come out of their shells and see students as human beings rather than criminals as they normally perceive. Have some damn empathy.

My time is up, but for those who inherit my campus, please remember that it is your responsibility to make it a better place than it is now in years to come.

There is so much more to take from this campus than a degree and a job; and in that process, you will be giving back so much more to this place.

Sochna.

Here is a survey we did some time back which you may find insightful. Read the last summary to make sense of it.

<https://thescholarsavenue.github.io/Happiness/>

Please note, that the views are entirely mine and in no way am I suggesting that this is why Nidhin was in distress or that this would have solved his problems. It takes lot of patience and time, more than writing a Facebook post to understand someone. If there is any take away from the post, it is to empathise with people.

Until last year, Paris had a bridge called the Point Des Arts where people would put a lock symbolising their love and throw the key into the water. They removed all the locks because of the huge load.

Taking a cue from it, how about a Wall of Feelings for our KGP?

If you happen to visit Bhasky anytime soon, ask for a ribbon from Bhasky dada and tie it anywhere on the water body fence.

The colour of the ribbon depends on how you are feeling.

Yellow if you are happy or elated

Blue if you are feeling sad

Red if you are in need of help and are battling depression

Green if you are high... on life

White if you are feeling melancholy, a mix of happiness and sadness

Black if you are tired of all the shit around and want to punch someone

Bhasky da won't charge you anything but do pay him if you feel like. Tie the ribbon anywhere around the circumference needn't be in a visible spot, the idea is to create an outlet that grows with people.

Cheers :)

When I was this boy's age, being smart to me meant to be able to understand the Pythagoras theorem.

Just watch him talk with such confidence and poise on a topic most my age have a tough job wrapping our heads around.

I don't know if kids today are genetically smarter, but access to the internet at the age when brain develops has to manifold the ability to grasp new ideas and concepts.

I wonder how will the present day schooling system or even the university system will accommodate kids like him.

I had been trying to delay writing this post for a long time. It is a big moment for me, the best days of my life are kinda over. But to KGP, this is just another year. KGP ne bahuton ko dekha hai aise jate jate.

Ten years down the line nobody would know who Ashris was or you, the reader was. Those kids would have their own set of seniors and juniors who you will know nothing about.

However, while the names might change, the grand story will continue. The fluttering story weavers of campus will knit everybody's lives with similar memories. Chhedis ki chai will still light up weary night out stricken faces, the trees in Scholars Avenue will be witness to deep talks, Gymkhana walls will bear more birthday bumps, lakeside will be confidant to a troubled soul.

Even when we have no iota of idea of each other's lives, we will be connected by our similar memories that this campus will offer.

The general ethos of campus will live on and so in ways the stories I experienced are still living right there in the campus.

Not just KGP, but the whole world is in lot of pain now, please acknowledge it. In the last month, I have discussed in lengths and breadths about this with juniors and friends. My take away is that art ki zarurat hai campus ko. We need to acknowledge that grief is a natural part of human life and realize that we are all together in this shit. Campus needs spaces to allow people to express themselves. We need channels that allow people to vent, be themselves, escape the roleplay social media has dictated us to perform.

Some ideas we had were Having a space where students plant a plant on their birthday and water their friends' plants on their birthdays, have a space where

people can just sit and listen to chinese bells hanging from trees, a space where you just break things- anything you feel like. How about interning at TechM for a week with vegetable store dadas? How about laughing classes with professors, or say, having CCD offer free treat to people on their birthdays.

Let art make people think, do things they never would do, some meaningful some meaningless as fuck.

The idea is to make people to be involved in things that make them human- this is where art steps in. Dissolve it in the campus and you will see conversations happen, people opening up, mental wounds being healed.

I hope the message reaches some of you who want to do something helpful for the campus in light of recent events.

Rest is great. This is Ashris, signing off. Peace!

So I picked some words at random from the recent conversations I had with people, from my neewfeed and other people's comments. I then classified them as Hindi and English and tried to understand what types of words do we use. You shall see very clearly the disparity in the kind of words both languages have readily available for us to use and I think this has some larger implications.

Words encapsulate human thoughts. There can be words that capture rich complex thoughts such as serendipity, sonder and deja vu without which you would have to resort to a shallow word such as awesomeness and 'I think i saw this before'.

As human beings civilized we started having sounds for things we wanted to convey. So the most basic things people would have made words for must have been water, fire, animal, sky and so on. As we progressed, we added more complexity and had words for abstract entities like happiness, anger, tomorrow and such.

So the richness of a language comes from how abstract concepts have been assigned with words.

It is my instinctively feeling that the quality of my conversations when I speak in Hindi are lot inferior to ones when I use English. It now strikes me why. Everyday Hindi just has a dearth of expressive words, or words laden with complex semantics. There are words for happy and sad but not for euphoria or angst or nostalgia or sarcasm.

I know a valid argument is that a word does exist but we don't know them. But you will know what I am hinting at when you hear the mythological shows on TV 'Prakriti aur manushya ke samanjas se adbhoot sambhaavnayon ki srishti hoti hai'.

You cant use that in daily life because 1. You will be stared at 2. You can't

The language one uses reflects the personality of the society. It reflects its values. Gaumata and cattlestock show what each of the cultures think of the same animal as.

Shuddh hindi just cannot accommodate the sassy sarcastic witty semantics that English can because the words were never designed for such a use or they never came organically. The existence of the phrase 'fucking creepy' makes it easier for you to be sassy in English than if you say 'ghor ajeeb'.

The point I am trying to make is that Hindi isn't working not because we are ashamed to use it but because the conversational language isn't flexible as common English is.

So does that mean that without English people just cannot have deep talks, as profound and intricate as texts of Socrates? I think no, you can't. Unless you are Gulzar or Piyush Mishra you cannot conjure magic from simple words. Our 'aur kaisa hai's and 'main khush hoon' cannot convey much depth.

Is that why as a country our general populace fails to have a creative outburst? Because if your language encourages sticking to few specific semantics, you really cannot cast complex thoughts and express them.

What we need here is a sort of cultural random explosion where we are making new words in Hindi to fill lot of holes that our normal words don't allow. We need common sounding words for nostalgia and quintessence failing which you shall have to rely on english or urdu.

Languages shape how we think. To twist the culture of a nation, the language just has to mince some words. Try reading 1984 and you will understand better. Just by removing words like protest and rebellion, they could enforce conformity.

Language is just the easy part, think how more abstract cultural makers like music and food and ads also are controlling how we perceive as normal. As long as our de facto source of meanings is West, de facto reference of morality is West and de facto inspiration is West we will never be using our own heads.

Bad Naruto Puns (I warned ya). Kartik, these are dedicated to ye.

Q) What did the classical music teacher tell Sharmaji's son in the music exams?
Ans) Tsunade Sharma

Q) What ninja move do all muggus in IIT practice before exams? Ans) Shar-
ingyaan

Q) Who takes the most time in selecting a dress at the mall? Ans) Chouji

Q) Who's the most basic character of all Naruto characters? Ans) Ino

Q) Where do they park camels in the desert? Ans) Gaarage

Q) Wha did Konohamaru gift Naruto on his birthday? Ans) A Niisan

Q) What do you call a happy cat? Ans) Akatsukhi

Q) What is Gai Sensei's favorite vegetable? Ans) Rocoli

Q) For what crime was Sakura sentenced life imprisonment? Ans) Saas ke khoon

Q) What did the Indian kick boxer's dad tell his son after he broke the world record? Ans) Orochimaro

(> .. <)

Feel free to make your puns. But I have not watched poor shippuden so don't share spoilers please else I will call you and make sure you get all the GoT spoilers before you watch the episodes :)

Arigatou

I hope every intellectual being in this country should do themselves a favor and watch this man speak to see how shallow their understanding of the concept of a nation is.

"Always a nation will be successful only when people's aspirations are kept alive. If people left their aspirations, it would be a finished nation. There must be enormous aspiration and people should see a piece of the sky, it is a possibility which is worth making the effort always."

Maybe it will hurt your pan-equality values of being blind to religions, nations and realities, treat mental health, nationalism and intelligence as three distinct topics unable to see the connections between how proud someone feels about themselves and the kind of creative, worthy work they are able to do.

Dekho, and then jab mindfuck ho, dont prepare your counter arguments in your head, and hear this : https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VHEg5_o8HF4&t=945s

There are hundreds of reasons to feel dissapointed about your country and thus, the world. The news doesn't make much good to make you optimistic. But for every bad news you hear there are hundred other positive things happening in the world which your short attention span minds are not even noticing. I want to be optimistic about this nation and hence the world and be comfortable saying that I am proud to be an Indian, a country that has a natural equilibrium to not be split into pieces by forces internal or external, assimilate shocks by absorbtion into its culture.

Our country has not been formed on basis of sameness, neither color, nor religion, nor language, nor ideologies. We have been a land of seekers, one who have gone past the superficialities to examine the internal world of spirituality which the western world is so pathetically trying to make a science with psychology and philosophy, failing miserably so. We transcend differences, we are all humans, we are connected, that is the message that connects India and I know that is what the world needs now in a time where it is easier to kill people than sit

together and see each other as human beings seeking meaning and purpose in life.

That is the Indianness I find worth being optimistic about.

Hollyyyyyy fuck, kid how awesome are you! Thank you so much for this :D I always had dreamt of this project but I never thought it could happen considering how time taking it is to model everything.

Amazing job, @[100001976673918:2048:Prateek Srivastava]. If you can open source the model, people can help you making it more and more detailed.

@[1102115464:2048:Ankita], @[1069007900:2048:Prachi], @[100000620014055:2048:Abhishek], remember just the other day we were discussing how virtually roaming KGP will be a thing. Saxxxy.

”So, do what you can do, to create the conditions necessary to evolve trust. Build relationships. Find win-wins. Communicate clearly. Maybe then, we can stop firing at each other, get out of our own trenches, cross No Man’s Land to come together...”

This is a message that comes not just from religions, spirituality and philosophy but also mathematics. Such brilliant work this is!

I want to do work like this one day.

<http://ncase.me/trust/>

Thanks everyone who shared this, we should share it more for everyone to ponder upon.

I have a hunch that the next person to change the world in a real sense is more likely to be an artist or a mystic than a tech founder. The world needs more healers than disrupters today.

Sadhguru hasn’t only presented spirituality as a clear cut science, but he is also actively using his position to support movements that focus on living harmony with nature. Let’s support him in this noble cause.

Give a missed call in the number he has mentioned to register your support for this rally.

What started as a dream three years back is now close to being a reality ^_^

I am happy to share that I’ll be spending the next year of my life at the magical dreamy land of MIT Media Lab, a place where musicians code and coders de-

sign, work gets called 'antidisciplinay', disobedience is rewarded and the misfits seemingly fit.

Thank you Ma, Pa for supporting me through all my seemingly reckless decisions. It is only the privilege to be your child that I can dare to do anything. Thanks Mina for believing in me and going out of your way in helping me. Aapke bina kuch na hota.

And thank you KGP for being the playground to experiment, showing me that there are multiple ways of looking at the same thing, and that there is something to learn from everyone. I am especially proud of my juniors who I leave the Will of Fire with. I hope you recognize your gifts and live a life worthy of being a KGPIan.

And thank you architecture, for teaching me so much more than designing buildings. Thank you Prof. Barman and Prof. Mainak for your strong belief in me, I will be grateful to you both my whole life. Your love and support have been my guiding force.

So then, the next chapter building cool shizz, meeting crazy people and celebrating creativity begins henceforth!

Please be in touch, let's help making the world more awesome through our combined powers.

Until then, see you you KGP, see you India and hello America :D

I used to wonder why the same Indians who never had anything remotely Indianish done while living in India suddenly become so sentimental towards the desh, go for random Bhangra events, Bollywood dance night, Holi Dhamaka and other such kitschy things when they are abroad. It is understandable after a first hand experience, I feel it's because ghar ki murgi daal barabar.

The people who are smart enough are probably able to see that there is a rising sentiment in the country these days, a sentiment of positivity. For the first time, people are optimistic about our country.

Think about it for yourself, you don't have to look far, look at your home. The way we lived in 2007 and the way we live in 2017 is so different, we as a whole are becoming well off, things are changing, going from one place to other is easier, finding information is easier. It might be tempting to imagine that it is because of tech, but no, not all countries in the world are experiencing it now. As you read this, there is someone running away for their life in a country, a country where people can't sleep safely in the night fearing they might not be alive. We don't face that fear everyday, and we have to be grateful for that. The way we live today is a dream for millions of people in the world.

In 1947, we started with 12% literacy rate, being one of the poorest countries in the world. We see that we aren't as good as the other countries today but

we should see where we started from. There is a contribution of so many people in moving our country ahead step by step. Slowly and steadily, we have moved a long way.

News says otherwise though. It paints a grim narrative of our country ignoring the major chunk of what's good.

Do you think the 1 billion people in the country are not revolting in fury because of fear for law? Hell no. The average Indian is busy working hard to improve his life and in the process, improve the country. The invisible thread of optimistic spirituality is what keeps our country going, inspite of invasions, collapses, violences. Our spirit isn't broken as a country and that makes me optimistic about our future.

Sadhguru in a talk mentioned "Always a nation will be successful only when people's aspirations are kept alive. If people left their aspirations, it would be a finished nation. There must be enormous aspiration and people should see a piece of the sky, it is a possibility which is worth making the effort always."

On our 71st Independence Day, we should choose optimism over cynicism hereon. Yes there are hundred reasons to be sad and dejected, but then ask yourself, what are you doing to change anything? What is your contribution to our country's story? Let's think over this, we are on this together as a team.

Happy Independence Day everyone!

To avoid more spamming in the group or through my profile, we created this page for @[1488511748129645:69:Listen To This KGP !]. This page will be used to communicate new features of the chrome extension and share the most recommended songs from the group. We hate spam.

The recent features of our extension (<https://chrome.google.com/webstore/detail/listen-to-this-kgp/pbigobacphjlfgebinmppsbfbejelm>) are:

1. Implement saving/managing of videos
2. Faster loading time optimizations

If you haven't got the update yet or your app seems to not work, just do a reinstall from the link above.

<There's an update pending and hence the app will start working an hour from nowm please bear with me :3>

Ken Perlin was a guest speaker today at the Tangible Interfaces class. If you are familiar with Processing or Computer Graphics, you will know him as the inventor of Perlin Noise, the function that helps generate random numbers organically in a smooth way. He is also the Oscar Academy Award winner for his technological innovation in procedural textures.

The best thing about MIT's classes is the opportunity to interact with these innovators to understand their motivations and visions, something you won't find online readily. It is rewarding to see what drives them to do these seemingly abstract, weird, and nerdy things.

Perlin mentioned that it isn't the technology in itself which is very exciting but it is what people can accomplish with that technology once it matures.

Today we see a tremendous explosion of human creativity on YouTube. That is possible because few nerds back in the day undertook the hard part of implementing the tech which supports the huge ecosystem.

If used wisely, tech can be an agent of social change, empathy, art, effective governance, creativity, learning, understanding, optimisation and so on. If used unwisely, it just allows companies to make profits by manipulating people to be addicted.

In the process of changing the world, tech is changing the society and also us as humans.

I am glad to be doing things with Keval and Atal in a direction that makes tech work for people and not the other way around. More updates on that soon!

Last year, we created a small group in the Architecture Department at IIT called Design++ that focuses on exploring fusing art and tech creatively together to create cool shizz.

And it makes me super excited to share the works of my juniors that they made in their very first workshop.

Credits to the ubercool workshop mentors Kartik, Liza, Kshitiz, Sachin, Ashutosh and Roshni who started learning last year itself. Such a proud feeling to see the cycle continue.

Kudos, guys! Keep doing cool stuff like this. We should have a blog to document more of the stuff you come up with, let's discuss that.

Good job and keep it up, freshers :)

The darkest places in hell are reserved for those who maintain their neutrality in times of moral crisis. - Dante Alighieri

If you don't really see it, you are not to be blamed. But even when you see, feel, understand, notice and think and still not do anything about it, then my friends, you have reasons to be ashamed about.

The problem with the society has been that the intelligent know it all and keep shut while the ignorant run the world and make you work for them.

Do something about it, KGP. It isn't something hyper-organizational that you have to always do like form a committee or a protest or even do a survey. It is bigger and less glamorous than that. You have to start thinking where did we go wrong and what can we do to fix things up. Fixing the world begins with fixing yourself first. Agreed, it is not a trivial thing to figure out, but at least try.

Try to look at your inner self, listen close and pay attention. Not the one filled with facts, debates and arguments. Or even emotions because they are a product of your thoughts. Look for what the world is, as it is, devoid of your notions of good and bad, of superiority and inferiority complexes, beyond stereotypes, study yourself and you will know everyone is as complex in their being as you.

Our previous generation still had real problems on their hand, they had to work hard for survival, but now you people have the privilege of thinking and still you choose to live without using it to make the world a better place. That's a shame.

The place you are in now is a special place. It is the best place to be in India, and possibly the world. You have the real problems to solve, ones that really matter. They can be solved if we all use our existing tools in the right way. This is when you can grow, expand your mind and self to innovate in ways nobody imagined but no, you still choose to keep quiet.

Until then whatever you do will only be superficial. The solution isn't in cheering the senses, or do superficial fixes, the damage is deep. You have to see things for what they are not what you think they are. Otherwise you will live your whole life chasing something and never arriving there.

These were put right on the student notice boards for everyone to read.

A healthy system recognises the importance of expressing dissent. Dissent isn't necessarily destructive, at an intellectual level it can make you think of ways to reimagine the status quo. It paves way for change and betterment. If nothing dissatisfies you, why bother do anything?

If your strategy in life is to play safe, conform and ignore everything that makes you think, you may not get into anything troublesome but you will live life passively, superficially.

Live actively. Think, create, change, express dissent.

These awkward yet endearing steps of the West to deal with its post-atheistic culture by trying to be spiritual but not too spiritual seems very interesting. In continuation of its habit of following the West, maybe when a fancy wearable or an app is developed to practice anulom vilom and isha kriya which is validated

by fMRI and EEG data, will the East be as enthusiastic about spirituality as it is about AI and ML now.

Me in August : 'Haha, yes, I am excited about the Fall. I happen to be a winter person actually! Everything about winter is so surreal, like a transition of life, like a Lana Del Rey song of melancholy. Winter makes you creative, I feel, there's something so poetic about hot tea and oh the cool hoodies. Maybe it's nature's way of reminding us that what is born should also go and...'

Now: Heeeiiell no, just noooooope, no effin way. No thank you. NOEP. This is why bears hibernate and we should be doing the same.

And it's just the beginning. #coldcoldcold

Amazed by the number of interesting projects on Kharagpur Winter of Code. Great initiative, @[354016961615862:69:Kharagpur Winter of Code (KWOC) - KOSS]! This is a brilliant opportunity for new learners to gain skills to execute open source collaborative projects, particularly as a preparation for GSoC.

I have a humble project on the list (look for Archdraw). Check out the Github link for more details and ping me if you'd be interested to work on it.

Here's the link: <https://kwoc.kossiitkgp.in/projects>

Check out these amazing set of minimal posters made by @[100012190008591:2048:Kartik] (after months ki kadi mehnat and soch)

Takes me back to the days Pratik was fiddling with minimal Dep logos mastering Photoshop and Illustrator and I was making 2048 clones (feel old?) struggling with JavaScript. It makes me brim with pride that the cycle continues, like a part of me still is living on the campus.

xD Not taking the limelight away from you, Kartik, this is such a brilliant start, hope you keep going such machau things even aage. <The Illu wala poster is *Gold*>

Lots of Aashirvaads, Yo Archi :)

"When people feel theyâ re surrounded by caring, respectful peers, theyâ re more likely to try new things and take the risks that are an essential part of the creative process."

Prof. Resnick has brilliantly put in a concise manner something that took me years to realize for myself. I have only been able to learn something in a class when I am able to respect the Professor I am a student of.

It is something that teachers and Professors need to ponder in general that they aren't just imparting knowledge but being a Guru and their role is far greater than sharing information.

At the same time, we students have given up on our teachers. We don't thank them when they go out of their ways to make a class interesting or give them helpful suggestions when we feel we are lacking something in the class.

I wish the whole academic framework was revisited with the intention of making the student-teacher relationship stronger. Sadly the students' fear and the Professors' ego will delay that from happening quickly.

One of my new year resolutions in 2018 is to focus on empathy.

I cooked up this game with my friends where I asked them to think about perspectives they wouldn't think about. Like say, I asked someone who isn't a BJP supporter to think of three reasons why people voted for Modi. Then I ask someone who doesn't like the Congress party to think of three reasons to why Rahul Gandhi is a deserving Prime Minister of the country.

The game made me realize that thinking for a moment from others' perspectives helps you be more open.

So here's an attempt to share this experience with all of you.

If you follow this page called @[\[374843769623048:274:Flipside\]](#), you will get an update every day asking you to slip into the shoes of a character, hypothetical but inspired by real life.

Take five minutes off from your life to think from their perspective, empathize with them and share your view on their situation in first person tone, either via the comments or message the page.

Judging is easy, empathizing is hard. Let's try the latter for a change.

Listening to Empire State of Mind years back, I had resolved that one day I will listen to this song while being in NYC. Today was the day it finally happened.

#StartMIT is a brilliant entrepreneurship crash course through which MIT is connecting students with the startup ecosystem in Boston. Today we got to visit NYC and meet founders of amazing startups. One of them was the Alphabet acquired Sidewalk Labs bringing digital tech innovation to cities focusing on building a city of the 21st century using IoT at it's heart. The second startup we met was DVF - Diane von Furstenberg, a fashion retail with the founder by the same name who had some great insights from her life to share. One of those insights that touched my heart was this: "Courage is simply accepting the truth for what it is and dealing with it." and "When you doubt your powers, you give powers to your doubts".

Fun Fact: I saw a Porsche in real life for the first time and 4 of them in ten minutes. At the same time there's this Indie vibe the city has unlike the uber posh cities like Zurich. The city very much has a vibrant personality like Kolkata, just that the latter also has some personality disorders.

Hello guys.

As we are actively developing it now, we want to know how can we best design the product for you. Hence, this survey. Thanks in advance :)

"Entrepreneurship allows you to intermingle the creative skills of the hipsters with the intuitive world of the hustlers"

How do people who don't speak English communicate these feelings? Communication aside, can someone even construct thoughts without access to a rich set of words?

[illegible]

69

"Speaking in Cambridge in 1880, a high official of the British Raj named Sir John Strachey said that the "first and most essential thing to learn about India" is that "there is not, and there never was an India". Strachey thought it "conceivable that national sympathies may arise in particular Indian countries", but "that they should ever extend to India generally, that men of the Punjab, Bengal, the Northwestern Provinces, and Madras, should ever feel that they belong to one Indian nation, is impossible".

-Ramchandra Guha's article on 'India - an unlikely nation'.

Strachey would have been disappointed today this impossible nation is celebrating her 69th anniversary of being the largest democracy.

Happy Republic Day, ढ ॐ ३. Keep shining <3

Why do they even make stories on history anymore? Clearly there are people who want their history to die with themselves.

Culture should be shared, celebrated, allowed to evolve and not guarded behind sacred high walls. This is why Sanskrit waned and soon everything being held so dear would if the culture doesn't blend with new flow of the society. A nation's personality must be dynamic, combining mixing different ideas - like genetic diversity there should be idealistic diversity in our species.

Dharna chodo, dunia ki wonder dekho. Thoda kam beliefs rakho, thode kam identities banao jinko protect karne ke liye majboor ho jao. Chalo thoda ek matured country ke mafik behave karte hain.

"If we combine holism with panpsychism, we get cosmopsychism: the view that the Universe is conscious, and that the consciousness of humans and animals is derived not from the consciousness of fundamental particles, but from the consciousness of the Universe itself. This is the view I ultimately defend in Consciousness and Fundamental Reality."

Aeon has beautiful collection of thought provoking articles which also can be listened to (as podcasts).

This article in particular has many interesting perspectives : a. "Physics is in the business of predicting the behaviour of matter, not revealing its intrinsic nature."

b. "the nature of matter outside of brains is continuous with the nature of matter inside of brains"

c. the most beautiful one - "of all the values the constants in our laws had, they ended up having exactly those values required for something of great value: life, and ultimately intelligent life. If the laws had not, against huge odds, been

fine-tuned, the Universe would have had infinitely less value; some say it would have had no value at all.”

d. If the Universe, way back in the Planck epoch, fine-tuned the laws to bring about life billions of years in its future, then the Universe must in some sense be aware of the consequences of its actions.

Would be curious to know what you think, @[1680546691:2048:Praharsh].

Have you wanted to plan your dream trip based on your instagram feed? Say no more. My awesome friend at the Media Lab - Judith Sirera has created this Chrome Extension here called Meet the World which lets you pin locations of your loved insta posts and create a map visualization.

The extension adds a 'Pin' icon to the posts on your feed if they have a location tagged. You can then click on the Meet The World icon on the navbar to view all your saved posts on the World Map. Isn't that cool?

Here's the link to the extension : <https://chrome.google.com/webstore/detail/meet-the-world/dnjacdhjmipmijabeoocdgaglpbkbkpp>

And here's the dashboard that you can visualize the places <http://meettheworld.judithsirera.com/>

Do check! Also, this works only on the Desktop version of Insta. Great job, Judith!

In Class VIII, my school gifted me a book - Theory of Everything. It was a book like nothing else I had read before. To a child who thought Pokemons were the coolest thing ever, Stephen Hawking showed that the real world, as it is, is far more magical than we can possibly imagine.

Hawking's ideas will continue inspiring bright minds to pursue science and keep the spirit of inquisitiveness going. Rest in Peace, Mr. Hawking, thank you for inspiring a generation.

I regard Jordan Peterson as my Devil's advocate. He had opposite views as I did but I wanted to hear what he says. He refuses to use gender neutral pronouns for transgenders, so he might seem to be your typical regressive person but when you hear him objectively, you see how he sees the world. I see his way of looking at the world and kinda agree with him, changing many of my strongly held beliefs.

Language often divides us in dualities like Right and Left, but maybe it is not about picking a team but trying to solve issues with new ideas, even if that means combining thoughts that long seemed contrary.

Thoughts?

Shashi Tharoor is detrimental to his own party. He sets such high standards that it is unimaginable for anyone to fill the shoes. Look at how clearly he lays his points. He reiterates that being a proud Hindu and an open minded liberal at the same time are not mutually exclusive.

Alas most liberals in the country are some of the most close minded elitists and many conservatives are hyper emotional. In that chaos, words like this seem to be the only light of reason.

Years from now when we coexist with an alien civilization, we will have to apologize to them for depicting them comically in our movies because it will be then considered racist.

People mock others when they don't have to confront with them - when the victims aren't powerful enough to be wary of. More than moral values, it is the power dynamics that governs who we sympathize with, who's the hero and who's the victim.

Churchill has always been a hero, even when it was publically known that he manufactured mass death of over 3 million Indians through artificial famines. More than people being insensitive, I think nobody cared because Indians didn't matter in the global power dynamics.

Not anymore though. History books are due for revision. I am glad that colonialism is talked about on a global platform for what it truly was.

What really does a continent mean? Is it a geographical distinction or a cultural one?

If it is a geographical one, what type of geography is considered? The obvious answer seems to be physical continuity of the landmass. If so, why are Europe and Asia two different continents when they share the same tectonic plate? They say Europe and Asia are separated by the Ural mountains. Oh well, so do the Himalayas separate India from rest of Asia and it also has a tectonic plate of its own.

Some say that it's not geography but cultural differences that define continents. Turkey is not regarded as part of Europe cos apparently it has a different culture from rest of Europe. If that's so, what made them think that Afghanistan, South Korea and Nepal share anything in common?

Rather than an ambiguous classification maybe the continents should be based on the tectonic plates..

North America, Carribea, South America, Africa, Arabia, India, Asia, Australia and Antarctica. That seems more reasonable, doesn't it?

Lots of brilliant ideas being discussed here at MIT Media Lab to bring tech to India to solve our rural and urban issues. The event has diverse thought leaders like ex Maharashtra CM Prithviraj Chavan, edX CEO, Accenture India CEO, HCL CEO, folks from all the leading companies of India. Makes me so proud that the new face of India is right here, in this room filled with the most influential people discussing how their companies are using AI to augment human abilities via disciplined entrepreneurship and calling for reimagining India's Skilling and education programs, social innovation and job creation.

I am positing regular updates of the speeches on Twitter (to avoid spamming newfeeds on FB). Do tune in if this interests you.

Archilyse is a game changing start up from ETH that changes the way commercial architecture has been practiced since ages. Instead of confusing them with jargons like FAR, Built up area, super built up area, Archilyse lets buyers compare houses based on hyperdimensions - a set of metrics that intuitively capture the performance metrics of a building like Family Comfort, Teenager Suitability, Locational Advantage and so on.

I wrote an article about Hyperdimensions - how machine learning is revolutionizing architecture on the Archilyse Medium account. Do give it a 5 and a half minute read to know how real estate buying experience will change in the near future.

Thanks @[100000092537913:2048:Matthias Standfest] for the opportunity to share my thoughts. Brilliant initiative!

<https://medium.com/archilyse/hyperdimensions-will-revolutionize-real-estate-industry-this-is-how-6ee11582456c>

23 is a heavy number man :) 2 years from now it'll be 2020 <- weren't we in 2007 some years back? Time seems to be flying. Thank you so much for the birthday wishes ^_^

Anyway. I wanted to share what's next in life after this.

I got accepted as a Data Journalism Fellow - which I was told that just 3 got picked from a pool of 400. I will be spending 2 months each at How India Lives (Delhi), Hindustan Times (Delhi) and Live Mint (Mumbai) - three media houses with three different focus areas and work culture.

I am pumped up for this new chapter. I will be working on the crosspoints of tech and media with projects exploring data driven algorithmic analysis and interactive visualizations. It is an exciting time to be in India right now with new ideas and new initiatives being rolled out. I want to meet people of our nation from all spans, know their stories, create tools and applications that

inform us better with simple and smart visualizations, help us distinguish fake news from the real one, back assertions with analysis, and drive discussion in the nation around things that matter.

Wish me all the best. If you are in Delhi, let's meet! I'll be there on 1st June with 2 days in KGP in late May. :D

We have reached a state where individuals own a supercomputer in their hands, distance is irrelevant and thoughts travel at the speed of light.

There is no reason the world should hold on to the thinking we had when we were in our survival mode. Let us unleash our creative energies, learn skills and make ideas a reality that move the world.

In this spirit, we launch Outliers - <https://www.outliers.world> - a platform that features the projects targeted to the Indian subcontinent that lie in the intersection of technology, art and design.

Have a look at the brilliant projects we've featured - from a pan India script that can represent many Indian languages (Bharati) to a website that explores how cities can be traveled sonically (Sounds of Mumbai). Like this page to get updates about creative + tech projects in the future. Write to us to be part of Outliers.

Here's to the crazy ones, here's to the ones that don't conform. To the Outliers!

India's inhibitions about discussing sex get surfaced when a condom ad appears on TV and everyone in the family pretends not to notice anything. Sex is an awkward topic, even for the most educated people in our country and that is not okay.

As a result of this reticence, kids don't learn about sex from their parents but from porn, which creates an unhealthy, unrealistic impression of sex in their minds. This makes them more vulnerable to sexual misconduct, unwanted pregnancy, shyness and shame in this crucial stage of growing up as an adult.

Shhh! Sex is a brilliant project by four students from National Institute of Design, Ahmedabad which is notable because of its novelty and execution. The project consists of several sub-campaigns that are executed in phases, learnings from each phase applied to execute the subsequent one.

Most probably a warm hued Sufi song set against Rajasthan, a young girl is looking around for water, she rushes to a tap with few drops of water and sees even that has run dry. Kailash Kher maybe. The song was done as part of a social initiative. This song is stuck in my head but just visually, I can't think

1. English would have become the first language of at least 15% Indians and we would have a mainstream Bollywood movie made in English.
2. Having kids would be taxed, just as having a vehicle.
3. The richest city in India would be Bangalore followed by Mumbai and Hyderabad.
4. The rich poor divide will increase more and civil war will be more common because of unavailability of jobs. The affluent however will live lives that no king has witnessed on Earth.

What does your intuition suggest?

There are some things that India is objectively better at than most of the world like food.

Making cartoons is not one of those things.

Visiting my village today, I watched TV with my nephew and I was apalled by what Cartoon Network has become. We watched 'Motu and Pathlu' - a series based on India. I thought Chota Bheem was as low as Indian cartoon industry can get but Motu Pathlu proved me wrong. It is an obnoxious piece of shit work with cringey stories lacking any complexity. It has bad stereotypes of Indian states and equally poor animation. If Tarak Mehta ka Chashma was a cartoon, it would suck less than this shit.

I recall the Cartoons I watched as a kid like Courage the Cowardly Dog which abstractified the world in terms of fictional characters as seen by a child. It had randomness, humor and a tinge of creepiness - it tells the stories of child sexual abuse, domestic violence and animal hunting with such brilliant lucidity for children. Dexter's Laboratory, Powerpuff Girls, Captain Planet - each was a sophisticated concept that was designed to challenge a child's imagination and make them wonder and think.

This makes me think about protectionism. Is CN forced to play Indian shows to promote local artists? Well if so, it really isn't working. Am pretty sure that cartoons have a big role to play in childhood psychological development and watching shit like Chota Bheem and Motu Pathlu will only deter their ability to wonder and imagine.

Rant end.

Some Black Mirror shizz ahead, alert. ð

Think of this day for a minute - November 23rd, 2013. ð ☒

Do you recall anything? Which city were you in? ð ĩ, â ªð How did the day go? ð ☒ ¨ð

Maybe you do remember some things like where were you and what were you doing but most probably you have forgotten the finer aspects of who you were then - the song that was caught in loop in your head ð µ, the random thought that crossed your mind at 4:03 pm ð jor the one person who you were obsessed with then ð - are all lost.

We as people have ever changing personalities and identities ð ¶ð § ð § ð ¨ð § - the person you were in 2013 is different from the person you are today. As we evolve through this journey called life â ï, we often lose orientation of where we are coming from and where we are going ð £â â ï - but in the world of social media, we leave traces - footprints ð ¾ as we walk through life.

A Date With Yourself is a project done by me and Judith Sirera at the MIT Media Lab as part of the Cognitive Augmentation class ð ¤ which helps people reintrospect their life through flashes of memories of their past and ponder over how they've changed as a person.

Here's the idea : We provide you with a code base ð ¤ that analyses every single message you have written to other people on Messenger and creates easy to understand visualizations to understand the synopsis â ¨ï. You see a scroll of your high-intensity messages on the left which ideally in the future version of the project will be a chat bot so that 'you can talk to the past you'. ð ¨

Without much ado, here's the project website, you'll find the link to the Github repo with instructions on how to launch the project here : <https://www.media.mit.edu/projects/a-date-with-yourself/overview/>

Also the project can run without an internet and your data stays with you, so don't worry about data stealing or hacking ð ð Also the code is open sourced - so feel free to hack away as long as you credit us in your version of code.

If you aren't really a tech person to run the code ð ©â ð »etc and just want to see how the project looks like, you can see a sample of the project here: <http://iashris.com/dateyourself/> <- It uses Lyrebird.ai to synthesize user's voice and read out the messages I have sent.

Big companies like Facebook already analyse your posts and messages to get an idea of the kind of person you are. They do this to sell you targeted ads. ð ¤|â â ï, This same process can be used to understand about ourselves and our personalities - in a productive way. So our project democratizes this personal data analysis stuff and places the power in your hands! ð ¢ð â â ï, ð § â â ï, ð § â â ï,

I and Judith will be looking forward to your suggestions and feedback! ð â â ï, ð â â ï,

Romanticising poverty is a bad thing. Nietzsche famously said 'Two great European narcotics, alcohol and Christianity.' Both of them help people forget reality and do nothing about it.

Take farming for example. I find it funny that some people think investing in machines that automate farming so that farmers need not go to farms and monitor their fields through IoT sensors and machines is a bad thing because it will make farmers lose their 'identity'. It is such convoluted ideas that justify even hunger and poverty for some abstract philosophical goodness.

Praising farmers for the 'meri dharti ki mitti and mere cows' isn't doing anyone any good. We have enough songs that glorify poverty - doing so, we create a feel-good facade in the name of culture and make peace with less efficient means of production.

Innovation needs investment and it is costly... it needs skills and it needs capital and it needs optimism. Deal with it. The real magic of technology isn't the technology itself but the things people can do once the technology is ubiquitous. Now that Internet is so accessible in India (because of Jio which the left constant derided for pro-Modi ties), you will see things like some girl in Muzzafarpur getting in touch with someone in Nigeria to work on a science project, more ideas exchanged between Delhi and Mumbai because travelling to and fro will be easier because of the Bharatmala project. People don't have to stand in lines in banks and railway stations because things will be digitized.

When such things are feasible and happening, people who have no idea about technology - especially the sociologist and liberal arts kind of folks go on and on about cynical reasons why we are living in an oppressive regime and what not. Technology works and there is evidence to that. Socialism fails. I don't know how many examples people have to see more before believing that competition is what fuels collaboration and not some abstract sense of goodness.

If you are feeling overly cheerful and want to get back to equilibrium, you should have a look at the posts by Markandey Katju. He posts snippets of mini rants and whinings incessantly that frequently end with 'Hari Om'. Interestingly he posted something about why Indian folks in US shouldn't return to India which is directly opposite to what he said 3 years back criticizing IITians for leaving India and lacking patriotism. Mr. Katju is representative of our society who will be pessimistic no matter what. At best they're to be ignored or humored.

Hari Om.

Wanted to share something nifty I built in the past few days at How India Lives - FIFA World Cup 2018 Predictor! â ½â ½ð <https://howindialives.github.io/wc2018>

Okay before I go lecturing about, I have to confess I am illiterate when it comes to football and only recently learnt that there are 32 teams and 8 groups and then there are knockout rounds after groups and all that. With moving some numbers around, I built an interface that lets you see how the pairings and the eventual result would be if everything goes according to the past trends.

The analysis used data from last 4 World cups and matches played in the last 4 years. We also assigned weights to each match based on if they were head to head matches and which stage the match was played in.

The default checkboxes are our predictions based on the analysis I did which you can toggle and see for yourself the eventual outcome.

Spoilers - We predict Brazil is going to win the cup with Germany being the second most likely winner. Go give it a shot.

PS: To change the groups ka outcome, uncheck the default teams first and then pick your 1st and 2nd teams you want to qualify.

2,843,391 is the number of Indian Americans in the States according to 2010. This population is larger than populations of 91 countries including countries like Qatar, Bahrain, Cyprus and Fiji. Similarly, the number of Indians in UAE is 883,313 (with almost all from Kerala) - that's 42% of UAE. Sure, after they live there, they won't be Indians anymore and will instead be Americans and Emirati - but they do take with them the food habits, music, traditions and rituals. Culture today is going beyond physical boundaries to the point that the pockets of populations abroad needn't be a mere 'NRI community' but a thriving cultural extension in themselves. The folks here are significantly more affluent than us in the 'mainland' and thus it will be easier for them to do more things. So we'll be seeing more activity from 'Indians' not from India - more Indian names in the credits section, more Indian origin startup founders, more brands focused around Indian immigrant population - say ones catering to Indian food, marriage, funeral. If a more active culture overrides a dormant one, I think it is likely that what we consider 'Indian' might also change

Delhi Metro Travel Thoughts #1

Transportation systems encapsulate an amazing amalgamation of anthropological streams. Take Indian railways for example. The sleeper class, 2nd AC and General class implicitly have different 'cultures' and rules you adhere. Sleeper is like your 80s ki city ka sadak you get individual thelawalas, paupets, gossips, beggars. And then in 3rd class AC, you realize ki haan yahan pe thoda well behaved bante Hain but not necessarily much. 2nd class me you essentially just pay for the curtains which transform the same space to semi permeable individual cabins with option to make it more private and thus it facilities watching movies, playing games, etc.

Now, yes it emerged because each class had a set fare and thus attracted a specific layer of society but that gap has decreased so much in the last 10 years. Now we are demographically more heterogenous across economical hierarchies, mostly because the lower middle class has indeed risen to the upper middle class.

So people today don't book tickets based on their economy but the availability of tickets.

It is funny however that these culture norms we associated with different classes still exist. I still feel the train space differently based on which class it is and also which berth it is. Like when you travel in the side upper, you play the role of the owl, the careful observer. When you travel in the main lower, you are the goat, welcoming and accommodating everyone staying close to the ground, hosting events. Feel the difference?

Now Delhi Metro seems like a new invention, like a contemporarily recent space. Nobody had any rules as to how to behave, so we see a whole different behavior here. For the first time folks in India have access to a dashboard displaying where they are through the map, so we see a sense of placement established. It's graphic design wise sophisticated with different colored panels with instructions and power ports. For the poor, it is a very alien space to the narrow noisy streets they live in, so you see a sense of awe, a sense of wonder as they see 20 something youths who are live billboards of capitalism to them. The billboards in turn are busy talking to themselves, ironically like right now I am.

People are more polite here, there is a sense of discipline as the Biggest Boss couple deliver the code of conduct in suave Hindi and sophisticated English 'Please don't play the music' they say and the public obliges. The same chaotic smug Indians who rule the roads are tamed and civilized citizens on the tracks. Sometimes I wonder if it's a carefully designed classroom to teach us the etiquettes because well, it works.

What are your thoughts on this? Have you felt you behaving differently according to the social transportation system that you are in? What about thoughts? Don't your thoughts in turn get influenced by the space too?

I hated Atheism vs Religion debates as a kid not because they were pointless but because they were so bad and stale. Each side makes a strawman version of the other side and tries attacking that. That is not how you argue.

In order to find the most mutually beneficial realizations, you decide to actively trying to understand the point the other side is trying to make and then engage with them. This video is a good example of that.

Takeaways from Netflix's Wild Wild Country, probably the best/most beautiful/most artsy documentary I've ever watched.

1. Normal people who claim to be driven by compassion have the most insidious demons inside them. These demons get unleashed when they have tasted power and feel that power is under threat.

With these thoughts, I started an experiment that was a success. It wasn't expected at all considering how harsh Facebook is against folks who try to experiment on their platform.

Anyway, I have documented the whole process here : <https://medium.com/@iashris/visualising-my-facebook-network-clusters-346bac842a63>

If you are running short on time: this is the 180 seconds video that will distil the essence of the experiment : <https://youtu.be/FHjYUC2fFiw>

Suggestions invited :)

The Supreme Court of India has begun the trial against Sec 377 in India - a law from the colonial era that is used again and again in this nation to selectively discriminate against people in the LGBTQ+ community.

The strength of our nation is our ability to adapt, change what is wrong and continue to be on the right side of the history. We need to do our part to ensure that kids in the nation don't spend their childhoods thinking they don't deserve love or respect for the person they are.

<https://www.change.org/p/the-supreme-court-of-india-strike-down-section-377>

You can show your support by clicking the link here. :)

"How strongly must you love knowing that you are unconvicted felons"

this is the most beautiful line that came out of Supreme Court case on Sec377 yesterday. Our representative Menaka Guruswamy asked this question to the panel of 5 esteemed judges of this temple of justice of the largest democracy of this planet.

To a question raised by a member of the Christian Association, "This goes against our Judeo-Christian values!", the CJI calmly said "The only values we follow here in the Supreme Court is the values embodied in the constitution".

The feeling of justice is so abstract, you can't see or touch it in real life. But at the Supreme Court, I could touch, feel and experience the distillation of justice.

My heart filled with pride for our strong strong democracy that had withstood the attack of bigotry and hate and always stood by the values enshrined on us by our nation founders. Section 377 will go down, India is here with modernity, India is here with love and acceptance.

Content Warning: Sexual Abuse Trigger

The more you suppress stuff and keep things in a closet, the more sick and pathetic it becomes. In India we do that with sexuality among other things.

Our relationship with this topic is so bad, kids don't learn about sexuality from their parents but from pornography and music videos that create an extremely bad image of sex filled with lust. Clearly this hush hush attitude isn't working.

I see many folks in my friendlist getting married and being blessed with kids - here's to you guys. Please raise your kids in an environment where they grow up to be open minded healthy adults who understand things like consent, protection and legal age. The typical fear based Sanskaar template has failed. Punishments, banning sexual content or just avoiding the topic is just ignoring the dragon - educate your kids with proper sex education.

Sigh.

It's KGP's birthday and a mere wish wouldn't be enough to do justice for the gratitude I have for this place. They say 'pyaar karne wale jataate nahi' but this is more about sharing this feeling with you kids who are in KGP right now and maybe wondering 'When do I get out of this hellhole?'

You see, my life has been about fitting in. Growing up, I changed schools frequently - going from the big cities of Vizag and Chennai to small towns in Odisha. I was a fat li'l kid and so I had to use these tools to compensate for that, like say humor was the way to fit in school, or say performing well in acads, because here's the trick - once you give them some tag they can tag you with, they overlook the other parts of you. Being good in studies and be funny was my tag which fortunately overshadowed the fat card. But deep down, I never knew where I belong. Fitting in was hard and gosh I tried so hard too.

When I got into IIT, I was sort of socially liberated - people were so nice to me ever since - I realized wow, these tags are so freakin important. But I had yet to define myself for myself. Early on I saw that personalities even in KGP come in packets - you're in DebSoc - you must be the intellectual kind, you in Drams - you must be the showtime kind, you're in Archi - you must be the artsy dumb types, you're some GymK post holder - you must be the dedicated kind - I tried so many things in an attempt to 'find my tribe' and I failed every single time. The more I tried to become someone, the farther I was going from being comfortable with myself.

It was then in those roads of 2.2 in the wintery cold nights of contemplation that I connected with myself - I didn't have to fit a mould, I can create my own personalized mould and that's what I will do. KGP presented me with such a diversity of minds - I could just pick things from everywhere and this didn't limit to KGP but to the world - religion, gender, nationalism, politics - you like something, you make it part of yourself, you don't like it - you let it be. Ever since then not only have I been kinder to myself for not fitting in, I stopped seeing people's identity as static pigeonholes based on their achievements.

Towards the end of KGP, I realized what a beautiful trailer of life it was - by the end, you feel grateful for the tiny things that made a difference in your life.

Thank you KGP for teaching me that our lives are not supposed to be discovered, they are supposed to be created. We are temporary beings - stemming from the same drama that created this universe; we are here to enjoy the complexity of the world - indulge in its culture, try its different activities, leave a mark and then on cue, leave the world for the future people to do their shizz. That's all. Don't cloud yourself thinking you are a coder, analyst, artist - these are only terms you use to communicate what you do, not what you are.

Thank you KGP for everything. You'll be my Medina and my Vatican.

Yours Always, 12AR10007. Happy Birthday, KGP.

Highly recommend these two documentaries (available both on Netflix and YouTube)

"The 80's India" and "The 90's: India Rediscovered" which both talk about the leaps our nation took in these two decades. Seemingly trivial things like the roles that Mr. Bachchan played, ads of Bajaj scooters and lyrics of 'Papa Kehte hain bada naam karega' actually reflect the big value changes, political shifts and economic trends that our nation was undergoing. If you love revelling in the 'deeper meaning' of seemingly simple things and psychological implications of socio-economic policies, this will be a 80-minute treat to your mind.

For example, here are some gems from 'the 80's India' docu:

- 1) There were no ACs back in the late 70s not because how expensive an AC was but because how expensive it was compared to a person's salary. One had to wait years to get a telephone connection. Needs dictated people's decisions and not desires.
- 2) With the extra disposable income that Indians got in the 80s, they were exposed to choices - it was a new thing, like leaving a kid in a candy store - for the first time, it was desires and not needs that drove people's decisions and the colorful, melodious ads had a role to play in offering those choices.
- 3) Maruti symbolized not just an instrument to go from point A to B in space but also in life. It became equivalent of freedom and empowerment. A lady would never drive an Ambassador but the design of the Maruti Suzuki made women welcome to drive and thus access mobility and hence freedom.
- 4) The 70s had a narrative: the dismissal of a father figure reflected by the angry young man characters by Amitabh Bachchan - in a way who reflected something greater about India. In the 80s, we see a breakdown of these narratives and an absence of a higher picture.
- 5) Winning the World Cup gave a huge morale boost to Indians - it made us realize that wow we can win on a global stage. Cricket wasn't the same after the victory.

Amazing. I wonder what a documentary about the 2010s would be like. If 80s was 'the years that made us' and 90s was 'the years when India opened up to the world', what would the 10s be for India?

Is it just me or someone else here also thinks Stranger Things 2 was 'inspired' by the Rajneeshpuram story?

1. An unknown weird looking clan/species comes to a remote town of US where nothing ever happens.
2. The clan wants to spread its 'roots' as it believes itself to be the better 'community'.
3. The member(s) of the clan initially appear friendly initially but soon start 'poisoning' things in the town.
4. They are well organized, seem to have 'hive intelligence'.
5. The army gets dismantled once the 'brain' is locked behind a gate / is deported.

Do people who build a career out of speaking for the poor and downtrodden feel bad when society progresses and so they have less and less content to work with? Is there a sense of frustration to see capitalistic tools like technology help the poor more than agitated protests and strikes?

Arundhati Roy in her articulate interviews to BBC talks how vulgar it is to have houses like Antilla built in a country with so many poor people. Does it bother her that the man living in Antilla has probably helped more poor people than she could ever do with access to internet? Why don't the saviors of the poor give credit where it is due and for once have something optimistic to talk about?

"We have to vanquish prejudice, embrace inclusion, and ensure equal rights. Section 377 to the extent it criminalizes sexual acts between consenting adults, whether homosexual or heterosexual, is unconstitutional. "- CJI Misra & Khanwilka. "

India has struck down 377 - with that one strike, we have leapt 157 years into the future in our rather slow but steady journey of being a modern nation of the world.

I feel immense pride as an Indian, as a citizen of a country where things actually change through proper democratic frameworks. A big big congratulations to the entire Pravritti community for making this possible and to our lawyers Menaka Guruswamy, Pritha Srikumar, Arundhati Katju, Neeha Nagpal and Saurabh

Kripal for leading this through. I am so overwhelmed by our esteemed CJI Dipak Misra's and the entire panel's progressive vision for the nation.

Independence Day from today will feel a lot more authentic. Congratulations fellow citizens, we have stepped into a new modern India.

Follow the live updates with the link below.

TL;DR: Job khoj rahe ho, toh keep reading.

For the past one month now, I have been working with a team of really hard working folks at Shipy in Gurgaon. We are working on making India's secondary sector smarter - that's your transportation and logistics industry. In this small time, I learnt that the logistics industry is huuuuge in India - yet, most of these massive projects still happen with pen and paper, using registers and the classic tadka of jugaad.

Shipy is building a suite of solutions that smartifies this whole pipeline allowing folks to leverage power of data to detect thefts, apply optimisations to plan routes and loads, maximize asset utilization and integrate IoT into trucks and ships. I saw how closely the things I learnt in KGP in the Operations Research class are applied in daily life.

I have had a tough time in India to tell people what my skills are .. a bit of coding, a bit of designing but in essence making ideas into things. The founders here get the interdisciplinary nature of innovation. Plus, they are folks from nice places like CMU, DB, GE, Morgan Stanley and all the places the cool kids want to be at.

Mudde ki baat - we are looking for developers and UX Designers who can do magic with code or design and have a passion to learn new things quick. The pay and perks are super nice, take enough time to research and stalk. I'd love to refer you, so feel free to message me if you want to apply. Ya fir just apply directly. Anything works.

Ooh and the pics are from a recent talk I gave in the office about networks and stuff.

<https://shipy.in/careers/>

After the Supreme Court verdict, I was glued to my Twitter feed curious about how Indians reacted to the historic verdict. I found it weird that it was a specific set of people - Bollywood stars, writers and lawyers who were expressing their reactions to the verdict. Other public figures who have huge influence, like the politicians or sportsmen seemed to be all quiet.

Even among the groups that decided to react, there was a pattern I noticed - there was a small group of people - all who followed each other in each group

who decided to comment on the reaction.

This is how this project was born. Project 13 x 29 tracks the reactions to the historic SC verdict of 13 different fields with large public influence with a set of 29 representatives in each field.

It might seem that I am over-reading through the lines, but considering how impactful the verdict was, it is expected that our country's influencers who don't miss out a chance to talk about substantial news of the nation, do have a stance on the verdict too.

Have a look at the detailed project here:

<https://medium.com/@iashris/the-13-x-29-project-visualizing-how-india-reacted-to-decriminalization-of-homosexuality-8d105f828748>

The actual project interactive is deployed here: <https://13x29.github.io> [Best viewed on a tablet / laptop]

Menaka Ma'am, Arundhati Ma'am, Pritha Ma'am - this project is dedicated to you :)

I have been an ardent fan of Nerdwriter on YouTube that closely analyses films and talks about the underlying psychological mechanics. I'm so thrilled to see an Indian channel that has started doing something similar along these lines.

This guy talks about how Swades was an analogy to Mahatma Gandhi's life (Mohan), and in particular about self-awareness to become the servant-leader. Similarly he talks how Rang De Basanti actually captured the existential angst of a generation.

To some all this is intellectual masturbation - but I absolutely adore this kind of stuff - it makes you kind of aware of how trivial things around us tickle our deepest psychological wirings. Have a look!

Edit: Probably the best one so far: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nAYwoaYQqHo>
< - How Ramayana was adapted in two movies: Hum Saath Saath Hain and Lajja.

'People don't pay the same price for the same good/service. The cultural norms of different groups of people influence the value of an item.'

Richard Thaler, the Nobel Laureate 2017 in Economics has amazing insights on the topic of quantifying human psychology in a business setting.

For example, his PhD thesis topic was about the value of life - not in any philosophical way but in an econometric way. That is, what is the price we should be paying to people who risk their lives like coal miners, skyscraper cleaners, manual scavengers. The government can pay a price for making bridges

stronger, highways safer and cities healthier but it can't put all its money into that, so how much should it? Such interesting topics are often boiled down to partisan-ish debates about right/left, capitalism/socialism while they are proper mathematical problems to be solved.

Highly recommend to check out his videos. I plan to make an interactive tutorial to behavioral economics using an interactive website. I would love to know if there are folks on my friend circle who would want to work/research/code with me on this topic. Lmk :)

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It is heartening to come to a place that embodies acceptance and love. If you ever feel like the world is a sad dismal place, you should go visit a Gurudwara and see for yourself how religion can be a force of acceptance across gender, sex and religions. You will see men, women, children volunteering - cooking food for thousands of people, cleaning dishes, managing the shoe counters - all without any compulsion or compensation. May we all learn from them.

I hate this ageist video with the peppy comic soundtrack. This discussion where influential people from the tech world and the non-tech world come together and have a discussion is extremely important. Tech will play an ever increasing role in day to day life and it is getting more and more abstract.

How will lawyers from Kanpur able to tackle a company that promises to give freebies in exchange of data if they don't understand what targeted marketing is? How will authorities ever be able to object to surge pricing of tech companies during times of crisis if they don't understand the underlying mechanism at work? Let's not even get started on AI. How will laymen folks who don't understand the implications of AI respond to a world where things are happening in a way nobody ever imagined?

The discussion is important. This condescending tone of laughing at people for not getting genuinely complex, abstract concepts is wrong.

ROFLLMAOLOLOLOLOL

bEnGaLZ iNFraStrUCturE iS beTTeR tHaN EuROpE

Moldova, the poorest European country ki GDPpc Bengal se double hai. Moldova rehne do, Bangladesh ki GDPpc Bengal se zyada hai.

It takes great practice and mastery to make such a culturally rich state one of the poorest in India. WB has direct access to ports, has the benefit of being the only developed hub of the whole of East India and has a lineage of

geniuses coming from its land and yet they do so bad. Haryana, a state which was basically a giant village some years ago has moved so light years ahead in terms of development, it is hard to believe. Aur karo socialism, aur glorify karo weakness ko.

"We eternally inhabit order, surrounded by chaos. We eternally occupy known territory, surrounded by the unknown. We experience meaningful engagement when we mediate appropriately between them." - JBP

Life has the ability to fully blossom at the intersection of the two realms of order and chaos where there is enough stability to form things and enough freedom to form new things. Keep one foot in order, another in chaos and you shall see God.

Here 's to a 2019 where we may appreciate that intersections are cooler than extremities. A very happy new year to you all!

Hello everyone. This is about a freelancing project posted on behalf of Archilyse - a startup whose founder I worked with during my internship at ETH. The project suitable for architecture and civil engineering students, but not limited to them.

Archilyse (<https://www.archilyse.com/>) is a Swiss startup based in Zurich that is bringing in machine learning into architectural analysis. They want a dataset of 12000 manually labelled floor plans. Each floor plan needs to be labelled for its components. Labelling one floor plan should take a second year student about 2 to 5 minutes. Every student will be given a personalized URL to label the data.

Archilyse will be compensating 1 Swiss Franc (INR 80) for labelling every 4 plans. The dataset needs to be ready by first February 2018 and we are looking for about 20 students who can give like one hour per day to this. Students will be paid after verifying that their submitted plans are labelled properly under appropriate time.

Sign up for the freelancing project here. <https://goo.gl/forms/9uftty9f6YsynV8O2>

I will be reaching out to you soon about how to get started.

I am excited to be a speaker at the first Processing Community Day at Bangalore. I will be talking about my projects that explore social abstractions like identity and connections through tech.

This event is special, considering it is the first public event for the tech+design community in India. From the list of the speakers, it seems these folks are doing

super interesting things like Sound Tech, Algorithmic Art, AI-generated art and what not.

If you happen to be in Bangalore and have your 2nd Feb free, do consider coming to the event (tickets are free and here: <https://www.eventbrite.com/e/processing-community-day-bangalore-tickets-50808560773>).

While preparing my slides for my upcoming talk in Bangalore, I came across this project I had done back in 2014. It was 'inspired' by a project called Zipdecode done by Ben Fry - the maker of Processing in 1999. Zipdecode plots all the zip codes of US into the map as tiny dots. I decided to make one for India and named the project Pindecoded.

<https://www.openprocessing.org/sketch/659774> <- This was when I did not know how to name variables or how to write structured code. But as you type the digits, it highlights parts of India with places that begin with the digits you enter.

I never shared it online thinking it wasn't good enough to share. In hindsight, it was the first project that made me confident that I can make something cool with code. Had it not been for these initial projects that I never shared, I would never have ventured into doing more complex projects.

Do not be intimidated learning something new, Yes, there will be hundreds and thousands who do what you are learning far better than you but remember they also started from scratch. It is never late and you are right now, the youngest you will ever be in your life, so there is no point delaying.

Maybe your initial projects won't be part of your portfolio or your resume but they will be the foundation stones over which you will build your proper projects. Never lose hope and keep at it whatever it is that you are trying to learn. :)

The Processing Community Day couldn't have possibly gone any better. It was bustling with energy and ideas. It's a big big thing for the very nascent field of generative art / computational design and creative coding to have set its foot in India.

I got to meet with folks who are working on such interesting themes - Harshit Agrawal is working on creating art with AI as a companion, Hardik Chandrahas did a fascinating data viz study that compared how Arjuna's and Karna's characters evolved, Rasagy Sharma walked us through the process of encoding data into abstractions in many, many ways. The organisers of the event - Mathura, Rushali and Karthik did an amazing job bringing all the artists/designers/techies together in one room.

As for me, the slide deck I presented are here: <https://docs.google.com/presentation/d/1wOxtKWvvcnp43Ck6b> It doesn't have much text, but I think one can get the gist.

I have been doing this dataviz project on Bollywood (which has been taking forever now :/). This particular viz popped up while playing with the data and it seemed really interesting, so I thought I should share it.

The nodes are proportional to the number of films an actor has done and the edge thickness indicates how often they have worked together. Roughly, closer the actors, more frequently they have worked together.

Observations -

- * the Khans aren't the most connected nodes at all - that position belongs to Mithun, Akshay Kumar, Anupam Kher, Jackie Shroff and Paresh Rawal.

- * Almost no actress occupies the centre of the network. The closest that come are Manisha Koirala, Juhi Chawla and Karisma Kapoor indicating actresses generally have shorter career spans than their male counterparts.

What would you be interested to know in the study? It is pretty open ended and I am still thinking what viz to create - say budget of movies vs time, Does IMDB rating really predict economic success, genre vs hit/flop rates, actor-genre maps.. Open to ideas here :D

See the full zoomed in image here: <https://www.easyzoom.com/imageaccess/e27c7179d86d4d51a960450dda264>

Gully Boy isn't just a movie about Underground Rap, it is a movie about technology - a new India finding its voice through the internet. Beyond Ranveer and Alia's brilliant performances in the movie, the freshness of this contemporary story is enough to warrant a rewatch.

The movie shows how ubiquitous the internet is even in the lives of folks living in urban slums of Mumbai. Murad (played by Ranveer) gets to know about MC Sher, his mentor to the world of Underground Rap through a Facebook live video, he connects with him over FB. He later gets to connect with Sky, a Berkley student (played by the awesome Kalki Koechlin) through YouTube's comment section on his video, who he collaborates with to make a hit music video that garners 4 lac views.

The movie isn't subtle about this message. In the course of expressing their rebellion through art, Murad and his new music friends stroll through the city painting graffitis and spraying 'Brown is Beautiful' over a fairness cream billboard. One of the graffitis Murad makes says 'Roti, Kapda, Makaan + Internet'.

When Murad's dad derides him asking 'Who are you?', he pulls up his video on YouTube and tells 'This is a proof that 4 lac people felt something listening to what I have to say, even if I am dead, my creation will remain to speak for me. I am not nobody, I am someone and this is your proof.'

The witty rap is enough to make Gully Boy worth watching, but it sets itself apart by showing us a mirror about what the internet is doing to our society. It is offering the people who have been told that they are and will be nobodies an opportunity to be somebodies. It is power in the hands of you and me to not be shut by our parents, our traditions, our governance and our society but rise and be noticed.

The story of Gully Boy wouldn't be possible in a world without the internet. It only tells how technology isn't beautiful for what it is itself, but what it makes feasible when it becomes an everyday thing.

Highly recommend. 5/5 stars from me.

<https://medium.com/@gauravrpjain/my-experiments-with-generative-art-67f015e1269e>

It is such an amazing feeling to read this article by @[100001151538681:2048:Gaurav] where he has documented his attempt at creating generative art. I am stoked that he picked one of my projects to get started with. This is how I got started as well - emulate, emulate, emulate until one day you discover you have become good/confident enough to create your own things.

I look forward to more of your experiments, Gaurav!

Quick free hack to automatically improve your good citizen index!

If you plan to stand on an escalator, consider standing on the left side only. Allow people who are in rush to walk through the right side. Keep the right clear.

This is a standard practice in Europe. If we follow it, we can each save each others' time by some seconds.

Thanks.

Edit: Following Ben's comment, I did some read up and found that many countries are actually stopping this practice because it leads to uneven load distribution -> which leads to severe wear and tear and of course, also reduced capacity of escalator because everyone is pressured to stand on one side, else they look rude.

So I guess I didn't think it through well enough and I stand corrected. Apologies.

Mind A says

Healthy and dead people don't make a lot of money for the pharma industry. Sick people do.

Similarly, Peaceful countries and war-torn countries don't make a lot of money for the arms industry. Countries, where this is no war, no peace, but a constant hysteria of war, make a lot of money for the arms industry.

It's ironical that our greatest weapon traders - France, US, China, Russia are all condemning our tussle when they actually make tons of money because we are in this state.

Mind B says

But it is weapons why we even have any sort of stability in the world today. Had either India or Pakistan not been a nuclear power, the risk for a full blown war would be a lot higher. We exercise restraint not because we don't want to hurt each other but because we fear that the retaliation might be catastrophic. Mutually Assured Destruction is what brings stability in the world.

Mind A says

Is this kind of peace that rests on weapons really 'peace'?

Mind B says

Yes. In fact, fear-driven peace is more stable than a love-driven peace. Consider we both become friends and give up our nukes. If that happens, we reach a volatile state where the moment either of us secretly gains nukes again can blow the other without the other be able to do anything. So by pure game theory, we can only reach a stable situation by continuing to pile up arms, matching each other.

Mind A says

But, that's a perfect recipe to stay poor, no? We are two poor nations that have so much of stuff ahead of us to solve. Why don't we build roads and bridges, get our people educated? Right now, the world is working on energy, AI, biotech and here we are getting left behind talking about things that happened 70 years back, preparing for a war with weapons that we purchase from overseas. I don't understand how people would much rather choose to fight over these abstract non-scientific things than real, visible issues like food, water, education and equality.

Mind B says

You won't find answers in roads and schools and water and air. People are not driven by these things. People dwell in a parallel world of myths and beliefs, of power and sex, of stories of identity and culture, of conquering and dominance. This is what fuels our Id, our intrinsic need. India and Pakistan are each trying to find their redemption. India, to justify its long years of humiliation - of becoming a third world country from its once global superpower stature 2000 years back. She wants her redemption by getting back her stature, be seen and respected with dignity. Pakistan's existence snaps her out of her idealistic vision as living proof of the fact that she lost her power, she was broken into pieces.

It is this anger that will continue driving her. Pakistan, on the other hand, has to justify her identity, justify the decision she made to distance herself from her Hindu roots. Seeing India grow annoys her because it makes her question what was all this worth it. She is driven by a need to find her identity. It is much easier to go to war than to resolve these deep psychological wounds either of us has. The answer is engagement but we may not even have the language to communicate these abstract feelings we are feeling.

Mind A says

How do you say 'India is' or 'Pakistan is' as if they have some collective identity? Do you think 1.6 billion people just think in two ways? Most people in the nations don't think like you except for some fundamentalists on either side. We just want a peaceful, normal life. We have moved well past this religion-driven way of living life, which is essentially what your overcomplex analysis is. Just wanting to be a great nation doesn't work, you have to get the small things right. Countries aren't emotional entities, they are a collection of thousands of systems that need to be engineered properly.

Mind B says

I see what you are saying. It is all we need to achieve, yes but I know a thing or two about human nature and what drives us. You are right logically but it is not how the domain of reality works.

Mind A says

It's not like I don't get you, it is like we can't afford to keep thinking like this. We need to have peace now.

Mind B says

But is that kind of peace where we just say half of the people that they are wrong to think the way they think and be peaceful also 'peace'?

Mind A says

We have to pause. If this continues, I probably will go on a war.

Mind B says

Let's have peace.

Mind A says

Peace.

@[1071492166198966:274:Shipsy] is sponsoring the CX Summit in Mumbai this weekend and as part of the presentation, we made a video to illustrate the struggles customers experience even today because of inefficiencies of our logistics supply chain.

It was great fun to get hands dirty again with video making, one of my dearest passions. Kudos to @[100001265581375:2048:Rishi Ramesh] for shooting the perfect shots, @[100002494322859:2048:Ashima] for directing and managing the whole thing, @[100000677679716:2048:Komal], @[100000865101505:2048:Vipin] and Amisha for their acting skills. Super fun making this.

Watch it on 1080p / 4K with captions on. :D

Her I was looking at my grandparents' photos the other day. Back when they were young, they looked nothing like each other. He was thin and dark, probably shy because he never looked at the camera. She, on the other hand, was plump like a mango, with a smile you'd think would come to life any moment. I couldn't believe it was them. Who would? 55 years later, they couldn't be any more similar. They both have the same eyes now which squint the same way when they laugh in the same voice. Love makes people like each other, don't you think?

Him I don't know.

Her What do you mean you don't know?

Him Hate does that too, you know?

Her Like how I don't get it.

Him People become the people they hate. Hatred makes you compete over qualities that you dislike in people you hate. They are angry, so you get angry that they are angry. They are violent, so you get violent to stand to their violence. They are spiteful so you get spiteful that they are spiteful. Look at the Soviet communists, the overthrowers of the rulers became dictators themselves. Love and hate, you see, aren't very different from each other.

Her I have heard of that before like they are two sides of the same side and how the opposite of love is apathy or indifference and not hate. All that is good for Facebook, but like do you really think love and hate are the same thing?

Him I don't know. I mean, a well-established psychological model called the Valence/Arousal model actually suggests that all emotions are just a cartesian mapping in a Valence (meaning positive or negative) and Arousal (meaning high intensity or low intensity) plane. Love and Hate have different valencies but similar arousals. So maybe we become similar to what we are aroused by, both positive and negative. That is how I think about it.

Her So what you are saying is that arousal is kinda like the property of I give a fuck about something, in a good way, in a bad way, doesn't matter. And whoever you give a fuck about, you become like them?

Him Well, yeah. More like, you let it affect you.

Her So if you don't want something to affect you, you don't give a fuck about it.

Him That's literally what IDGAF implies.

Her You know something?

Him What?

Her Gandhiji's non-cooperation movement probably was one big I-DONT-GIVE-A-FUCK movement.

Him Well. That's a stretch, but yeah, kinda.

@[772316443143308:274:India in Pixels] has got 8.6k subscribers with a total watch time of 1.5M minutes, that's 20,000 man hours, all in less than 2 weeks. I have never been this thrilled.

If you haven't yet, please go and subscribe to the channel here: <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC3vpdI7kl>

In this short span, I got to talk to some other folks doing amazing stuff on YT. I am also collaborating with a fellow YouTuber with 600K subs on a video due release tomorrow. This is freakin amazing, I have no clue what's on the other side of the road, but damn this is nice.

Free unsolicited advice I think would have saved me some years of experimentation:

If you are a creative person, you will eventually discover that your creativity is much more potent than an interest or a hobby. It is something you need to do to simply exist and keep your sanity. You can't hide it, it will be very obvious to everyone like a tree laden with fruits. As a creative person, you will bring to world things and ideas and expressions that push humanity forward but it isn't always a blessing - on the other hand it is a curse if you don't handle it well. You will be judged by the hard working folks for being lazy and fickle minded. If you decide to do something of your own, you will discover that it is almost impossible to monetize creativity and you will start to hate what you do when you put the pressure of money on it. As a compromise if you try to suppress your creativity, it will take weird forms like depression, stress, self destruction and psychological distress because you will start using all your extra energy on yourself.

Bottom line, find a way to sustain your creativity with a stable source of income that lets you live in peace. Don't instantly fall for those who glorify blind struggle. Creativity needs allied skills like tech, sales and marketing to blossom. Think about it.

As the world's largest democracy goes to vote to pick her new government in 2019, why not have a look at how the political landscape of India has evolved from her earliest days of independence? @[772316443143308:274:India in Pixels] brings to you not exactly a ranking video but a story - a story about a country that persevered against all odds.

We see the ranking bars against the snippets of India's key events giving us an idea what the story behind the changing numbers was. I tried something new this time, let me know what do you think about this format.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7MQE1OepJDM>

Parekh and Singh is the kind of music I wish I grew up listening to. They are severely underrated and they make some of the best art - they have a distinct style, lyrical imagery and musical themes that fuse Indian and Western styles not in the explicit raga-rap fusion style but with more subtlety.

Give their music a shot. They are coming to Kolkata, Mumbai, Delhi and Bangalore this year in May. I already booked my tickets- they are just 500 bucks. Highly recommend you come visit them, this will be a nice experience.

It was during a train journey from Bangalore to Chennai in 2016. I was seated next to a lady who was with her son. I was reading a book on generative design and so she asked me what do I do.

We started chatting and I soon realized she was a very smart person who could grasp what parametric architecture is, not the most intuitive concept to grasp. I found out she is a counsellor who lives in Bangalore and travels extensively to Hyderabad back and forth. She said their family was from all over India.

I started talking to her son after some time. I asked him if his parents want him to be an engineer. He said 'No I will be a cricketer'. Ma'am continued 'We want him to be whatever he wants to be. There is no point in running a race you don't see a meaning in. He is, in fact, going to be enrolled in a summer school in some months'

I don't remember much what we spoke, but her sentence still remains with me. I get so happy when parents raise their kids in an environment that doesn't suppress their individuality and lets them bloom and not mould. Yes, it could be argued that only the privileged and wealthy have the luxury of raising their kids in a world without competition and I'd also agree with that. But it is nice to see more and more parents are raising kids in an open environment.

Is it just me who thinks the whole Danerys-Cersei clash last episode was a nod to communism obliterating the very people it claimed to care about the moment it comes to power?

She feeds this narrative of wanting to free people while the real and the only reason she wants to do so is to come to power - and the moment she does, surprise surprise - she kills them. Recall the scene where they write on the wall - 'Kill all masters' and that gets overwritten with 'Mhysa is a master' - it perfectly sums it up.

Always look people who want 'the world to be a better place' with suspicion - its a code for 'I want to be powerful' - nothing wrong with that but often it is filled with these long sugary inspirational fluff which is just waiting to turn into the same shit it hopes to remove.

Unsolicited Advice of the year #2

Money has a bad rep in weak countries. Because you can't have it, you build a 'money is evil - poverty is good, wealthy are bad, saadgi is virtue' mentality. (Looking at you Bengal, Odisha). But there is some truth in the fact that money can't buy everything.

Naval Ravikanth says money solves your money problems, that's all. The only worth of wealth is to be free - it frees you from being answerable to anyone, wake up when you want, do work when you wish and not do stuff that you don't want to do. All other things in life - good relationships, a healthy body and a calm mind have to be earned and worked for - you can't buy them with money - although having money problems will definitely impact your ability to earn them.

We have a quantification bias - because we can quantify money, we overestimate its value. All other non-quantifiable things like peace, creativity, happiness, fulfillment are underestimated because you can't measure them. Thus you always see people trading away their peace of mind, their inner joy and happiness doing the shittiest jobs that you don't care about or who pay you money at the expense of all the nice things of life.

The gold mine is when you make your play your work - you never have to work your ass a day again because what looks like work to the world is play to you. It is possible for you to get both money and all the other ethereal surreal stuff life needs to be built with.

Point is - get smart by developing an intuition about the non-quantifiable aspects of life and a solid analytical knowledge of how much money you need to strike the balance between doing work work and have a life of meaning - else you are up for an endless race to maximise something that keeps taking away half of your mental peace.

The internship I posted has 4386 applications now. I can totally understand why most of my applications when I was a student never got a reply when I

applied for internships. Now that I know how it feels to be in a recruiter's shoes, let me give you some tips to improve your chances of getting an internship.

1. In most cases, your resume isn't even clicked on. Generally, kids spend the most time in making resumes and the cover letter is an afterthought. NO. The cover letter is the most important part of your application. Usually, it is just about clicking the shortlist button and you just have to convince the recruiter with a 50-60 word paragraph that you are a smart kid. Craft your cover letter well.

2. If your recruiter is anything like me, they will simply reject your application if you speak SMSese, have grammar errors or just give the too-cool-to-explain-vibe. Provide concise but sincere responses that even if aren't customised to the company don't pretend to be either - hence avoid cliches like 'my skills are a perfect match for your company / this job' - just be honest 'I am looking forward to internships that can add experience and value to my skills'.

3. Sincere, dedicated, passionate, Hard working, fluent, etc are filler skills - don't waste words by adding these. Things like these shouldn't have to be told.

4. Avoid generic shizz - be precise, be specific. Talk about the one project you did rather than the 15 you were a part of. Don't pretend to be overqualified, saying you are in the process of learning something and trying to get better will be a lot more helpful than saying I am a pro at 10 different skills.

5. Even if the answer to your previous experience is No, don't just say No. Tell them the closest experience you have and mention that you are interested in learning more - give them a chance to trust you.

6 and lastly, do not be disappointed or think you are not good enough - it is purely a random as fuck Tinder game. You are evaluated not just on the basis of your skills but the mood of the recruiter, the craftiness of your language and so on - so do not get sensitive about it and just keep applying smartly.

Nothing in this post is science, it is pure random imagination I want to share, meant more like fiction and poetry than science and mathematics. Please read it in that light.

I think creativity at its purest is the desire to love, a desire to create something and thereby gifting it with your own soul - in that context, I think of the very act of creation as something divine. Us, us weird organisms born out of lava soup floating on a small blue planet amongst a cocktail of life is able to externalize their intelligence to other entities. Us carbon-based probably-fungus based life forms are now infusing intelligence into metals and sand - telling the very electricity that once scared us with thunderous lightning, now tamed by us like our other domesticated pets - to flow through a circuit that is intelligently designed to do what we want - even if we understand all that, you really have to be blind to not see the sheer magic.

Now, creativity is a higher order cognitive process. Let's not assume we all know what it is, so let me tell what I understand by it. Creativity is the art of seeing order where others see chaos - it is the complex result our internal neural network dedicated to figuring out complex patterns, even in things that aren't only visual or sensory, i.e. registered by our five senses but also cognitive, temporal, imaginary and also spiritual - that are beyond our 5 senses. Creativity is a gift - anyone saying everyone can be creative is wrong - just like saying everyone can be 6 feet tall is wrong - it is something like your blood group. Creativity is a sharpened sense of awareness to detach yourself from things and conjure a version of reality that does not exist. When you are creative, you don't just summon new ideas, there is a process that takes place.

You fuse ideas and concepts - that is how creative brains work. Every idea is recycled, broken down into the basics and combined together - a complex meta-chemical reaction takes place, which I believe can be studied - right ingredients mix in the right proportions and create things that didn't exist before. Just that, I think it doesn't happen consciously - it happens like a mother creates her baby, things just flow - which by the way is I think biology doing creative things - not because of the Darwinian notion of survival based evolution - I think that model of evolution is somewhat dry. I think things like creativity, psychology and desire matter as much as the physical abilities. I think it is the manifestation of what we desire that drives evolution and in that sense, I think nature is not being reductionist - i.e. driving randomly but is steered consciously - not by the hands of a higher being like God, but by itself. I think the universe that contains conscious beings cannot be unconscious - consciousness HAS TO BE a normal property of nature - it is just a chance that us, carbon-based life forms have acquired it, I think there is a high probability that giant stars, more vast than our suns could be conscious and alive too.

Coming back to creativity. I think the language limits us. Maybe what I call creativity is what you call intelligence, or someone calls art, someone soul - the beauty isn't in the answers, it is in the question. I don't know where to find answers to what is creativity. I try and I fail. I invest so much time in this question because I think it deeply connects into my life. It is an endeavor towards self-discovery - I think in the 19th century, human beings looked outward to space and found big mysteries of life and cosmos. I feel 21st century can be the time we look inwards and discover another facet of the universe. The internal world, the internal universe isn't any different from the external world. But it is something telescopes cannot capture. I think we are living in a time where if we figure that out, we can unleash something grand.

End.

Not enough gets spoken depression - whenever it is, it is talked in a tone that would make my cactus mourn. I think it is something that has to be talked about - it is a condition that can be coped with intelligently.

Let me tell you what worked for me, maybe it will help you, maybe some won't, but here it is.

1. Look where is it coming from. Think it through. Our brains are good at processing a handful number of things - the moment more than 3-4 tasks go haywire, we easily get anxious that everything is in chaos. But in reality, we are just getting limited by our RAM, so create a Task Manager for yourself. See which tasks are maybe consuming the most memory and see what can be done about them. If you can do this - create a data viz of the things going in your head, 40% load will be off right there.
2. [SPECIFIC CASE] See if it is blocked creativity - creativity can also be replaced with any kind of identity (sexual identity, gender identity, behavioural identity, personality)- any block to your natural architecture will overload you mentally. The only way you can free yourself is to remove that block - at least for yourself, if not for the rest of the world.
3. Talk to yourself: Breakdown the multiple dimensional problems to a 2D surface of cognition - text, image, speech, video - make something to express how you are feeling. Create art, learn a new language. Transform your vacuum to fit something new, thereby making the bug - the feature.
4. Use your pain to empathize: The reason pain exists in us is somewhat evolutionary. It helps us empathize with others. When others are in pain, we can imagine how they feel because we feel it too. Use your pain to look at those who suffer from the pain too. They might know how to reduce the pain, they might be able to dismiss the feeling that you are all by yourself. They need not be around you. You can reach them through their songs, through their books, through their words.

Attached to this post is a list of songs - many of which kept me company when I thought no human being could. They were helpful in me getting out of that dark phase. Maybe they will help you too :) Link: <https://themighty.com/2017/08/depression-songs-at-night/>

Where is a person from?

Context: Need to make a list of Bharat Ratna Awardees by State. What do I say where was Nehru from? Should it be where he was born, i.e. Uttar Pradesh or Jammu and Kashmir - where his ethnic community belongs to? He grew up in London, so does that mean he belongs to the UK? Similarly - Zakir Hussain was born in Hyderabad but he grew up in Qaimganj, UP and was the governor of Bihar. What are your thoughts on this?

The highest token of honour any civilian in India can receive is the #BharatRatna. Instituted in 1954, the award is conferred "in recognition of exceptional

service/performance of the highest order”, without distinction of race, occupation, position, or sex. The award was originally limited to achievements in the arts, literature, science, and public services, but the government expanded the criteria to include “any field of human endeavour” in December 2011.

In this video, we shall see how different Indian states rank when compared on the basis of the number of Bharat Ratnas produced. Please remember, that it was not easy in all cases to classify a person to one state and the best judgment was taken. This video, in particular, isn’t really about ranking states but paying tribute to the bright men and women who have made #India proud.

The networking event by YourStory at Taj was brilliant, I met some great folks doing cool work in local manufacturing, AR, hyperlocal markets. People were excited to meet someone in the Youtube space - the gazillions of visiting cards I made did leave an impression, so thank you again Preeti :D

On the scope of improvements, I think there is plenty of room for improvement. I think Indian startup scene is very nascent - the big players have made it big but in the coming years we will see a flood of ventures and initiatives. While the ventures are many, I think there isn’t enough creativity in terms of ideas. We don’t have many thought leaders with profound vision for the future other than what gets echoed from the West. I am yet to find the Naval Ravikant of India who helps us separate the grain from chaff. I asked the panelists what do they think about the fact that 200 million Indians are going online, only on YouTube in the coming 5 years. I didn’t get a very insightful response which makes me think that our mainstream entrepreneurial thinking still happens in a very domain specific manner and the ability to think cross domains and disciplines is yet to find its place in India.

Having said that, very optimistic about this nation’s entrepreneurship scene, especially in non mainstream cities. I look forward to more of such stuff happening in India. Keep an eye on Your story ka page for more such events popping in your city.

The story of this song goes like this. Young Rabindranath was called upon by his father to sing a few songs for him. Previously his deeply religious father heard few poems of his and laughed it away. The romanticism of them sounded silly to him. This time young Tagore was determined to take revenge and he sang this song. When he was done. Maharshi Devendranath opened his eyes and said ‘If our King (The King of England) understood our language and culture, He would have rewarded the poet handsomely. But there is no such chance. So I shall have to do it on his behalf’.

Then he handed over a check worth Rs 500 to him. The first two lines of the song is taken from 17th century poet Ramdas.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zD9OQb-knwA>

Here's a translation of the song:

"My earthly eyes fail to see you Since you permeate the very sense of my vision
My heart fails to find you Since you conceal deep within my being

My mind swirls in the vortex of worldly desires You stay in the centre of that
vortex Like an unbattered eyelid captivated in a serene dream

All those who are deserted can only keep going because of your compassion
The ones who have no home in the world find shelter at your door. With their
vast ocean like life ahead of them, You keep them ferrying the turbulent tides
Nobody understands your ways..

I know you because I only exist because of you I ask more of you and you keep
giving And as I know more, I keep getting baffled I know you reside in my
eternally Beyond this humanity, beyond any epoch of time It is only you and
me, nobody else in between And no earthly barrier separates us."

end quotes

I am amazed how self aware Rabindranath was for his age to be able to draw
these thoughts - they have such strong Kabir's Nirgun vibes in them - the land
of Bengal was rich to have people like him born so so so many years ago. He
was truly a person years ahead of him.

Dear 'MacBook Air' from Shipy,

Today was my last day at Shipy. As sad as I was for not being able to see my
friends everyday hence, I was even more grieved by seeing your memory being
erased.

I looked forward seeing you everyday, wondering what cool thing can we do
today. With you, I watched all those videos that made me think, you saw me
fix errors in Typescript by setting any for variable types, you have heard my
darkest thoughts and my saddest nights. You saved it all as small notes, as tiny
Untitled.txt files that contain the fleeting thoughts that eventually shaped me -
I was pained to see all that go away, all erased as I pressed the button 'Confirm
Formatting'.

I feel after about a hundred goodbyes that I have got to go through so far, I feel
the pain doesn't come from thinking we won't see each other, the pain comes
from thinking that we will be forgotten.

I grieve that you will no longer remember me. Humans forget, one bit at a time,
but you forgot me all at once. Please keep me in some random garbage dump?
Please keep my name stored in some corrupted encrypted binary file?

Thank you for being part of my journey. Your company is something I value
and I respect. I wish you continue to do great wonders. I will have a new laptop

now, but you will always be my 'Macbook Air' from Shipy.

Note: This isn't sponsored by Apple.

Goodbye, Shipy, lot's of love.

My parents wanted me to be a doctor. Seeing what kind of dedication and soldier like selfless sincerity it needs, I chickened out. To see a rogue government come out for the people who save millions of life every day is sad to say the least.

Bengal is a disaster, everybody knows that by now. What a rich land ruled by such unworthy people who have auctioned off the soul of Bengal to communal politics and socialist hooliganism. My people from Bengal, please wake up and come show us what shining example you can be for the world. Here you are reduced to a sub saharan war torn country like anarchy. Your leaders do not deserve to walk on the land that once Vivekanand and Tagore walked on.

My heart is saddened by it all. Please snap out of this trance. The country stands by the side of the doctors harassed by this incompetent government.

Ryan: So you don't think body and mind are two independent components?

Armaan: Nah - they are one and the same. The mind, basically cognition, is the by-product of chemical reactions. The body is my model of truth.

Ryan: Well, I am not necessarily coming at it from the biological angle, I mean like if I purely, for fun, say, want to create an AI for the mind, I'd have to program its architecture, I would have to come up with hyperparameters and empirical assumptions would be allowed - so I would essentially have to build different Classes for compartmentalizing the logic and so I have to consider them differ...

Armaan: ...Fine, fine. Let's say they are two separate components, so what then?

Ryan: What if they have their own personalities?

Armaan: Um, that's maybe going a bit too far. Do you have any facts to back this up?

Ryan: So, I was reading about something mystic in Hinduism - that the self is actually isolated within layers of other selves, some grounded in physical and some in the abstract realm. It says like different domains of persons exist within a person - that's something even classical Western philosophy admits to - different personalities co-exist together and it is an interaction among them that our identity fully manifests in reality.

Armaan: Hold on, kafi meta ho raha hai. Are you going to drink chai?

Ryan: I can give an example. And yes, chai - with less sugar and less water. So, Imagine the mind talking to the body while the person sleeps - it's like two colleagues getting to have a conversation, they have their own personas - they are just you, only kinda like sub-you. Say you were the body and I was the mind, our objective would be to allow our human to make the best decision in their, um 'our' life, so we are in the same team - within the same person, but we have our own personalities.

Armaan: Thandi ho rahi hai chai.

Ryan: See that's what the body would say.

Armaan: And the mind would keep wandering away?

Ryan: Yassssss.

Yo! Me and some friends are trying to building a closely knit community of high quality developers ð » and quality entrepreneurs ð who can mutually benefit from collaborating. Budding entrepreneurs need good talent to build their products and work on existing projects and students constantly need experience gartnering opportunities - so we reach out to these entrepreneurs, understand what needs they might need, and then match them with students who might have the relevant skillsets to take them up. Students can gain work experience and stipends from the comfort of their institutes/homes and entrepreneurs can find quality talent to work with and possibly recruit in the future ð

Through this form, we are trying to find students who could be part of such a community ð Since it's summer vacations, and semester will be starting around august, we believe students will have ample time to invest themselves into projects and gain some knowledge, experience and payoffs out of the engagement.

If you believe you're a kickass coder or are on the way to be one we would love for you to fill out this form, so we can reach out to you accordingly.

<https://forms.gle/V6JwTRZnojtnxLPs5>

For the longest time, I didn't like telling people that I was from Odisha because of how uncool I think the state is. Our economy sucks, our contemporary literature is absent and the entertainment industry is a factory of cringe. But for all its vices, it is a state that has contributed the most to reducing India's poverty. It is a state that managed to make socialism work without falling down to the levels of Bengal. People in Odisha aren't the most entrepreneurial maybe but they have persistently improved happy in their simple ways of life. This video is dedicated to you, Odisha. Slow and steady :)

Yessss!

Stop glorifying soldiers dying in wars, stop glorifying farmers working in the sun all day, stop glorifying poverty as love for simple things in life. The worst kinds of vices are ones that are sugar coated.

Mumbai, how about keeping your spirit off for a year and spend one hundredth of the money you make from your films, banks, celebs and tourists to maybe fix your infrastructure and prove for once that you are not just an overrated Kolkata?

Happy 243rd [Dayum] Independence Day, America ð ̊ð , Despite all your flaws, you are a nation that has made the world dream higher and aim bigger.

While the rest of the world sees money as a tool to acquire status, you build products that have changed how the world works. You didn't have to build your empire by colonizing others, you did it by inviting the best of the world to come and get shit done.

I hope you continue to be a living proof to the notion that hard work and creativity can beat heredity and protectionism. We will be learning from you, copying from you, trying to be more like you - please do not fail us by resorting to the same bigotry and hate that we are trying to escape.

God bless America.

Here is an excellent documentary by Vox about the life in the India-Sri Lanka border. You would think such an important topic would have been documented by an Indian organization or a media house but it took a foreign YouTube channel to create such an extensive research based cinematography.

What's happening in the media houses will (and should) happen to industries that have the capacity to do so much but lie dormant and sleeping. In the best case scenarios, Indians should feel the waters rising and up their game and innovate in whatever they are doing else be ready to see another kind of creative colonization from the West [Uber, Amazon anyone?] In some industries like architecture, I'd like that to happen. I'd like to see the whole architecture industry crumble by one smart Google AI product that lets people make their own houses. That will happen, the ones who innovate will fly, others, well, will do MBAs.

A hard realization growing up is that logic is secondary for most humans. It is a great tool but it is subsidiary to identity. If you identify as XYZ, your intellect will mould everything you know to justify why XYZ is right, why XYZ is better than ABC.

You see, rationality and logic are functions of the neo cortex, the outermost 'layer' of the human brain. We developed this when we started using language. It is what gives us power to imagine, foresee, predict, create abstract thoughts, art.

The mid layer of the brain is older - Its all the brain responsible for emotions. The main players are hippocampus and amygdala. The amygdala regulates our emotions and the hippocampus stores the short term memory. Every day when you sleep, a scan is run by these two guys to filter out the most significant memories of the day and they go to the long term memory. This is where identity is born. This part of the brain is thought to be developed when we were mammals. We get things like happiness, anxiety, sadness and all that from here. It is so much more hard wired in us than logic.

The innermost part of the brain - your cerebellum is the reptilian brain. It is what keeps your heart beating, senses danger and keeps you balanced, makes you aroused and makes you angry as hell. It is the oldest of the lot. It is also where you get lust from, the urge to engage in sex, it is where you feel hunger. It is most ingrained in us.

Science tells us why it doesn't come so naturally to most people, we are just not evolved to think rationally. Your inner desires - hunger, lust, safety control you the most. The next are your emotions and identity. Fir last me ja kar aata hai logic.

If this can sink in, you will realize why communism and socialism are destined to fail. It is because they are too reductive, thinking of people as nice happy friends supporting each other. But that is the feeble layer of humans. At a deeper level we are snakes who only care for our children, are hungry, hungrier for power, thirsty for lust, emotional as hell. The desire to be segregated into groups is built in to us. We may say we like equality but that's a lie. We want to be better than others, we want to be higher than others. The modern fad to be woke is a masqueraded status game to be holier than thou. Swords have become beliefs, nothing has changed.

Once you realize this, you will snap out of lot of delusions. You will never be able to control your reptilian desires but you can keep dodging your mammalian tendencies to have an identity and thus invest that space to focus on the higher brain.

Be formless, don't have a defined identity because it starts controlling you, you start getting moulded by what the identity craves. Be a right winger with the leftists, be a liberal with the conservatives, be a socialist around capitalists and be a capitalist around artists. Don't let ideology touch you and don't create your own and you shall hopefully be able to find the grander truths that supersede weak truths derivative of an identity.

No I haven't smoked up anything, these are my normal 4am thoughts.

Following the Syria attacks after the Paris attacks, there was a massive cry about 'Why is nobody praying for Syria!'. Following the Bihar floods, there is a similar 'Why is nobody talking about us like they talked about Kerala?'

There is an underlying assumption in these questions and that is love should be impartial, that all lives should matter equally. A human life lost should hurt us the same, no matter Syrian or Parisian, no matter Keralite or Bihari. True, it should. It doesn't is the reality.

When millions of Indians died in the famine during the World War II, the world didn't bat an eye. Thousand British died somewhere and there was a memorial and a national holiday. Nobody cared about us because we didn't matter. They cared about them because they did.

Millions of chickens die each day but no one gets a funeral because nobody simply cares. Now I realize I sound a dick comparing human lives to chickens. But think about it, if your voice or opinion doesn't matter, how are you any different from a chicken?

Heck, deaths are hard to visualize. Think travel. As a drunkard unemployed American you have visa free access to over 150 countries, as a hard working intelligent Indian, you have access to less than 60. Your identity whether you identify with it or not has real consequences in the world in terms of what job you get, which countries you visit and yes, who mourns when you die.

Love is biased. Everybody gets this after their first rejection but it gets hard to believe when the world cares more about one country than another. Everybody bashes Hinduism for having the caste system and I agree it was fucked up but how has anything changed? What has an American done to deserve so many privileges than a Syrian?

Identity is a complex issue I am puzzled by. The statements here are more rhetorical than anything. I don't have answers but I feel nobody is asking the questions I feel we all do care about.

I ask again, what has an American done to deserve more love than a Syrian? What should a Syrian do to get some love? What does anybody do to get some love?

Now if the person opposite to you wants to kill you because of your identity and believes your blood is impure, it is easy. You put that motherfucker in jail.

But what if the person smiles at you but doesn't invite you to their dinners because of your identity? Speaks to you in a condescending tone, doesn't value you... isn't all that kind of bigotry and racism just not lethal enough to warrant jail? Have we really solved anything when that is a living fact?

There are two ways people can get love. One is to fight and protest, have a voice that shouts that this is not done. The LGBTQ community has been doing this, the African Americans had to do this. You raise your voice high enough to

strike the conscience of people and wake them out of their bias with a snappy guilt trip - the classic liberal strategy.

There is another way where you simply become more desirable. You become successful like the Jews did or like the Indian Americans are being in the West now so that it becomes uncomfortable for the superior ones to continue shaming you either through an Appu caricature or a ban on your travel because of your religion. This would be the capitalist strategy. Now putting the burden of pleasing the oppressor sounds unfair but there is no other real way I see a change of heart happening.

So dear Biharis, and I don't say it from any place of superiority. Odisha doesn't have that great of a rep either - if you want those Paytm donations flowing, either be strong vocal opposers about us discriminating you or be so successful that you don't have to undergo these biases. There is a third way - of exploiting technology where you help yourself without having to rely on people's love but that comes with success as well, I guess.

A fourth scary way would be to lead a revolution, suppress the superiors and create an alternate world. That would be the communist strategy and I am against these strategies because they damage more than they repair.

There is no way of sugarcoating things. I know this might have been an insensitive post but well, better we speak like normal humans than dumbfounded liberals who are shocked by simple quirks of human nature. Also feel free to criticize, this is a way for me to correct my own ignorances.

Gurgaon is going to be a city people will write novels about. This is a city where ambition is manifested in its architecture. The city tells you to aspire more. The roads are spot clean, the high rises are straight out of magazines, there is legit urban design principles applied. It's the city where an Indian version of FRIENDS would probably have been set. Okay Enough. Mini bye, Gurgaon. You redeem Delhi.

The Triple Talaq bill is a great step in the right direction. We have taken another step more towards making India a developed country in the true sense.

It isn't clear to many but the root of the decision probably isn't so much a concern for the millions of Muslim women but a desire to send the message that the law of the land trumps religious values and in particular Islamic values - at least that is what the message is to the society. Uniform Civil Code is also a step in that direction.

Now, I do believe Islam requires a lot of fixes to be a religion compatible with modern times - ending polygamy, homophobia, women rights, freedom of expression, fixing its blasphemy laws, and so on - but I am not sure an external change is going to be sustainable for long. Cow lynchings are not about the cows, it is

a proxy to show who's the boss - similarly I feel these well-meaning laws even if they might be formulated by some wise people with a heart of goodness can be interpreted by millions of angry young men on the streets as 'we are finally taking over them'.

We fear what we don't know. As Indians who are Hindus, we don't have a lot of Muslim friends and the only ones we see are angry bearded men who are quoting the Quran to justify random things. If this continues, we will continue looking at Islam with an eye of suspicion. These seemingly progressive reforms can take more authoritarian forms. That concerns me. This makes the importance of sane liberal voices from the Muslim community so much important. You need to raise your voice against religious lynchings and you need to put forth a case to make the changes you need in your religion, that will help bridge the trust deficit where we can work on an issue basis instead of a Hindu vs Muslim narrative.

Anyway, congratulations India on being slightly more liberal, slightly more progressive, continue doing that, but do it because you want to be liberal and progressive, not because it helps you enforce yourself on some other group.

It took a civil war to abolish slavery, it took the French revolution to enforce democracy, it took two world wars to establish the UN. Folks who imagine peace emerging through peace have zero knowledge about how the world works. Order requires chaos to establish stability. I hope the momentary chaos ends the long instability in Kashmir and brings stability for the people.

Congratulation India - one nation, one flag, one constitution.

I decided to learn Arabic for no reason the last month. I realized how damn hard it was so I settled for just learning to read and write the script. Duolingo was very helpful and my YouTube feed is filled with songs by Saad Lamjarred and vlogs by random Arab YouTubers. I have come across some beautiful songs with over 700 Million views on YT (damn!)

I am hoping knowing a culture more closely will help me stay away from the human bias of fearing what we know less about.

Anyway, for fun I tried writing the Gayatri Mantra in Arabic, I think it looks very pretty. Writing from right to left is surreal too. There is no pa and cha in Arabic, so I wrote Prachodayat as Brashodayat. Anyone in my list who can read Arabic, what mistakes have I made? Ooh and the last word in the pic is my name.

EDIT: Attached the correct one after Abhilash's correction

So this video has a short story behind it. I watched a record of 4 films on my flight from Delhi to Sydney - Macher Jhol, a Bengali movie | Eyar Nari, an

Arabic movie | Pimpal, a Marathi Movie | Neerali, a Malayalam movie. I also tried a Tamil, a Punjabi, a Gujarati and a Kannada movie but I found them to be cringeworthy so I stopped.

Of the ones I watched, Pimpal and Macher Jhol stood out - these movies tickled my mind even after I was done watching them. I won't bore you with the details but I highly recommend them both. In short, Pimpal explores the search of an aging man to find his soil, his root. Macher Jhol is about a chef who tries to recreate a dish he once made for his now dying mother.

Both of these stood out because more than a plot, they were an exploration of human characters, an open ended brainstorming where I was part of the film, not being told what happens but encouraged to think from their perspectives and mine. Having watched Marathi movies (Tumbad, Sairat) and Bengali (Antaheen, Open Tee Bioscope) movies before, I felt they were 'intelligent' movies. They required the audience to know a certain kind of grammar, put their brains in to appreciate the films.

I wanted to map how different regional industries of India have performed in the National Awards, so I decided to tally them up - best films each year that won the Golden Lotus. Spoiler: I was kinda right about my intuition. Have a look!

Mindblow realizations by Age (5 - 24)

- 5: We live on a sphere, not inside a sphere.
- 6: Rupee and Paise are not the same things.
- 7: People die. My parents will die. I will die.
- 8: Curd has worms in it, blood groups exist.
- 9: They sent the Spirit Rover from Earth to Mars and that can talk from there to here.
- 10: Carnivorous plants exist.
- 11: A thing called grafting occurs where two plants can become merged into one.
- 12: How babies are born.
- 13: Prawns and Mosquitoes belong to the same phylum.
- 14: IITs are such a freaking big deal.
- 15: Space and time are weaved together, time dilates. Light is freakin mysterious.
- 16: People can marry the same sex in a lot of countries.

17: IITs are so overwhelmingly average with no flying robots, automated doors. People in IITs are overwhelmingly average as well.

18: Psychedelics exist.

19: Normal salaries overseas are so extraordinarily more than high salaries in India. India is actually a poor country.

20: Humans are just very complex fungi - a weird moss that just showed up on a dirty moist speck of an insignificant planet. Consciousness, memory, subconscious might as well be by-products of certain very complex chemical reactions that take place just because they facilitate the survival of the species. In that sense, I am just as alive as water boiling, that the reason I am alive is the same as why diamonds shower on a planet, that we might just be algorithms. There is no true reason to do anything, everything is pointless, everything is too small. All the aspirations and desires people have is just to get the hit of dopamine and serotonin.

21: IITs were never about flying robots or talented geniuses. It was just a glorified launchpad for middle-class boys to get jobs decent enough to get married. That people really were there not to discover something profound but really to get 'jobs'. That all the time I spent was me living in a bubble not realizing what I was expected to do.

22: People in America are freaking average as well! People at MIT are pretty average as well. The way people measure the value of something is unique to their experience and perspective. That accomplishing a dream doesn't guarantee fulfillment, that I might actually just be an algorithm that imagines these dreams to propel myself in life and it might be more about the journey than the destination.

23: Marshmallow is made from animal products.

24: Mew doesn't evolve to Mewtwo.

I attended a Catholic mass today. I wasn't feeling very good about my uncle's health, so I just went out to get lost in the city. I serendepitously stumbled upon this huge building called St Mary's Church in downtown Sydney.

I was hesitating if I should go in but I gave in and went in. I found an empty seat and sat down. I looked around. People of different races and ages sat around me, some knelt down, some eyes closed, some folded hands and some just sitting. It seemed it was about to end. The priest said 'Lastly, let us pray that when the financial decision makers make policies this week, they have the best interest of the global economy, let us pray that the parliamentarians make laws in the best interest of Australia. Let us pray for those who lost their lives in Atlanta. Let us pray for the brothers and sisters we lost this week.' He then continued to recite quotes from Bible and reminded us to repent for our sins,

give food to the hungry, be nice to each other and advise them who have tread on the wrong path about God's wishes.

Everybody then knelt down for a prayer and I followed. It was surreal, about a thousand people kneeling down chanting something in sync under a golden lit gothic edifice with a operaic melody in the background. Feeling left out, I chanted to myself the Mahamrityunjay mantra.

People then got up for another prayer. This time, a donation box was passed around. Everyone put in some coins and notes and passed along.

In the end, the priest asked us to shake hands with those around us. I shook hands with four strangers who greeted me very cheerfully. Next, some people lined up in two queues to receive something. I thought it was the equivalent of Christian prasad and so I followed. I saw what others were doing, they were basically saying something and then were being offered something white. When my turn came, I extended my hands. I was asked 'What's the word of God?' I looked back blankly. They asked me 'Are you Catholic?' and I shook my head. They said 'I bless you child but this is only for those of the Catholic faith'. Embarrassed I returned back to my seat. I later found out this is called the Communion, a piece of bread soaked in wine offered to Catholics.

Anyway, there was one more prayer and it concluded with the priest wishing us a good week ahead and asking us to do our work with dignity and honesty. People lowered one knee to the ground, rose up and left, dipping their fingers in the holy water. I did the same.

I liked how the priest asked us to pray for something seemingly mundane as financial decisions. I feel it helps people feel vested in their country, be mindful of each other and think beyond their own needs. Without micro analysing things, I will just say it felt good.

I went back wondering if there is a God, if there is, would He have heard my prayer, if he did hear my prayer, would he care for my prayer? I hope I did something that in some unexpected way might help my uncle.

Every iota of my brain knows it won't, that religious congregations evoke the tribalistic hedonism of belonging to a group because we are mimicking a cult like tribal ritual, there probably is no God and if there is, He probably doesn't care. But still, I kept all that aside because at times when all of logic fails, faith still promises a ray of hope, just what you might need to keep going, keep believing that we shouldn't just give up.

How I wish I could be a believer again.

The Sky is Pink is a work of pure art. The details it has in terms of realism of characters is extraordinary. It uses a non linear storyline because it shows the contrast of life very well.

There is no shocking plot per se. In the first 2 minutes of the film you know that it is a real story of a girl - Aisha Chaudhary, who suffers from SCID - severe combined immunodeficiency and dies at an age of 18. It is the exploration of everything around it which makes the film so special. The characters aren't caricaturized to be unidimensional happy sad people, they have lust, they cry, they regret, they celebrate and we see them crack when the going gets tough and they use humor as a coping mechanism when everything is bleak. You will be awestruck by how closely the director has studied and understood human life, its ordinariness. She has found moments of greatness normal ordinary people achieve doing normal ordinary things.

The movie treats its audience as intelligent beings. It departs from the traditional storytelling of exaggerating emotions. It instead gives you a overview of the events in the first half and then explores deeper into the characters' personalities in the second half.

Mothers are caricatured in our culture. We reduce them to these nurse like figures who just love their kids and are either warm or sad. This film doesn't fall into that trope and instead shows how it isn't easy, they are humans with real valid emotions like frustration and fury, nihilism and melancholy. They are fucking strong, even at the face of wreckage, they don't just weep around but do everything under their ability to protect their children. Priyanka Chopra has done a phenomenal job in articulating the character.

I often think how remarkable it is that us, weak fragile animals who are constantly suffering, getting lost, living in mediocrity, losing loved ones manage to keep going, keep waking up everyday doing the same thing again and again. It is incredible, human resilience at the face of death, destruction and suffering which is the reason our species has survived so far.

If you are worried about a closed loved one, if you are feeling lost about life, go watch this movie. It acts as a nice reminder that happiness is not a thing life throws at you, it has to be built, worked on, created. Even in the darkest of times, adding a bit of humor, seeing things for what they are and giving yourself the space and time to cope can help us sail through.

Happiness is overrated and resilience is underrated. If everything goes perfectly well in your life, if you are born in the wealthiest, healthiest, nicest family in the world, you are still bound to face suffering by the very design of life.

You will still lose your closed ones one by one, you will see your friends forget you, you will feel all the human feelings of loneliness, anger, agony and pain, you will see yourself go old and lose all your youth in return for old age ailments and diseases, and you will be forgotten with everything you made after you are gone.

Suffering is built into life and so the Buddhists were not wrong when they said life is suffering.

It is therefore incredible to see how us, feeble creatures go around in the world battling our sufferings and yet finding a reason to wake up each day and continue doing our work. Someone's lover is cheating on them, someone has a disability, someone's closed one is unwell, someone has a life threatening disease and yet we all go and do our work and magic magic, the lights are on and there is food in our stores.

Had we as a species fallen into the nihilism and profound sadness of life, we would not even attempt to wake up each day. It is our resilience that keeps us going. Happiness is a very fleeting thing, it is like salt in our nutrition. It is important but you cannot eat salt for lunch. Resilience, or the ability to cope up with whatever life throws at you is the bread. You need to have a lot of it else you will waver and fly away the second life throws anything remotely challenging. What resilience does is that it reduces suffering. It makes suffering bearable. Without resilience, you will do actions to numb the suffering thus amplifying it in the process.

How does one build resilience? There are 4 aspects of a human being, the mind, the body, the spirit and the emotion. When anything is out of place, you won't be able to feel at peace.

The body is clear to everyone and enough has been said about it. The true value of physical health is realized in the absence of it. It is the vehicle through which you enforce your existence and keeping this body resilient enables you to tackle diseases life throws your way.

The mental body, not to be confused with emotional one enables you to think. It is intellect and intelligence and wisdom and ability to process information. A strong mental body will allow you to go higher in your career, do more complex things and understand things deeper. Its kinda like the RAM of your body. We are stressed when it gets overloaded, so knowing how to clear the cache is super important. If unchecked, the mental body goes on an infinite loop by running recursive functions draining your machine and energy. If controlled, it can help you understand why or why not to be worried about something. It will free you from a lot of BS spewed in the world and it will help you navigate life more confidently.

The emotional body is what tells you how you are feeling. It tells you when something is unfair by making you angry, when things look good by making you happy, and sad when something bad happens. It is the barometer, thats all. Many people try to fix the barometer and not the reason for the pressure drop. Sometimes the barometer is damaged itself. Knowing the in and outs of the barometer is important to know when to be alert and when to know its a false alarm. Sadness for example is an important emotion, it lets you cope with tragedy and so unlike an emotionally illiterate person, you should not numb your sorrows with fake happiness, you will damage the barometer.

The spiritual body is abstract. It is what gives you a sense of purpose and a sense of presence. It is what is responsible when you feel hopeless and misun-

derstood. It is where identity ideology empathy sit. Modern love entices the body, mind and emotion and often fails to touch this side because people are illiterate about expressing and reading about people's spirits - what gives them meaning, what makes them feel alive and not insignificant. It allows them to feel part of something bigger and grander. Meditating helps some but in general a closer look at your architecture and the universes' architecture is what helps you nourish this. A poorly developed spiritual body will be unhappy and stressed even when everything is right because it has no bigger meaning to go to. A healthy spiritual body lets you enjoy life in more detail, appreciate its textures more and find meaning in things.

Yes none of this is research based science. It is just a mental model I use to know what's wrong. Life will be hard and it will suck. But its okay because that is what it is meant to do. What we can and should do is be resilient at the face of suffering and it will be possible to sail through.

What are we but concoction of spirits that come alive through us

Mixing them together Aging them further We transform them to something completely different from one another

bring me a Mysori Kulcha and an Amritsari Dosa would you? while I read my Quran in Sanskrit My Gita in Urdu

please introduce me to boys who paint and girls who fight artists who code and coders who make art all night

if you want them to speak your language first, speak theirs yourself

if you want them to embrace your culture first, embrace theirs yourself

what is pure will be gone it's a new time it's a new dawn

I'll let you a secret wanna know? the spirits in your mind are meta germs they are alive they are contagious they spread they get dead they rule they annex they also have sex

you can bind humans in jails, in borders in solitary blocks how will you tie the spirits they will fly through your chains slip through the deadlocks

Treat yourself the way you would treat someone you care for.

In a capitalistic world, the worth of a human being is linked with his productivity. If you are not producing enough value for society, you are less worthy. So we train ourselves harshly to be productive, we are tough on ourselves, we think of ourselves as unworthy if we don't meet our expectations.

However, when it comes to people we love, we don't apply such harsh standards. We love them even if they fail, we build them up, we care for them in difficult

times and we understand when they are not their best selves. We accept them for who they are and also want them to grow to their best ability.

So why do we not treat ourselves with the same dignity and empathy?

Often when people have a hard time loving other people, it is because they fail to love themselves.

This isn't fog. It is what 720 ppm looks like. 400 is hazardous by the way. Me and my flatmates have shifted to one room where the air purifier is running at max capacity, bringing the level down to 80. If the door is opened even for 15 seconds, the level shoots up to 500.

Mumbai floods each year, Delhi chokes each year, Chennai dries each year and yet this country gives no fucks.

#chaltahai

How are an artist and a designer different?

Before I blabber on that, I think it is important I talk about my mental model for professions - we define people are coders, designers, artists, engineers and doctors because a modern day economy needs these quantified numbers to allocate, recruit people. It is a product of the modern capitalistic system. In some cases these descriptions are accurate and help us - like differentiating a gynecologist from a pediatrician - it helps us understand who has which skills we need. But in domains that are more cerebral and fuzzy, these terms are bad approximates, especially when they are linked with creativity. Hence you have a new name popping up every year - HCI Expert, Creative Director, Product Innovation Officer, Chief Creativity Officer - these are proof to the fact that the nature of task isn't so quantifiable and is more abstract.

Hence, there is no artist and no designer - these are just economic approximations, a person can be both in different proportions.

Now, proceeding to how, even if fuzzily, are these terms still different.

A designer is a capitalistic term for an artist where they are tasked to realize abstract ideas and concepts in real terms like an image, text or video, structure or music - often with the intention of serving a client to create a product like an app, video, artifact, building, song, etc.

An artist serves nobody. An artist is closer to poets, mystics, philosophers and spiritualists than engineers, builders, businessmen - something designers are closer to. Often it is a very narcissistic thing to do. Art is done for its own sake. People short on openness and usually with high conscientiousness find it hard to understand art as it serves no real visible value like saving human life or constructing a skyscraper. They operate on another level of semantics,

abstractions and symbology that is a function of the subconscious - the part of your mind that contains information that the direct conscious brain doesn't have direct access to. Often it leaks as dreams, sometimes as creative spurts. Art is often an exploration of existence - so see what emerges when randomness is given sentience - often it is material modified in extremely meaningful ways - sounds woven to create music that makes you cry - that kind of creation needs one to have a kind of intelligence that goes beyond research-driven science, it is intuition or an innate understanding of what 'works' and what doesn't.

Designers, on the other hand, are made up of artists for business models. The creation is trying to persuade you, play with your senses or make you do certain action like click something or remember something. It has a definite purpose to optimize a resource like attention, money or time. It is complex and any artist cannot be a good designer because it requires another layer of the mathematical, economic way of looking at things that artists usually suppress to create free wild creativity.

An artist and designer are as different as Amrita Pritam and Chetan Bhagat.

Apparently, it's International Men's Day today and clearly, it isn't very a popular day.

When people think of patriarchy, they think men at the top, women at the bottom. It seems about right. Yeah, no.

Only a fraction of men are at the top of the hierarchy - the ones who were born to rich, high caste families. The next layer in the pyramid is rich, high-class and caste women. Following that would be rich men who aren't straight, then rich women who aren't straight, then middle class men born to high caste, then disabled rich men, then disabled rich women, and so on.

This pyramid has about 200 layers with one changing according to every socio-economic identity you take.

The bottom-most of the pyramid has to be men and only men. The ones who repair your electricity wires risking their lives, the ones who clean sewer - even raw human sewer, the ragpickers who have to die in war zones, the rickshaw-pullers and the construction workers who make the Emirates shine, the drug traffickers and the homeless - the majority of these are men.

You see, people talk a lot about gender equality. That is never going to happen. The fundamental difference that nature has already made is the asymmetrical ability to have kids. Women have kids, men do not - that is where every single inequality has stemmed from. Just change that and in one day the world will be equal.

Humans lived as warring tribes. Sometimes we collaborated, but often that was so that we could fight some other tribe or hunt some animal. Why do you think it was only the males going for the wars? Physical strength is the wrong answer

because even in daily life you can see a lot of women stronger than some men. It had to be because the population of women is the limiting factor to a tribe's probability of survival.

A woman can only be pregnant once every 9 months while a man can reproduce as many times as he wishes. So, A tribe can resurge with 50 women and 5 men but it is almost certain to be extinct with 50 men and 5 women. It means that women are the limited resource that need to be protected, it is okay if few males die because as a community, we can still survive.

This kind of maths is something everyone understands subconsciously. This is why men have always been the chasers and women have been the ones chased, because it is the woman who has to invest 9 months in the consequences of mating. Look at animals, males are all dancing, hunting, singing and doing what not to impress the females who are just there, getting to pick whoever they feel like.

This means that if you look at the lowest of the economic and social brackets, a man who is poor, physically not very strong to earn, and thus to support a family is absolutely gone. He has absolutely zero chances of making it in the world because why the hell would a woman pick him -(unless of course there is arranged marriage) No wonder, they live their lives as criminals and sickos because being called a criminal is still more dignified than being called a loser.

I am not an anti-feminist but I think men suck at articulating themselves. Its equally stressful to be a man as I am sure it is to be a woman. While you guys are celebrated for speaking up, we are called cry babies for doing the same.

So, there.

Raise a toast to the men who nobody talks about, to the ones who happily kill themselves slowly to see their families in peace, to the men who don't complaint despite it being so freaking hard for them. A very Happy Intl. Men's day to you.

Most of my friends prefer chai to coffee. Chai is great and all but I think most people do not know how to make good coffee.

This is how you do it.

1. Boil milk. 2. Take some water and drink it. Don't add water to milk, you aren't a cheap peasant. 3. Add sugar and turn the stove off. 4. Add coffee powder after the milk has cooled for some time. This is a crucial step. Don't add coffee to boiling milk - it destroys the volatile aromatic compounds. Add it to hot but not boiling milk. 5. Pour the coffee into a tall glass from a height such that there is froth created. You don't have to strain it gently like tea.

Done. Best. Coffee. Ever. You'll never want chai again.

Hinduism encouraged people crafting customized deities for themselves. We long recognised that Gods are our projections and so we should be free to pick who suits us the best.

No wonder we have millions of God. Every God is an idea of someone to be grateful to one aspect of life as per their a experience. It is very abstract to pursue wealth, so we worshipped Lakshmi instead. Knowledge was breathed life into by Saraswati. Management by Vishnu, Creation by Brahma, Engineering and Technology by Vishwakarma and even Lust by Kamadev. For those who didn't identify with a pursuit driven model of life, we crafted personality driven Gods. We embedded values of society into our Gods - such as the answer to 'How should an ideal man be was conceptualized by Ramayana, Mahabharata explored the existential aspect of life. Gita's philosophical inferences as complex, if not more as modern day philosophy.

Sooo, in the spirit of Hinduistic creativity, I discussed with my friends what new Gods do they think we should have, keeping up with 2019.

Here were the answers

1. Rachenoir

Rachenoir is the Goddess of Creativity. Originally called Rachaneshwari by her mother Goddess Saraswati, but at the age of 216, she became existential asking why subject universe to a meaningless spin. Her dad Brahma tried to explain her about karma and the destiny of Gods but she was not contended. She found no joy in becoming an absolute perfect God and instead decided to keep evolving so she spent the next 40 years in Hordaland, a rural village in Norway exploring her self. Over the next years she traveled extensively to Mecca, Lumbivani, Cape Verde and Antarctica on Earth and other planets in the nearby galxies with foreign civilizations. She was constantly fascinated by her own creations and always tried to make something new. Today she lives somewhere in the Andes mountains listening to Baul Bengali songs creating jewellery out of spacetime fabric. Her vahana is a interdimensional giraffe and her jam is fusion classical. She speaks 113 languages. She is not very interested in human beings and instead takes care of another planet in a galaxy 15 light years away. She is in a romantic relationship with a Christian new age God called Aditya.

2. Cerebrahma

Cerebrahma is Brahma's nephew who dwells in the Astral realm. He controls the mind and can travel across the three compartments of conscious, subconscious and unconscious. He weaves dreams as he walks and depending on his mood, he can transmit thought bubbles across universe that can only be tuned in by people matching the wavelength of the bubble. Cerebrahma rides on a chariot that he drives with his mind. He chills and has mood swings all the time, voluntarily to explore the infinitude chambers of cosmic mind.

3. Zleiyavur

Zleiyyavur is the God of Genetics. He heals people or destroys them by manipulating genes. His vahana is a starfish that regrows its limbs when cut and can regenerate from a cell. Zleiyyavur is responsible for imagining new organisms. He is annoyed with humans for coming up with Crispr.

What would your God be?

When we said we have come here from Delhi, curious Pakistanis surrounded us and asked us all sorts of questions like how do we find Pakistan, how long did we travel and even asked if they can see our currency. When I showed them the new 500 rupee note, they passed it around turning it back and forth. One of them reached for his pocket and handed us a 5 rupee Pakistani coin and in exchange we gave them 5 rupees ka Indian coin.

The security people greeted us so warmly. When they found I had a book of Faiz Ahmed Faiz in my bag, they got visibly excited and showed it to their fellow colleagues. We just had 2 hours with us, so we slipped out of the Gurudwara and explored the food and souvenir section. While talking we met a family from Sialkot that had traveled 100km to visit the Gurudwara. We found that they had roots in Panipat in Haryana.

In the moment when we told we were Indians, there was nothing but smile, curiosity and a desire to share a word from their hearts. When this eye to eye, human to human connection does not exist, it is easier to demonise abstract people.

We are the same people. Both of us drop kachra after we eat, we chitter chatter and take bad selfies a lot and we are horrible at making queues. I had zero culture shock crossing the border. Even the security guards bid us farewell at last by doing namaste. And we said 'Aate Rahenge'

I would urge anyone in North India to plan a travel to Kartarpur. All it takes is 5 minutes to file an application and 10 hours of running around police stations, if your permanent address is wrong in your passport but thats just me I guess.

Points to remember:

1. Coordinate with your local police station for the verification process.
2. Do not procrastinate to get your print copy of your travel permit till the last moment.
3. Carry cash with you to pay the 20 USD entry fee. USD works and Indian currency also works. You can also convert some to PKR to do local shopping and keep some as souvenirs.
4. Charge your phone well and take loads of photos. There are very little nagging restrictions.

While the whole of India is glued to the heated CAB debate, allow me to diverge and share with you the colossal disaster in terms of nomenclature done recently.

According to a bill passed on 27th November 2019, the Union Territories 'Dadra and Nagar Haveli' and 'Daman and Diu' have been merged into one single UT very creatively named 'Dadra and Nagar Haveli and Daman and Diu'.

This, thus is a legit sentence: In my summer vacation, I traveled to Jammu and Kashmir and Dadra and Nagar Haveli and Daman and Diu.

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Reference: http://164.100.47.4/BillsTexts/LSBillTexts/PassedLoksabha/366-C_2019_LS_Eng.pdf

People practising creativity do not live completely in reality. They step in an imaginative world slightly offset from reality, a step ahead which they get inspired to do creative undertakings that better the present reality.

So a side effect of this is that you are not mindful. You ignore the trivialities of life. This has no short term effect but on a longer run it is bad for mental health because you start meeting the demons of the cognitive realm while struggling with the simplicities of real physical life.

Zima said that the recipe for a meaningful life is to be completely immersed in a simple task. This is the antidote to existentialism.

We called it dhyaan, frangs call it mindfulness but both mean to be in the present and just witness things as they are, paying attention to normal passage of time, your breath, the sounds, the present.

This has been very effective in me dealing with anxiety. It has helped me be more aware of changes around me and respond. It has even helped me act in the cognitive realm better because my base reality is taken care of.

In fancier terms, being mindful helps you stay in warmth of Order while also dwelling in the shade of creativity, the princess of Chaos.

Here are some tips I would recommend if you want to start practicing mindfulness in your daily life. They aren't research backed or anything, these are my experiences I would share with a friend as tips.

1. Start paying attention to the flavour of the food you eat. How does the cauliflower feel? Does it blend like a mush or do you have to chew it? Are the peas green or whitish? How tangy does tomato curry feel or how the texture of coffee feels.
2. Start listening to songs with lyrics. Pay attention to the words and the music together, notice how they are related. What instruments have gone into a music track?
3. Look at the patterns of your blanket? How are the flowers arranged? Is there a pattern in it?

4. Look at your teeth in the mirror? Did you know the fourth incisor is a bit crooked?

5. Look at the shapes of leaves in trees, how does it change in measurement going across the twig?

These are borderline funny but they are all gamified meditation meant for you to take a closer look at base reality, interact with items and declutter your mind from random thoughts just littering around.

What have your experiments with mindfulness been like? Do you think mindfulness has a close relation to mental health as well?

I have been practicing writing lyrics of songs I love to be more mindful. It has helped me appreciate details in things more because I spend more time focusing on a stimulus.

I jotted down lyrics to Bharat Chauhan's song Ghar, a very beautiful composition by this upcoming artist. I took the opportunity to practice my Urdu script along with it.

Please overlook badi I and choti Is, I just cannot get those right.

India's right-wing is more trustworthy than India's liberal-wing. At least their intentions are clear and there is a rationale behind what they are doing. You may or may not like their standpoint but they deliver on what they say, however bigoted that is. And in a weird way people can empathise with them because hunger, greed and power are more common in people than love, compassion and unity.

Liberals, on the other hand, should visit a counselor to get their lives sorted. Half of you crying on the ailing condition of Kashmir and North East have probably never voted in an election. You detest the 80% of the poor who unlike your expectations of a model poor Indian is finding joy in making Tik Tok videos - so you internally hate them. You plan on leaving the country the first instance you find. Honestly, you know half of your concerns for the oppressed stems from a sheep mentality where you earn virtue points by keeping a holier-than-thou approach, constantly evaluating people based on their identities. At its core, you feel disappointed with the existing structure of the world and blame capitalism for not recognizing your truest potential. Hence, you use your activism to mask your own inner insecurities. It is so much easier and glamorous than just to put the hard work.

I am not calling out on all liberals - but most of you. I do not think speaking against the establishment is bad, it is the core trait of a healthy democracy. But unlike real liberal folks who have a deep understanding of society's issues with a direction that they show us where we can be better, Indian liberals are like

the boy who cried 'the wolf is here!' and this has happened so much nobody will believe you when the wolf really arrives. You have no fresh ideas, you base your standpoint of the world on this illusion of equality which has, again and again, proved to do more harm than good.

Here's my worthless 2cents you won't care about but they still are here:

1. Fix your own house before you think on fixing the world. Get your shit sorted because we know there is a lot of it. You just aren't good enough human beings to be dealing with a Nazi-like propaganda - you are snobby and grumpy who aren't going to vote or help anyone.
2. Develop a good mental model of the world: Stop romanticizing poor oppressed people. They weren't made any differently from the people you hate. You are just played by the Marxist agenda where you are made to believe that there is oppressor and oppressed. First is bad and second is good. This simplistic narrative just does not hold up. When the powerless are given more power, they end up becoming the oppressor. So there is a deeper more abstract problem to be solved where you have to design systems where power can and has to be used rightly. It is definitely not campaigning against the bourgeoisie.
3. Try to be more diplomatic about things. When things are against you, you cannot expect to shout and cry and make everyone listen. People don't trust you, plain and simple - that is why they don't vote you. Accept it and find the reason why that is.
4. Don't demonize others: Understand the base reason why people do what they do. India after years and years of humiliation from the intellectual crowd - the West and educated folks like you is finally having a spotlight. It panders to the so far humble identities in a way that your pro-poor schemes did not satisfy. The current establishment is for the first time making middle class Hindus feel proud of their lineage. Why wouldn't they now want to be lions? Of course they are proud like the teenagers who have just hit puberty. You are the old 70 year old grandpa in the corner who is complaining why masturbating 10 times a day is bad, why the hell will anyone listen to your boring thoughts? Talk to them with empathy and love, not this fucking irritating tone of yours you use to roast.

Peace.

Armaan and Kanishk are two friends in Mrs. Neeru's class. Mrs. Neeru loved all of her students equally, almost.

Kanishk was diligent in studies and came from a well-known family. Armaan was good at sports but wasn't as good as Kanishk in studies.

Armaan also came from a troubled family, so Neeru Ma'am gave him some special attention. Kanishk noticed this was happening multiple times and got restless.

For the pranks that Armaan only got a rebuke for, Kanishk was made to do sit-ups. Neeru Ma'am's words were kinder on Armaan than on Kanishk.

Kanishk felt he was better in studies than Armaan but was being treated unfairly. Despite being childhood friends, Kanishk started seeing Armaan as his enemy.

Armaan also realized Mrs. Neeru was soft on him, so he started bullying other kids fearing no consequences. He would call them names and eat their tiffin. Kanishk complained about Armaan multiple times but Neeru Ma'am did not pay much attention to them.

One day before the exams, Kanishk found his Social Science textbook missing. He searched all over but could not find it. He became suspicious of Armaan thinking he might have stolen it and tried looking for it in his bag during recess.

Armaan stepped into the class at that moment and spotted Kanishk looking in his bag. He impulsively leaped towards Kanishk, screaming and pulled him by his collar. In reflex, Kanishk kicked him in a way that he crashed between the desks. Spotting the crowd of the students that had gathered in front of the class, Neeru Ma'am rushed to the class and slapped Kanishk after student's reports of Kanishk pushing Armaan.

"Kanishk! What is this behavior? This is a class, not a fish market! Learn to respect your friends!", Neeru Ma'am stormed. Nobody in the class supported Kanishk fearing it would make them look bad in front of Neeru Ma'am.

Over the next few months, the students realized that Armaan was in Neeru Teacher's good books while Kanishk wasn't, so they would befriend Armaan over Kanishk.

Kanishk got even angrier. He swore to himself to take revenge. "There is no point in being a good boy! From today, we do it the bad way!", Kanishk resolved.

The next year, Neeru Ma'am was replaced by Amrita Ma'am as the class teacher. She made the student with the highest grade the monitor - a position Neeru Ma'am never had. So Kanishk was now the monitor in the class.

Kanishk could now write the names of students who would be talking between the periods. These students were then made to stand for the whole period by Amrita Ma'am. He would let them slip away who were nice to him and this encouraged people to be nice towards Kanishk.

Kanishk started using this power to punish Armaan and those students who had supported him during their fights. Even when they were not talking, he would scribble their names because Amrita Ma'am would not believe the other students.

Armaan now had to stand up during the whole period. Sometimes he was the only one made to stand. Armaan's close friends saw what Kanishk was doing and complained to Amrita Ma'am but she made even them stand.

Try it yourself some day!~~~

The Flowerð ·

It has to be the soil. What else can it be? I water it right, I sow it okay Yet, there are no flowers to see

Maybe gardening isn't my cup of tea I should stick to carpentry After wanting to give up again, there came an unexpected shower of rain

A blossom bloomed the next day I could not move my eyes away Golden yellow drizzled with dew The dazzling flower set my life anew

Its fragrance fragranced my air Its grace graced my house When I was gone, it waited with patience When I came, it set me arouse

Look how it smiles for me Look how it shines for me I got what I wanted Look how it exists for me

"Knock Knock", my neighbor knocked the next day He sprang to my garden on the first chance "Oh this is the best flower I have seen", he exclaimed as he took a deep breath of its fragrance

My flower gave him the same joy it gave me It made no distinctions It made no concessions

It smiled for him how it smiles for me it shone for him how it shines for me

I was mad with rage I was sick with disgust The feeling made me appall realizing I wasn't special at all

What kind of flower smells the same for all I snatched it from the stalk and threw it over the wall

It has to be the soil. What else can it be? I water it right, I sow it okay Yet, there are no flowers to see

When I lived in Bangalore five years back, Kormangla in particular, everything was under construction. Pillars were being made for flyovers, sidewalks were being dug for road expansion and roads were dug for sewer fixing. Five years later, I swear it is exactly in the same condition as I last remember.

My friends suggest it is because of how dense the city is and any new development takes time. I think that's a politically correct answer. The simple, nonpolitical correct answer is that people in this city are lazy. Well, lazier compared to the faster-developing cities, at least.

Well, to offer a context, I will contrast Bangalore with Gurgaon. This city was able to transform from a village to India's most developed city, at least infrastructure wise in less than two decades. There are many reasons one can cite

to explain why Haryanvis could push development more than the Kannadigas, some of them being the freedom to start from scratch, political willpower and funds. But I do not think they offer the complete picture. Amravati could have been another Gurgaon but they couldn't. The reasons do not lie in the macros. It is the micros.

You will have to take me on face value when I say that average waiting time for any service in Bangalore is much more than Gurgaon - restaurants, cabs, shops, people don't have a sense of urgency as they do in Gurgaon. This also translates to the fact that people here are calmer compared to the Northern folks.

Why is that? Two reasons.

One, the weather. Bangalore's weather just promotes inertia. You can chill at any place comfortably without choking to death, without sweating or freezing to death. Good luck doing that in Delhi. Delhi's spirit is constantly pushing you to move from your place. No wonder you can see everywhere in the world that people living in harsher climates are more hard-working than people in comfortable climates.

The second more controversial argument is the difference in cultural personalities. Karnataka on the Big5 matrix would be a culture high in openness, agreeableness and low in conscientiousness while Haryana would be low in trait agreeableness, openness but high in conscientiousness. Without wasting any words on being apologetic, let me explain.

Kannadigas owing to cultural and socioeconomic factors have a higher IQ than Haryanvis. They have consistently produced more thought workers than physical laborers. They produce more artists and engineers than athletes and soldiers. A higher IQ pushes people to high openness trait which makes people more liberal and creative, on the other end, people low on openness are usually more conscientious, traditional and hard working.

Karnataka is more involved in religion and spirituality - two feel good numbing agents that make people okay with the status quo. Haryanvi being more conscientious and less religious derive their sense of worth from physical work rather than intellectual work. A Kannadiga might not derive the same pride from raw hard work as a Haryanvi would. Thus culturally, Bangalore doesn't even want to develop in the material world because they already find joy in the developed mental realm.

I do not think Bangalore is going to be materially developed anytime soon because deep down you have no reason to be. The things you value are already met elsewhere.

Rama and Ganesha are foreign to my culture.

I come from the land of Jagannath and Durga. Unlike the Gujaratis who fast during their pujas, my people feast on meat during ours. Yet, we both share

the same religion.

I share the same religion with the Tamilians, the Gujaratis, the Assamese, and the Haryanvis - we all worship different Gods, speak different languages, live in different climates, wear different clothes and eat different food, so how can the faith that we have be the same?

This is not a rhetorical question - it is a genuine curiosity I have had as a kid. How can the religion of a Keralite peasant be the same as an aristocrat Naga?

Hinduism is a weird religion. First, the word 'Hinduism' is of Greek origin, a corrupt pronunciation of 'Sindhu', the river that flows in modern-day Pakistan. While the Europeans ate away the entire cultures of Australia, Africa, and the Americas, "Hinduism" survived the invasions of the Muslims, the Persians, and Whites.

How could that be? The obvious answer was because we were too many - the population was so large, it was never possible to eliminate the religion in total.

I was happy with that answer in my mind but deep down I wasn't satisfied with it. Why did everyone not convert to the oppressor's religion - what made everyone so comfortable with this religion Hinduism? Luckily, I got strep throat this weekend and had plenty of time on bed to think about this.

My hypothesis is this: Hinduism is not one religion - it is not even a lifestyle as the cliché makes it sound. It is a collection of hundreds and hundreds of religions - its success lies not in some esoteric philosophy but its structure - a decentralized multimodal network with no center. She is a hydra - you cut it, it will regrow, you mix something, she will mutate and make something. It is a living organism where the power lies not under one Pope, one temple, one book or one land but is split into millions of horcruxes - tangible and intangible - stories, temples, deities, customs, rituals, pagan practices, philosophies, schools of thoughts, books, literature and so on.

So when one unit dies, it does not effect the other units. As soon as the force goes to attack the other unit, the previously destroyed unit emerges back.

Okay, so what are these units. Broadly, there are 4 groups within which all units exist:

1. Vedic Hinduism: This group has very few units in it because you need a high IQ to even get what they are trying to say. It is based on the Vedas and is extremely abstract and meta - it talks about epistemology - the science of rationality, logic, truth, and faith to argue about the existence of God, consciousness, well being and spirituality. The six schools of Vedic Hinduism are Nyaya, Samkhya, Mimamsa, Yoga, Vaisheshika and Vedanta.

All of these schools closely deal with establishing what truth is and what fundamentals should be used to ascertain or falsify the existence of God. There are six fundamentals: Perception (Pratyaksh), Inference (Anuman), Analogy (Upmaan), Postulation (Arthapatti), Proof by Contradiction (Anupalabdhi),

Shabda (Testimonial) that are used in different combinations to theorize the existence of God.

All of these schools of thought are heavily based on the Vedas. They do not focus on worshipping deities but instead on applying knowledge in life.

Special limelight on Vedanta school which literally means the end of Vedas (time-wise)- this school pursued the study of the Upanishads. It gave rise to more schools of thought, but broadly - Advaita, Dvaita and Bheda Bheda. The difference in these is the distinction between the Atman (individual soul) and Brahman (universe) - is it the same (Advaita), different (Dvaita) or both same and yet different (Bheda Bheda)?

2. Sramana Hinduism: This is the Nastik branch of Hinduism - literally, the atheist branch - these guys reject the Vedas and also the existence of a God. Ajivas believe there is no free will, Charvakas believe rationality cannot lead to truth - both these school of thoughts are dead, the surviving ones are Buddhism and Jainism which both have evolved as their own religions but are fundamentally extensions of the magic soup. Buddhists believe life is suffering and the only way to be free (attain nirvana) that is to follow the middle path, the Jains believe in Ahimsa along with loads of other things. Interestingly, they think the universe has always existed and will always exist.

If you think these two were too meta, hell yes. Most people are not cerebral enough to process these abstract ideas and rely on more visual and sensory experiences with religion.

Thus, we get

3. Loka Hinduism: This is the raw, hardcore, unfiltered Hinduism from the villages, from the hamlets, from the jungles. Some have a vandevi, some a flower Devi, some a stone mata, some a Trishul dev - million tribes and their million Gods. In Odisha you have Jagannath, in Tamil Nadu, you have Mariamman. These Gods and Goddesses are not the cute, beautiful looking figures you see on lotuses - they have giant eyes or weird legs, or ferocious teeth, Freudian imagination running wild.

4. Puranic Hinduism: Now this is the fun bit. This is where Hinduism becomes India's glue - Adi Shankaracharya, an 800 AD saint from Kerala decided to unify the Indian landmass spiritually. He proposed to create a common culture out of 6 deities that were incredibly popular- Shiva, Durga, Surya, Ganesha, Kartikeya and Vishnu. Mind you, Ramayana and Mahabharata had already been written by this time but there was no connection between the Gods.

Shankaracharyaji helped make the connections - and this is how you have a West Indian God - Ganesha become brother with a South Indian God Kartikeya, children of a East Indian Goddess Parvati (Durga) and a North Indian God (Shiva).

Through more creative myth weaving, Puranic Hinduism inducted the Loka

Gods into the Puranic fold - thus Jagannath became Lakshmi's husband, Kali became Durga's avatar, even Buddha became Vishnu's 9th avatar. Please note, the Puranas did not start with Adi Shankaracharyaji, they had started as back as 300 AD but it was him who helped push a pan India unification by a big magnitude.

And thus, we get this complex network of different organs of Hinduism. The Astiks are the philosophers, the Nastiks are the rebels, the Lokas are the masses and the Puranas are the celebrities - thus, an ecosystem web was weaved where there are so many connections that whether you like it or not, you will fall into one of the buckets.

After this long research, I have some thoughts on the present political climate of this nation:

1. To reiterate, I am a Hindu and I do not come from the land of Rama. He is as much my God as Hatim is. The ruling party wants me to forget that and pretend as if Hinduism is this one monolithic thing from Tripura to Kerala - no it's not. The reason Sanskrit died is that it was made to be an aristocrat's language, restricting its use for only classical pieces. India works on open source - the more you allow something to grow and corrupt, the more it will grow. A puritan approach will fail - this is the success behind Hinduism that nobody tried to protect it. Allow it to take new forms, form new cultures and beliefs - that is how it will flourish. Also, my religion is not all about idol worshipping and caste making, it spans such meta complex stuff, most liberal communist types lack the mental models to debate.

In the same breath, I wouldn't want low IQ right-wing activists to assume they represent my religion because you have a tilak on your head or you wear saffron. That is just one-fourth of this religion. People have stuck to this religion because it becomes what the people make of it. There are no DOs and DONT'S - atleast on very low level and it should be kept that way.

2. Hinduism is the glue that has bound India together and will continue to do so. No Abrahamic faith can ever make so many faiths and cultures united as this 'religion' can. Hindusim will always accommodate new belief systems, as it always has, but for that, the other faiths have to love this country the way Hinduism loves it - no forced conversions, no divisive speech, no ulterior motives. In any case, you do see the repercussions when you try messing with it.

x- Peace -x

When I started making all my side projects in KGP, I discovered what joy and power tech and design can enable, allowing you to broadcast your creativity all over the world in one link.

There was one key component missing though, and that was business. Creativity cannot thrive without capital. And this is not just true for me, so many young

creators struggle to convert their ideas, talent and creativity into rupees.

Yes there were complex steps of setting up payment gateways but it was never very feasible. Today, the landscape is different. UPI, PayTM, PhonePay have made it very easy to pay and charge for a service. But this is not automated, you have to individually talk to clients, accept payments and then verify them and then deliver the service.

I had always wished for a one click solution of entering a product link, setting a price and having a gateway ready. I was surprised such a thing did not exist.

With that in mind, I present a product I made called <https://makersgully.com>

Makersgully is a complete end to end solution for managing your digital products, class notes, script, video - anything that can be represented by a URL can be sold through makersgully. Upload your link, set a price and done - you have a link ready that people can pay and get your link.

Give it a shot, I would love to iterate on the product and see that it serves the creator community in India.

Cheers.

Indians being really good at scamming and being able to send a satellite to Mars at a real cheap cost are related things. When you colonize a bunch of decently smart people and enforce stringent bureaucracy for 300 years to get basic things done, they have no other choice but to find the loopholes and optimize something grand in the leanest possible way. This is the reason Indians do well where it pays off to find hacks and easy way out. From cutting a toothpaste in half to squeeze every last speck to fitting 6 people in an auto, jugaad is how this country exists. While the whites celebrate order, India celebrates chaos.

The decent ones will take the hard route to spend all their life savings and take your jobs and the indecent ones will call you with the shittiest accents and take your money. Either way, Indians are coming.

China has just closed its borders for international flights so that foreigners from infected countries like US and UK don't spread the virus in China.

China has vetoed a meeting on COVID in the UN. It says it takes offence on the virus being called Chinese Virus.

China's hospital beds are empty, they are back in work and their economy is 90% the normal levels while the Western world is dying and India is shut in her homes.

Despite a record of having spread three pandemics in the world and seeing the world burn, here is a nation that could not care any less.

Had this pandemic been released somehow from India, we would apologize left and right, New York times would have released ten articles on pondering how Coronavirus is the modern day Brahminical untouchability, the same people calling out the racism against the Chinese would be the first to click their tongues on the eventuality of the situation.

The heights of China's arrogance can only be matched by the lows of India's self esteem.

I have often wondered why the "left" has always attracted the creative types - filmmakers, artists, journalists, writers disproportionately more than the logical types - programmers, entrepreneurs, scientists, engineers, and doctors.

When there is a student protest, for example, you can bet it is an NLU or a JNU or a Jadavpur and, not an IIT or BITS or AIIMS.

One of the answers I was convinced by for a long time is that the first group does not have a lot of jobs and hence they end up not as rich as the second group. The latter are children of capitalism - they need capital to flourish and hence are more likely to be rich and supporters of the system.

However, there are a lot of engineers earning 3-4 lacs a year and a lot of rich directors and artists earning crores a year and yet the trend holds good - the engineer is less likely to revolt against the bourgeoisie, more likely to be working to save money, while the rich artist will be seen out in the streets supporting the poor and destitute.

I think the answer lies in how occupations shape our perceptions of the world. Engineers and the logic types are the worshippers of "order" or "system" and the creative types are the worshippers of "chaos" or "change".

An engineer works against chaos. If the code is not correct, the computer tells you "YOU ARE WRONG". It does not tell "Well your perspective is correct but I don't think like you, let's agree to disagree". The computer just refuses to execute the code. If a doctor prescribes a wrong medicine, the patient dies - there is no "place for multiple perspectives - wrong is wrong". They work against chaos to build order and create reality,

A writer has to create chaos out of order. Out of the tranquility of nothingness, they have to weave tensions and situations. A journalist has to find flaws in the system, a filmmaker has to find the rough edges in the smooth fabric of reality and capture that - they all go against the order and look for chaos. There is no "RIGHT story and a WRONG story" - a story is a story is a story. It is malleable. They don't create reality but create fiction from reality.

Society will collapse under its own dead weight with pure order. It will also evaporate into anarchy with pure chaos.

This is why both types of people are needed.

Now, to understand all this, you have to have traveled in both domains. Usually what I notice is that the logical people are criticized so much to follow the sheep and be "normies", they approach the arts with caution and respect. On the other hand, creative people are praised for their iconoclastic methods which fuels their intrinsic narcissism and makes them look down upon the order.

This is why I personally think it is much better to be an engineer who designs than a designer who codes - it keeps you humble and grounded - a trait I see missing in many self validated creative folks.

There is a fundamental difference between motherly and fatherly love.

Motherly love is the simpler one. It gets the most praise in terms of cultural celebrations. It is made of delicious food, sweet lullabies, and comforting warmth. It triggers dopamine in your mind. In essence, it bolsters your "current identity".

A father's love is more complex. In many animal families - even in mammals, the father abandons the mother and the baby right after birth. Nature hasn't instilled a biological instinct in males to care for their infants as she has in females.

Fatherly love, thus is a bit more complex to understand. While the motherly love bolsters your "current identity", the fatherly love pushes you towards your "potential identity". Father's love is often, tough love. It does not celebrate your weaknesses, instead, it makes you aware of them so that you work upon it. The goal is that when you grow up and when you are on your own, you are able to fend for yourself.

For the right upbringing of children, both kinds of love are required - while one nurtures you, the other shapes you. This does not mean always that there has to be one man and one woman involved - fatherly and motherly love can be offered by one person or two males or two females as well, but it is the "quality" of love that should be offered.

Now, the nurturing mother and the protective father, in their extremes can be disastrous. Many children grow into broken adults because one, or worse, both of their parents go in the extreme.

An overprotective mother can destroy a child's ability to grow on his own. He remains so shielded that he is never able to live without his mother. A devouring mother enjoys her child's weakness because it guarantees that he will always be attached to her.

Similarly, a tyrannical father can destroy any kind of softness in a child. These children never know what love feels like and either grow up emotionally illiterate or anger as the only form of communication.

The left and the right are the mother and father in the world. The liberal world tries to see the best in the people while the conservative world tries to

prevent human stupidity. The mother (The Liberal Force) protects her child (the People) from the tyranny of the Father (When the right is in power), she complains when they are harmed, she demands they have more food, more love, more life.

The father [The Conservative Force] instead is skeptical of the child [The People]'s ability to make the right decisions and objects to the mother's overprotection [when left is in power]. It tries to train them, teach them what is right so that they don't hurt themselves by making mistakes they think is freedom.

In either extremity, both forces can destroy a nation. Communism is liberalism in its devouring mother avatar - she loves the child so much, she destroys their ability to grow, she cuts away everything that might injure the child, make him feel threatened and in the process destroys the very ability of the child to function normally.

Dictatorship is right-wing in its extreme. He places no faith in the child and destroys any sense of rebellion or free will making the child a sheep, unable to express or feel alive.

In India, we have rarely had a balance in these kinds of love in politics - Congress in a bid to prove to Muslims that they will not regret being part of India, in a bid to prove Jinnah wrong did not point out the flaws Islam had from its medieval past.

While thinkers like Raja Ram Mohan Roy and Ambedkar had played the role of the supporting Father and had formalized Hinduism, nobody made an attempt to call out on the toxic elements of Wahabi Islam. The religion that was once the pioneer of astronomy, architecture, and geometry now seems to be living in the 1500s.

Her medieval ways were celebrated. Any attempt to critique the orthodox ways were branded as Islamophobia. The right thing to have done would have been to be the nurturing father, promote liberal leaders from the Islamic community to lead reforms and bridge the gap between the Hindus and Muslims.

As for the Hindus, there was nothing to be proud of their own religion for long. Not only had they lost wars for 1000 years, but they were also told for 60 more years why they are oppressors. Any attempt to project the good aspects of this culture - which was rare because Hinduism had no father figure - was criticized to be Brahminical patriarchy and what not.

Being validated by the West, becoming an Englishbabu was the only redemption Indians had. A rich civilization that once talked about metaphysics, influenced half of the Eastern hemisphere was now reduced to a poster child of poverty - not just economically but spiritually, physically and technologically.

Now, that the tables have turned, suddenly the Hindus are the apple of the eye of the mother while Islam suddenly is facing the wrath of the father.

Like the child under trauma for a long time, the average Hindu today is fairly insecure and incapable.

Like the child infantilized for a long time, the average Muslim today is incompetent.

The cure to a tyrannical father is not an overprotective mother. The cure to an overprotective mother is not a tyrannical father.

Hinduism needs a nurturing mother who does not celebrate its ignorance but instead contributes to uplift it to her true potential.

Islam needs a supporting father figure that can help them critique the areas where they need to improve and also develop with the rest of the nation.

Sadly, unlike children have no choice in picking their parents, people in a democracy do have a choice in picking their leaders. Sadly, unlike parents who have 30 additional years of wisdom and experience than their children, leaders in a democracy are as wise as the average population.

The child has to be the father. The child has to be the mother.

The script I wanted to pick up in March was Bengali. I had always wanted to read or write the lyrics to the language I so loved listening to, even if I didn't understand it well.

Interesting fact, even though Odia and Bengali are very closely related, their scripts are very different. While the Odia script is derived from the Kalinga Script, Bengali script is derived from the Siddham script which evolved during the Gupta Age and is now used to write Assamese, Maithili and Tibetan.

The Kalinga script like many Dravidian languages were written on palm leaves which would tear when using strokes and hence naturally evolved to be circular which was gentler on the palm leaves. The Northern-ish scripts like Siddham were carved on wood and hence preferred more angular straight letters.

Anyway, first attempt ki photu ð

Look at the size of Russia and then look at Canada and then look at UP. The size decreases at every step while the population increases.

We will soon realize that national borders will have to be reworked. We are now realizing that we are more connected than we are separate. Our difference in languages, cultures and religions are weakening and we are more governed by internet, trade and travel. Issues like pandemics and climate change are not going to care about our culture.

Ideally, people from UP should be flown to Australia to distribute the resource demand of earth more uniformly. If we dissolved nations and allowed an opti-

misation algorithm to run the whole world, we would be able to unlock a lot of potential.

These algorithms could not only optimise for building in social distancing into the optimisation but account for tropic-temperate distribution, industrial suitability, oil and carbon footprint analysis, energy consumption and also pair people in a way that would scientifically work better for everyone.

I have a strong hunch this is not a fantasy. Organizations like WHO or UN are going to play a big role in coming years. Very likely we might realize that governments are incapable of managing resources, politics, popularity and instead we should let the machines do it.

What will nationalism be in a world where pandemics know no religion or any class. This picture is this story's first frame.

Being nice is an art. When not done with grace, your niceness will make you look weak, boring or even creepy - pretty much what I think most liberals are like. Just Kidding. Not.

Let's go through these ones by one.

Weak:

Being nice when you are powerful is so much better than being nice because you are weak.

Weak people use niceness as a status virtue to symbolize "Oh, we are weak, but at least we are not evil like those powerful people". They convince themselves that by being nice, they can redeem themselves of their weakness. Sometimes this is not even voluntary but just how your subconscious rationalizes your situation to make you okay.

Often these people are the first to drop the facade of niceness when they gain power. This is why so many "nice" poor people from India when put into positions of power become rude snobs [wassup Renu Mondal]

This is why I think Indian Sanskaar in the minds of weak Indians is so toxic. We keep reaffirming our weakness of bad military policy with nice moral values like "India never conquered any country. We are a nice country" - this prevents us from self-introspecting and questioning why did we get colonized in the first place.

So if you are weak, work towards improving yourself, aim higher and let the pressure propel you to gain power. Do not let the temporary coolness of being nice extinguish the fire to do better. The humility you gain from the hard work of success is so much more natural than the niceness you project to come off as a good person.

Boring:

Boring is safe. Being interesting requires you to bend established norms with grace. It needs intelligence, it needs talent. It needs a sense of humor to be self-deprecating - only when you do all that do you become an interesting person. It is a hard process. When you are just 'nice', you can think in your head "Wow, I am so good, why doesn't anyone like me?" and put no efforts in being argumentative, passionate, humorous or "real" - contribute nothing to conversations and just assume that by being nice, you will gain people's approval.

Also, when you are "nice" with people because you think agreeing is the same as respecting [Indian Sanskaar 101], people will value you less because how easily they can get your approval.

Creepy:

Think about the voice in your head. Is it positive all the time? Does it keep complimenting you? Sure, it does sometimes but it also knows your flaws and vices. It keeps reminding you of your insecurities. When nice people compliment you and praise you, you start thinking how naive they are for not knowing you at all thus this makes them appear creepy. Think of a person who meets you for the first time and starts saying things like "Oh you are the most beautiful person", "Oh you are so amazing" - all these things look creepy because you start questioning how true these statements can be.

If you are a nice person who has only positive things to say to people, remember - you might be hurting them more with your niceness. You might be giving them fake ego boosts which makes them ignore areas they should focus on, you could be encouraging their rude behavior by letting it pass under the radar. When they do get wisdom, they will think of you as a bad influence.

Niceness can be a great quality, but to maintain its sanctity, it has to be genuine, limited and balanced with critique. A big reason why it has got such a bad name is that most people are so bad at using it.

The take away from this post is not to stop being nice - you should but you should stay away from using niceness as a defense mechanism to cover your weakness, to be less open-minded and to gain validation - in all these cases, your niceness will bite you back.

In the time that it takes to complete one lesson in Spanish, you can learn to read and write Gujarati. It took me about 20 minutes to learn the script and left me wondering why did I not do this yet. By far the easiest script to learn if you know any Indo Aryan script.

8 scripts down, 4 more to go!

PS: These are the lyrics to the Gujarati part of the Coke Studio song Laadki. I am embarrassed by how little Gujarati songs I am familiar with.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hkFs5diTXng>

Here's an interview where the interviewer asks questions in Odia and the author replies in Bangla and they do this for the whole video naturally, understanding each other perfectly. How beautiful is that?

I think you should listen to this video to understand Taslima Nasrin's experience in India [If you understand Odia/Bengali that is].

@[100002168381772:2048:Pratyush] shared this video with me. He says that Taslima Nasrin in this video says

"I was expelled from bangladesh and kolkata what I considered mine. I recited a poem of mine in Cuttuck and people appreciated and clapped, that means they understood, if people in Odisha can understand me, I would consider this as my home now"

This is just so beautiful, I can't even.

I used to say the "I know how you are feeling. If you ever feel like talking, please reach out to me" as a casual sentence, like I see more and more people doing after the recent tragic incident.

I would like to suggest everyone reading this to rethink twice before you say this. In my case, it was a subconscious defence mechanism to feel I am not part of the problem, that I was one of the better ones who has unlimited empathy and time for someone in distress - how angelic.

Sweet mental health talks, like most hollow talks, it is self-serving with the sole purpose of making the person saying it feel better about themselves, feel like they are a good human being. A depressed person needs to be around an expert, therapy and counseling is not the same as haan chalo aur batao kya challa life me.

If someone who is in distress even does reach out to you, would you actually have the time and patience to truly listen to them? Forget those, do you even have intellect and grace to be a good listener? Those are extremely rare things people don't like doing - that is why you pay 1000 rupees an hour to an expert who knows to navigate mental alleys and sit there and listen to you even if that is boring.

Thankfully mental health counseling is getting accessible. Experts can also recommend medicines that help alleviate the situation by diagnosing if your depression is from hormonal issues. They can recommend sleep pattern changes or diet changes based on their analysis.

So do the world a favor and stop beating your own drum. We only care for our family and close friends - rest everyone is a social media dopamine booster,

you will get frustrated with a depressed person the minute they get to the real intricate details of depression and you will realize, "you are loved, things will get better, God has a plan, this will make you strong" - esque cliches do no good.

<https://yourdost.com/> <https://www.manastha.com/> ROSHNI (+914) 066202000: Hyd based initiative (Monday to Saturday between 11am to 9pm) COOJ Mental Health Foundation (+918) 322252525 (3pm to 7pm on weekdays) More links here: <https://www.opencounseling.com/hotlines-in>

I'd (highly) recommend two movies I watched recently - Axone and Bulbbul, both on Netflix that are both so well made with brilliant acting and direction.

Axone is a Naga ingredient which is essentially pungent fermented soybean. A group of friends from the North-East living in Delhi decide to make this dish for their friend and are caught in a tricky position because their neighbors are not comfortable with the extremely strong smell. The movie revolves around the preparation of this dish and brings to you the several colors of the North East, their experience living in Delhi, the tendency to other this culture that is very much part of India, this was just so well made. Sayani Gupta does a great job with her portrayal of a Nepali girl without making the accent sound cringy. The intelligent situational comedy makes this strong hitting movie very digestible.

Bulbbul is just beautiful, my second favorite horror-drama film ever after Tumbbad. It is a twist to the age-old story of the Chudail, mixed with tones of feminism set in the Bengal Presidency of 1880 India. The film is a work of aesthetics with a defining crimson-black palette and music so immersive it feels very contemporary and surreal. Bengali culture is often fetishized by the mainstream but this film avoids that, taking references but not appropriating them. You see the transformation of the character from a young innocent girl to one in distress to a fierce bold lady - as cliché as that it, Tripti Dimri, the actor playing the lead has done a phenomenal job.

Highly recommended!

So, this is a quick pitch for an IIP data viz I am doing and since this is a field I am completely new to, I'd like to seek some suggestions from the music geeks [Hindustani Classical] in my friend list.

When I read about ragas, I was reminded of the DNA, where svaras like different proteins add up like chains with all these extra rules.

I wondered if the emotions could be kept intact via a visualization of the svaras. So I color coded the svaras in the rainbow spectrum and visualized the Pakad of every raga [as opposed to Aroha/Avroha, Pakad seemed to be more unique to a raga]

I tried a few and there does seem to be some kind of pattern emerging, like Bhairavi and Malkauns, from the same Thaat, kinda do look the same. Yaman shows its diversity, well, I don't know really.

As a music aware person, what would you like to see visualized? I do want to do this justice while keep it simple for someone to understand and appreciate the complexities of ragas.

I do plan to write more on the raga's rasa and some famous song made in that raga beneath this along with the recommended prahara to play the raga.

It is difficult to be intelligent and a modern liberal at the same time because how do you support both LGBTQ individuals and individuals who want LGBTQ people dead at the same time? How can you want both jobs to increase and job makers to suffer?

Liberalism to me is a celebration of individuality. It is to not be treated as a member of the collective but as an individual with an independent thought process. Therefore a true liberal has no 'identitarian filter' to bank on. They should oppose the radical people of all religions equally.

Communism on the other hand is entrenched in the story of identities. It dumbs down the arguments by making everything an oppressor-vs-oppressed narrative making empathy, creative thinking, and logical analysis redundant.

Liberals eventually realized their mindset cannot win votes. Rationality fails in front of identity. This has paved way for them to collaborate with the Communists and the Islamists, diluting the very principles they stood on.

In contrast to nicely crafted Facebook posts and Instagram photos, TikTok was creativity of the wild hyper on steroids. These were legit celebrities from towns and villages, nobodies who were presenting themselves via their stunts, dances, impersonations, lip syncs and talents.

At it's core the hate for TikTok was not its cringe but the fact that literal nobodies from nowheres could become celebrities without looking like the image of the celebrity we have in our minds. They were people living in slums, pretty boys and girls being themselves, lower class people dancing to their regional tunes - different shades of India you would never see on mainstream. These people were not just coming in front of camera and doing random things, millions of them were learning how to record, edit, creatively plan and process content.

As someone who has been making content for a year, I know how much time and effort and energy it takes to build content. We wiped out all that millions of Indians had built, however cringey you found, in one decision, I don't know how much it would hurt China but I cannot not empathize with that creator from

the town who made videos of him lip syncing to Shahrukh Khan even when his friends made fun of him.

Not condemning the decision because much has been said about the data spying nature of TikTok and in general sentiment of the nation but I also think nobody is talking about the efforts and creativity people had put in to this platform.

Guys, here are the benefits of building a mosque, just reminding you again in case you forgot.

1. A similar house to a mosque we build in Jannah built by Allah himself.
2. Every thing replaced that we invest by Allah.
3. Every prayer 5 times a day, 365 days a week will be paid back for.
4. 700 times what you invest will be given back.

I love the quantitative data driven approach of Islam unlike vague terms of moksha in Hinduism. We need some fancy charts and graphs explaining the return of investment in Hinduism asap. It's 21st century duh.

Spent the last hour nerding about the similarities between Kathak and Flamenco - a North Indian dance and a Spanish dance both finding roots in nomadic storytelling in private settings. Alternatively, the similarity can be understood as the influence of Islam in North India vs the influence of the Moors in Spain - the result is that it seems like if dance were music, Kathak and Flamenco are the same raga played in different instruments.

This video beautifully makes you feel that raga-instrument analogy.

Add 1 tbsp of honey into one cup of proper Indian Dahi and mix thoroughly and try it.

You shall lick your spoon clean. It is that good.

I totally see some hip restaurants in the West coast selling it as the "golden concoction of antioxidant-fortified dairy with healthy bacteria to take care of your gut. Derived from the ancient Hindu tradition of panchamrit, our oriental yogurt shall enrich your soul, satisfy your senses and calm your guts"

Epigamia hire me.

This is one of the many reasons intellect on its own is a curse.

The kind of people I have come across in academia, technology and business are these data driven, numbers believing kind of, pros cons analyst type peo-

ple - they are great at managing things and doing same thing over and over again, not so much at scaling things up and creating new things from scratch because it requires a whole different set of approach involving creativity and love. The moment the numbers go down, they abandon their project and talk about pivoting.

I have seen instead that irrational love instead in artists, architects, religious, spiritualists and activists who stand for something out of love without seeking any return from it, doing it as a ritual that just has to be done - often they run the risk of being seen as the mad person doing random things but it doesn't matter to them. They don't care if all their time, energy and life goes into this one cause they believe in.

It is when you fuse these two approaches that pure magic happens. You need to have love for what you are doing to keep doing it every single day without necessarily caring for the result without asking for anything and without questioning why - you just do it as if it is your dharma. At the same time you should listen to the universe to nudge yourself in directions that will help you do your task better, learn from the mistakes, learn from the data you collect to keep improving the ritual, not as a way to seek better results but as a way to improve the ritual.

At the risk of sounding pretentious, I think it is when you achieve that state, you submit yourself to universe and allow yourself to be the vessel of a grander consciousness detached from your self. The universe then uses you as a device to make what she wants happen.

I feel no affinity as a Hindu to the bigotry being conveyed here that is appropriating Hinduism as an institution of apartheid.

How do so-called Hindu leaders accuse Christian missionaries of converting people - the people that have been called names, 'neech', 'shudra', 'lower caste', whatnot, being said 'they don't deserve education' - I mean, wow, how do you understand the Upanishads and yet not see the hypocrisy in your words?

You cannot both expect someone to both to be slapped by you and then be proud of you.

This is the root cause of why British could rule us because you never saw the countrymen as yours. This is why so many people would willingly convert to other religions to escape this social discrimination.

I am proud of being born as a Hindu, being born in a land which celebrated the pursuit of understanding the self and the cosmos - and I wouldn't allow your corruption to be enough reason to detest it.

Definitely the most aesthetic script I have learnt so far - Tamil!

Tamil has been a difficult script to learn, especially because how similar the characters look and how intricate and complex (and beautiful) they all are. For example, there are 3 letters for N and 2 for R, letters for f, kh, x and p don't exist and have to be substituted with visargas and alternate consonants. Also, there are characters like zh that don't have any equivalent in Indo Aryan languages.

All in all, I am very happy to have picked up this script, although it will take a lot more practice to know which letter gets used when.

Here is Sare Jahan se achcha Hindostan Hamara in Tamil.

Scripts remaining until all mainstream Indian scripts are covered: Malayalam, Gurmukhi, Kannada, Meitei ð

The more I work with data, the more I realize how easily you can be blinded by it. We are biased by things that can be measured and assigned a number.

Take money and health for example. Health is way more valuable than money but since we can measure one and not the other, we subconsciously direct our efforts to increase the former while the latter is just forgotten.

The way capitalistic tech addresses this is by quantifying more things and sell it to you. Reputation is now likes, health is now calories, and trustworthiness is a credit score, how well you sleep is a sleep score, exercise is a fitness score and so on.

When something is quantified, some part of it that can not be captured by numbers evaporates away.

Marks for example do not capture how much effort someone had to put. A well-off kid studying 2 hours a day could get the same marks as a struggling kid taking out time from his part time job to support his family.

Numbers remove the edges and complexity from things. The GDP growth rate for example will not capture whether the country is achieving it by empowering its people or punishing them with long hours to increase productivity.

One will argue that this can be offsetted with creating more indices like freedom index, happiness index, this index that index. But after a certain point, so many indices sort of defeat the very effectiveness of having a concise measurement system. Also to create a new index, you have to escape the quantitative frame and step into the qualitative frame and look at new entities not yet quantified.

Life's fulfillment, for example, is not just about how much money you have or how many likes you get or how many degrees you have, but it is the quality of how each day is going - are your friends providing you with love and support, is there respect between you and your partner, do you have resilience in your life - to know all these things you cannot have a data-driven left brain attitude to life, you need to have an intuition driven wisdom to know what matters even if there is no number attached to it.

The most uncreative lyrics award of any TV Series would have to be the 1988 series Vikram aur Betal. Here are the complete lyrics of the title song:

Vikram Vikram Vikram Vikram Betal Betal Betal Betal Vikram Vikram Vikram
Vikram Betal Betal Betal Betal

Vikram Vikram Vikram Vikram Betal Betal Betal Betal Vikram Vikram Vikram
Vikram Betal Betal Betal Betal

Vikram aur Betal Vikram aur Betal Vikram aur Betal Vikram aur Betal

Vikram Vikram Vikram Vikram Betal Betal Betal Betal Vikram Vikram Vikram
Vikram Betal Betal Betal Betal

Vikram aur Betal Vikram aur Betal Vikram aur Betal Vikram aur Betal

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RxuUOQbuTDk>

There's this thing called the messiah complex that a lot of people, especially agreeable nice people employ to gain control.

The idea is to treat evil with love with the hope that the evil will dissolve and be grateful to the compassionate person. This is a form of victory, only instead of power, love and positivity is used. The intention stays the same - to gain control.

You will see this with girls in toxic relationships who want nothing more than to be the mother figure to the broken man and thereby fix him and become the glorious messiah.

Another form is when you see a 'changemaker' going out of their way to empathise with something who's just plain evil with the hopes that their love and positivity will transform the other person.

You also see it in flashes in the eyes of those wildlife photographers who approach a snake hoping the snake understands their sweet names and does not bite them back.

This isn't a bad thing in moderation, but it gets problematic when the fetish is so strong, the love attacker loses all their defence and approaches their victim with the hope that seeing them lacking any defence will earn them their trust.

That's when the potential victim will tear the messiah into pieces and throw them on the ground leaving the messiah look both weak and stupid.

Be a messiah, but don't lose your guard down.

Language is the arsenal humanity has used to demystify the realm of the unknown and shine the light of consciousness on it.

It is language that separates animals from humans - when someone speaks articulately, you involuntarily start respecting them because you are witnessing human consciousness dance right before you.

Language allows you to think better, add detail to your thoughts, add passion to your words, pen down your pains and defend against your demons. If you can put down your thoughts coherently in an organized, beautiful manner, you can make governments fall and nations rise.

I believe this has been a major reason for the West's success. In India, we certainly are multilingual, but our fluency, articulation and control over a specific language is weak and that results in our thought process being slow and reliant on emotions, body language, facial expressions and non-verbal communication. I cannot comment on the other Indian languages but Hindi is so weak in its conversational form, you cannot form a semi-intelligent statement in it without an English or Urdu word in it. The core meaning worthy words sound alien and are lost from public life.

I also find it problematic that we feel pride in having no national language. If a Keralite cannot converse with a person from Jharkhand, it is as good as they not living in the same country. We get reduced to talking via hand gestures and English keywords, like primates in zoos. How do you talk about a business model then, how do you talk about the philosophy of Freud and the economics of Kautilya?

When two intelligent people talk, value gets created. Potential negotiations, partnerships, ideas and initiatives are easier. The stronger their shared language control is, the more deeply they can engage in. If any Indian could talk to any other Indian and have the shared vocabulary that allows for deeper conversations, imagine the level of value that can be unlocked from everyday interactions.

If there is one thing you want to do that will improve your life in every dimension of existence, improve your command of language - does not matter which type [English, Hindi, Bengali] Delve deeper into writing, listen to language with certain complexity and go beyond everyday usage.

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Growing up, I changed 5 schools across three states being a Navy kid. According to the new educational policy, the medium of instruction will be the regional language for all subjects till Class 5. So does that mean a kid like me from Odisha would have to learn Maths in Tamil for 2 years, then Telugu for 2 years and then Odia for a year?

What about many migrants whose kids are in that state for a short time and they do not benefit from learning the regional language? Will Kendriya Vidyalayas and other Central Govt schools also be following this policy? Does anyone know about this?

How incompetent does a government have to be for its people to want their colonisers back?

PS: Go check WION's page, they are the only Global News channel from India and #Savage @[197478357228:274:Palki S Upadhyay] is a gem who cuts people with her wit and sarcasm instead of decibel. They are also presenting world

news from an Indo centric approach, so one doesn't have to bear with BBC and NYT any more.

@[128783937781588:274:Taalpatar shepai] is the best Indie band from Bengal, period. Two extremely talented people with beautiful music, aesthetic visuals and captivating storylines - their music has such a unique style, it transports you to a creative land.

Recently they did such a heartwarming video compilation of their fans singing their music here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pB51WjhtnjY>

Congratulations on 100K subscribers on YouTube. @[100001228115895:2048:Pritam], you and Sumon are gifted - thank you for making all this amazing music ð

Why is the average taste level of Indians so sub-standard?

Creativity, for the most part, is correlated with IQ. IQ is correlated to nutrition and to some extent, genetics. Genetics will not change but nutrition will - which is correlated to wealth. I am of the opinion, as the GDP per capita of this country rises, there will be a big big shift in societal and artistic dynamics.

Steve Wozniak once said that Indians cannot be creative and that we focus on rigid rule based things and not innovation. I am of the opinion that becoming a land of doctors and engineers was a great strategy as a poor country trying to minimize risk.

As we become wealthier, we will both produce more artists and innovators and also have better news channels.

To put an estimate, right now our GDP per capita is 2000 USD. Big changes start happening as soon as the value crosses 10,000 USD.

There are restrictions on firecrackers after a certain time because it disturbs people's sleep. Smoking in public is banned because passive smoking is also injurious.

Yet you can have shrieking wailing babies crying at their peak shrill pitch for the entirety of a 3 hour flight (who mysteriously always sit right next to me) and yet it is I guess impolite to just tell the parents to do the obvious (which is not to inject sedative or put them in the overhead storage, but just train them to behave)

Noise pollution can impact mental health. So many people in the flight would have important business to do. What if the babies are causing loss of economy because of the stress they induce?

Worse, like young wolves they encourage each other to cry, causing a resonance of crying. It is the only time in life, I intentionally plug in to death metal which surprisingly sounds so beautiful at that time.

I propose having a soundproof cabin only for baby carrying individuals (BCIs) (it could have fun games and activities to keep the babies engaged) or impose a high Baby Tantrum Tax (BTT) that goes into inversely proportionally compensating the passengers based on the square of the distance from the baby for the mental trauma induced. I know, having such a directed tax can be offensive - we shouldn't shame someone just because they don't control their kids and in fact find it adorable that their kid is being so naughty.

Therefore, instead of calling it the Baby Tantrum Tax, we could consider the baby as a special case of hand luggage and charge for the actual hand luggage and thus functionally still go ahead with the plan.

So many ideas, so many babies, so many decibels and so much untapped tax revenue.

We are accelerometers, not speedometers - both physically and spiritually. A lift traveling at 2m/s and another at 200m/s will feel exactly the same - but one accelerating at 2m/s² and another at 200m/s² will feel different.

Spiritually, we experience joy in an environment where the trajectory is upwards, not something that is saturated.

One of the many reasons I thought West is not a place I can call home for myself is because I think that civilization has already matured to a level they are hunting for problems to solve. Enjoying the fruits of the West makes me feel almost like a parasite - that's a strong word - a refugee. You will need that country more than that country needs you.

I think in the short term living in our problematic 'third world' countries is painful but in the long term, if you see this as an opportunity to play a small role in nation-building, you will have a far more fulfilled life.

Globalization seems so alien and disorienting because you can access the fruits of someone else's hard work without really paying the mental and civilisational cost to afford it. You can enjoy the museums of France and the clean rivers of Switzerland and the creative spark of America but none of it feels like you have earned it. You haven't paid the price of working hard to earn that moral values, the wealth, the philosophy, and the intellectual spirit. What you have paid with is to offer your mental powers and time for a subsidized cost.

There is a beauty in things achieved through small, hard, consistent, painful human efforts. There is a joy in seeing India slightly richer each year, slightly more open, slightly more creative, slightly more edgier, slightly more wise and slightly more your own.

Globalization makes you think you can run away from your identity, that you can work hard enough to win the trust of the white man and be his own - the promise of being a world citizen and an individualist free from the identities gifted by the chance of birth will be challenged by reminders where your identity matters. You will have to pay the price of not seeing your parents grow old, give up the memories where you were born and where your loved ones died. You will not have the story that connects you to the land 400 years in the past through a relayed baton of culture and your rich complex story will be replaced with the label of 'an alien immigrant'.

Now, it makes sense to move elsewhere if you come from a war struck destroyed country ruled by monsters with no real story to give up but if you see smart men and women stay and pour in their life energy into advancing the legacy of your nation, it is your moral obligation to do your part - share the burden.

Yes, we came to this world alone and will leave the world alone. Yes, far away from the planets our lives are insignificant - but don't let that nihilism let you forget that we do not live in that cognitive distance, we experience it all in macro where the story of 'who are you?' matters. It is up to you how you want to answer it.

I have been thinking about the thin line between jealousy and admiration - they both are triggered by same things but are two very different mechanisms. What could it be and is there a mathematical empirical explanation.

We get jealous of our colleagues when they do better than us but we don't get jealous of the Queen of England the same way. We don't get jealous of Sharukh Khan, we admire him. Therefore maybe the prerequisite of jealousy is that there should be some dimension in which you were close - i.e. they should be relatable. SRK and Queen of England are not relatable people and therefore there is no jealousy.

In recent times, some people in the left do seem bloodthirsty for the rich and would want Bezos and Ambani to have the guillotine but that isn't jealousy - it stems from a very different mechanics, so I'll ignore that.

On Instagram, my thumb rule - a very very rough rule is that if someone has more than 5 times the followers you do - you do not feel any jealousy towards them but rather you act like a nice baby feeling very comfortable in acting like a fanboy. But if someone less than 5x your worth, you see them as a competitor / a colleague - you would not act like a fanboy. So if you have 1000 followers, someone with 10000 followers will not intimidate you but maybe inspire you. Someone with 2000 followers is more likely to intimidate you.

I would like to believe something like this exists in our daily world - a threshold beyond which someone is so alien, they are unrelatable and therefore immune to jealousy. Maybe this weirdly also explains why some startup may see the

other startup as someone to compete or someone to acquire or someone to get acquired by.

This is a purely random af thought so I'll preemptively say I can be dead wrong, please don't judge me.

The Punjabi language in India is written using the Gurumukhi script which has similarities with the Devnagari script. The script used to write the same language in Pakistan is the Urdu inspired Shahmukhi script.

The song Bulla ki Jana Main Kaun is not just a cool pop music (as I thought as a teenager) but is a deeply spiritual Sufi composition based on nirgun philosophy. So I knew it has to be the text I write first in Gurumukhi.

While many letters resemble Devnagari, a lot don't. Also there are several similar looking letters like ਮ and ਸ , ਮ and ਸ , ਤ and ਦ and ਤ and ਦ (ta and bha and da), ਖ , ਥ , ਪ (kha, tha, pa) - so remembering those is a challenge. Also the matras are different from Hindi matras like ਕੇ and ਕੋ is ke and ਕੋ is ko and ਕੋ is kou - this takes some time to get used to.

But above all, such a geometrically pleasing script - ਗੁਰਮੁਖੀ is the coolest alphabet. Also ਹਾ is called "haha", so the next time you want to say lol or rofl, just say ਹਾ ਹਾ instead.

With this, I am done with all Indo Aryan scripts of India ਓ I am left with Malayalam, Kannada and Meitei. Yasss.

Friendships have a monetary value, for the same reason we pay therapists, counselors, baby sitters, consultants, tour guides, or even escorts - for having their attention.

We buy attention from people. In the case of professionals, we pay them with money because it is one sided. In regular friendships, we pay each other via attention.

The deal is I give fucks about you and you give fucks about me. We take interest in each others' lives, we witness each others' lives in action and we want good for each other - that's the contract.

Good friendships have spiritual and mental value, therefore have monetary value. You are calmer, at ease, less lonely - that means you can be a better economic producer for your country.

Anytime the contract is violated we call the friendship toxic. For example when it is only you paying attention and not getting any in return. Or, what you get is not quality ensured. Or, the logistics is such that the exchange of attention is not possible like when you are in two different places and then distance sort of dilutes

the attention you can exchange and thus what you get does not satisfactorily quench your mutual needs, thus you part ways.

While it is cringey to think about friendship like an exchange of a commodity, it is helpful because it helps us look deep into the mechanics of human relationships separating the veil of idealistic rhetoric from an essential human need.

People are stocks and your attention is capital. The only difference is that in real life, you yourself are a stock that other stocks invest in. When you see things in these terms, some things emerge in common

0. Inflation: You may enjoy your capital in the good weather but when the situation changes, the capital you own will go down in value and therefore investing is wise

1. Diversify : It is good to have multiple investments so that if a stock crashes you still have some to get back up.

2. Don't spread too thin: Diversify but don't diversify so much ki you don't get any return from one or you are just unable to manage it all.

3. Invest early, have patience: The longer you own stocks, the better the returns, therefore stay in the game. Like a plant you have to incrementally grow your stocks to bear the fruits of compound interest

4. Buy low : Better to make friends when you are not lost in the crowd of someone's friendship. That way you can get more fucks from the stocks for per unit fuck invested

5. Sometimes saving is better than investing: if you make bad investments, you will lose it all too early and you will be drained, so maybe save the capital for the right stocks, who knows when recession hits.

Peak Capitalism, isn't it?

Pigeons are so dumb. This guy just came into our balcony through the window and then forgot how to get out. The mofo was banging his head against the glass panel. Now it is sitting in the chute corner while the window is wide open. When I go to the balcony and wave my hand across the window to visually demonstrate how porous it is, he is unable to decode that message and instead flaps his wings in distress like he is a victim.

Up until now I just thought pigeons are less ugly looking rats that can fly but now I also know they have an IQ of a brick.

The paradox of the intelligent people is that they will judge ordinary people for being "normal", content with the mediocre trivialities of life, happy with their passive pursuits and discussions about people, weather, and events - but will also struggle with their own mental vomit, wanting nothing more than to escape

it and then work hard to find the value in mediocre trivialities of life, happiness in passive pursuits and discussions about people, weather and events.

There once was a poor farmer who lived with his wife and three young children in rural Maharashtra. Droughts were common but that year, it was the worst drought in centuries - there was barely anything to eat. The farmer would go to the farm and look for small old potatoes and other underground tubers under the soil to arrange for some food.

This one day when the family was just about to sit down for their lunch of roasted potatoes, an old fakir carrying an ektar (one-string musical instrument in India) came begging for food.

"Oh brother, please feed the fakir, I haven't eaten anything in 4 days", he said. The poor farmer being a religious man welcomed the fakir into his house and offered him a seat. He gave away his share of the food to him. The fakir ate and said he was still hungry. So the farmer's wife readily offered her share of the food. The fakir ate and he still was hungry.

The children, then watching their parents so selflessly donating their food, also offered their share. The farmer had tears in his eyes watching his children do such a noble act. The fakir was finally satisfied.

He got up and looked at the family and said "Oh dear farmer, you have helped me at a time of drought when nobody would help anyone. You are a blessed soul, may you have a long life and all the fortune in the world", he said so and vanished.

That same night, the farmer, his wife, and their children all died painfully of starvation, not able to find anything to sustain themselves.

An excerpt from my book "Realistic Bedtime stories for Children Vol 1". Order today!

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Find more real educational stories for children like this one in the book "Realistic Bedtime stories for Children of the 21st century" :)

My name is an unusual one - you must have noticed - that is because unlike many Indian names that mean something, it is a constructed one - from the first syllables of the three brothers - my father and his brothers - Ayodhya, Shri Batsa, and Saroj.

Saroj Choudhury was the eldest of the three. We lost him yesterday to a year-long hard struggle with glioblastoma multiformi - a technical term for brain cancer.

If there was ever someone you would call Dabang - it would be my Bada Baba - he was the core strength of our family and the reason why every kid in my extended family loved coming to my village in Mahulchhapal. He was a strong man with an iron-willed mind who sacrificed so much to ensure the rest of my family - my father included establish themselves as someone in their lives. He had the heart of the ocean - he always had everything to offer to everyone in the family and in the village.

Every Nuakhai when we visited home, I would go with him to the market to buy fish or accompany him to our farm where he would show me our paddy fields. I recall when I went along with him to his school where I helped as a Teaching Assistant in his English class. He told all the kids such fascinating stories we had never heard of. It just seems like yesterday I was perched behind him in his motorcycle traveling to a nearby village on a hilltop - today, I shouldered his body to the funeral pyre and cremated him.

He used to say - "I am a lion, these small diseases won't take me down. When I go down, it will be by a big one, not a small one"

Bada Baba, thank you for inspiring me to know what living for your family means. Thank you for raising a family teaching us compassion, strength, and

confidence - not via words but by your actions. I know you will always be keeping an eye on us - we will always love you.

Tume hamar mane sabu din lagi thiba.

Yours always, Ashu

Every time you see an Indian running after the white tourist to click a selfie after he said Namaste or when you see Germans high five refugee immigrants coming into their nation, you are witnessing a form of trauma.

Trauma - that is buried in the subconscious enforcing itself to compensate for the past.

The Indian is happy that this white Englishman is warming up to his culture instead of calling it uncivilized paganism. The German is happy that someone is for once coming into his country and not fleeing it out of fear.

This is also why the Indian obsession for foreigners is limited to those with white skin and the fan worship of refugees is not a thing in nations not sharing the historical baggage that Germany does.

While the liberal perspective of looking at the world exaggerates economic instincts (because it is quantifiable), it undermines cultural anthropological psychology.

We think we understand the world through facts and statistics. In reality, we understand the world through stories and emotions.

I have been reading about IQ these days. Apparently, there are two components to intelligence - crystallized (facts, information, skills, etc) and fluid (abstraction, rationality). As an analogy, crystallized intelligence is ROM (memory) and fluid is your Processor speed. IQ measures fluid intelligence - it is a measure of the computing power of your brain.

The normal level of a human being to live through life comfortably is 100. The IQ of really intelligent people is around 120 and geniuses is about 160 (Einstein).

The US military has a threshold of IQ of 83 below which they reject anyone as there is no work for someone to be able to do under that level.

Source: <https://law.stackexchange.com/questions/37491/is-it-truly-illegal-for-the-us-armed-forces-to-hire-someone-whose-iq-is-less-tha>

So keeping these in mind, I was referring to the average IQ of nations and I found out for India it is 76 - that is the moron level or a level of retardation.

With an IQ of that level, a human being will find great difficulty in accomplishing even simple tasks with basic mental rigour.

This isn't a comment on all Indians, of course - if you are reading this, you definitely are above that threshold (it's a normal distribution and the peak is at 76 and then fewer people are around the tails - the people who are really intelligent and really stupid).

The IQ for Indian Americans is 115 - which simply means the most intelligent folks of this nation are leaving out.

Source: https://www.forbes.com/2009/02/24/bobby-jindal-indian-americans-opinions-contributors_immigrants_minority.html#47097bf7583b

So how is India functioning with this low level of IQ? Some would say it is not functioning and they would be correct. It is possible for low IQ people to be as productive as intelligent people but they have to increase hard work to catch up (imagine a 4GB laptop overheating to do the same process a 16GB laptop do effortlessly)

Another interesting fact - IQ depends on two factors - genetics and environment. While the genetic components will not change much, the environment can change over time. Some estimations suggest that if Indians are well fed and poverty is completely removed, we can push the average IQ level to 95. Remember the delta between a normal person and a very intelligent one is just 20 points - so this means there is an ample space for India to move.

I don't have any conclusive thoughts but I wonder if the very conceptualization of IQ is a cultural one or is it a scientific hard concept. If improving IQ does help a society gauge if they are going in the right direction, should we not do that in large scale and keep a track of our national IQ? IQ studies in the past have been used to reinforce racist ideas - so how do we not get sidetracked by bigotry and instead use this constructively - well, on this topic, I have more questions than answers.

I made this video in my 4th year in Hampi - I was doing my architecture internship and was pretty clueless in life. I was getting these weird feelings like KGP is about to end and I haven't got my shit together and I was just standing watching time fly by. At the same time, it was also exciting to not know where life will take me - that even the destination does not matter - it is these pointless moments and memories that constitute life that are just as important as the 'special' moments.

Hampi is an amazing place, it has special energy to it. The feeling I had then - of optimistic sadness - which has been a recurring theme of my life is the closest to pure melancholy. I keep coming back to this video just looking at this random unconnected sequence of events that honestly mean nothing but like an abstract painting always spring up some memory.

I wonder how people who do not subscribe to religion cope with the death of a loved one. What story do they tell if not of the soul rest in peace?

Recently, when we lost Bada Baba, 10 days after he took his last breath and 9 days after we cremated him, a series of detailed rituals were in order. I want to talk about these rituals, one - because I want to record it for myself, and two - because death is generally never talked about in such detail as some other useless things of life and I hope this will be cathartic for someone at some point later.

I came to my village with Ma. Papa was busy organizing the bhoji (a ceremonial feast) for about 200 people. Prior to that, he was busy fixing our house - which is more like a big bungalow that had been infested with termites. He was accompanied by the rest of my family - my uncles, my bhabhis, my cousins - everyone took part in this huge event management task of painting walls, arranging for tents, talking to caterers - which was all really confusing to me.

"Why are you guys burdening yourself with such organization and useless burden for a bunch of random people?" - Why not just mourn in peace and remember my uncle, maybe talk how you feel" - that was what was in my mind. I have learned to be an observer now than a judger, so I shut my inner monologue and went along.

I am the only male kid of the family, so even if I am not Baba's real son, I was the Karta (the doer, the main guy) - and did all the rituals as his son. On the Dasaha (10th day), the rituals began facilitated by the village Brahmin.

Day 10: Dasaha

R1: I took Baba's asthi (bones) collected after his cremation and dipped them in haldi, milk and Gangajal - offered rice and dhub ghaas (*Cynodon dactylon*, called durva in Sanskrit) - everyone in the family came and bowed down to his last remains - everyone offered coins which probably has some symbology. Then we tied everything in a cloth and put it in an earthen pot and cemented the top so that ants won't enter. We then put this pot in a corner of the house which will later be taken when the ashti will be taken to Ganga.

R2: Next, I along with 12 other male members of my family and the village walked to the village stream - this is where the main ritual was supposed to happen. We reached there, looked for a plain land near the stream, and started the rituals.

Two of us started constructing a house with sticks and frames of wood. Then a makeshift chulha was constructed with bricks and wood. An earthen pot was placed on it with some rice that was cooked with the water from the stream. While all this was happening, I was roaming around talking to cows - that wasn't part of any ritual, I just was bored.

Then, I was called and asked to start the ritual. I sat next to the constructed miniature house - in a very weird asana - one knee to the ground and another

leg parallel to the ground. In 11 broken pieces of khapar (an earthen tile), I had to take some cooked rice, still hot after cooking, and then place balls of this rice on the tiles in a weird way - twisting my wrist in a way that the ball of rice falls over my palm pointing the sky. I then offered flowers, leaves, water, and camphor to each of the 11 tiles. Some rice that was left in the pot was cooked more until it was charred to black.

After each of the tiles had been prayed to, I had to one by one, take ten of them over my shoulder, walk some distance and submerge the tile in the stream - keeping the image of my Baba in my mind. With each tile, I had to increase the number of times I offered water pointing South.

For example, for the 6th tile, I submerged the tile and offered water 6 times. Each time I was also supposed to take a dubki (immerse myself in water) but judging by my frail urban upbringing, they decided that I was not up for it, and as a replacement, I only had to bow down take water and offer it. This was to be done 55 times (sum of the Arithmetic Progression from 1 to 10) - I was delighted by the mathematical thoroughness of the ritual.

After that was done, the house we had so painstakingly constructed was burnt down by me with a diya. I then took the hot cooked pot containing the charred rice using a long stick as a lever, walked into the stream until the water was up to my waist, took another stick using which I wrote my Baba's reversed name on the pot - (so Ja-Ro-Sa (in Odia)) and then using the same stick struck the pot hard enough to break it into pieces.

That completed the elaborate ritual. The barber who had accompanied us then shaved my head. It started raining then. Papa and Jiju were discussing that it was a good sign as Nature was conveying to us that all happened the way it should have happened.

The Brahmin explained as we were leaving that this ritual is supposed to cool the spirit (preta) of my Baba who until then had been in great pain as the body was burnt. The 11 tiles symbolize our ancestors whose spirits we summon to help Baba join them.

Because we were in the preta world, everything had to be done in reverse - burning the house, sitting in a reverse position - burning rice, offering food in a reverse position - these things are prohibited in the real world and are supposed to be done in this tipsy turvy space we created. I learned that the balls of rice I offered are called 'pind' and this ritual was the 'pind daan'.

We then had to bathe in the stream which I was seriously opposed to because one, it was raining, two it was less than clean and third, I catch cold easily - so I just took a short dip, and then we walked away. I was told not to look back.

We reached home and our feet were washed by my eldest aunt - which again I was opposed to but it happened anyway. I took some time looking at myself in the mirror - my hair has been a big part of my identity and self-image and so it

seemed very weird. Staring back at me was the archetypical son of the family who had just completed an important ritual.

Soon after, another long puja started.

R3: This puja happened in our house's courtyard near the well. Baba's framed picture was in front of us. Before the ritual began, a Kush ring called Batu was tied on my ring finger. We constructed an abstract body of my Baba. In a Paan leaf shaped as a cone, a Betel nut was added to symbolize the body, a small stick wrapped with a thread was added to symbolize consciousness and then pushp (flower), sindoor and water probably to symbolize mind and other parts of the being (don't quote me on this one).

I with my shining shaven head was in the center of my family. My aaima (grandmother) sporadically burst into tears and had to be consoled. Then, after an hour or two of energetic chanting of mantras, offerings of water, flower, ghee, panchamrit, sindoor and hom - the rituals for the first day concluded. I had to touch everybody's feet in the house but because of the pandemic, I just did namaskar.

The Brahmin said that the preta of my baba is now free of the pains and is ready to join the ancestors.

Day 2: Ekadasah (Antim Sanskaar - yes we do it on the 11th day)

This is when all the guests arrived. This puja happened in the same courtyard as yesterday. My cousins had come and were part of the puja as well - I reckon this is a progressive step as girls are not supposed to be part of funeral pujas. Some of the rituals like the construction of the abstract body were the same as yesterday.

Like the ritual in the stream, I had to sit in the cross-asana and make the pind this time - by mixing rice, sweets and fruits with bare hands and making sure I don't shake my hands. I then had to take the largest quantity of this rice I could in my fist, form a ball and place it on a chukni (plate of leaves) After me, my sisters also carried the same ritual. The Brahmin mentioned our gotras and names in the mantra.

One of my uncles sang a shokageet (a mourning song) composed of events that led to my Baba's death and it mentioned everybody's names in our family - it was a hugely cathartic moment, everyone was in tears followed by a 2-minute silence.

After the ritual, everybody proceeded to the tent house and had the feast. In all these rituals I am supposed to not have any food, so I was always very hungry by the time the lunch happened.

That evening, I and my brother in law drove to the nearby river and submerge these pinds as well - but there was a catch - we could not speak to each other the whole time.

The Brahmin said that now, the preta of my Baba was set to move from the pretaloka the pitruloka.

That night, the feast we had had fish in it. The non-veg is called bisara - a form of tamsik bhojana that symbolizes the end of mourning and resumption of normal life.

Day 3: Dwadasha (Twelfth Day)

On the final day, we repeated the rituals as 11th day but this time only I offered the pinds and this time made two separate pinds - one for the ancestors and one for my baba. Goes without saying, the abstract body was also made and I had the batu (kush ring) on my finger.

The ritual ended when I took the pind of my Baba and mixed it with that of my ancestors. The Brahmin said - now your Baba has merged with your ancestors. All the rituals now had ended.

After few hours, I went to the farm I used to go with Baba - this time with Manas Dada - he is an ex-army man who has become an entrepreneur in the village. I instantly became friends with Tommy, Julie and Puchki - the three dogs he has petted. Tommy, me and Pappu dada walked in the farms glowing with the rice plants he grew. We caught some fish from the farm pond and returned.

Two hours later, I was back home and now had enough time to think. I never took the rituals seriously but with each day, however make-believe I called the rituals to be, I saw how people's moods got better and better. It offered closure, it gave us an excuse to come and sit together.

The huge organization that went into planning for the feast was also symbolic. Death - an abstract face of chaos was being tamed by us collectively by building something - a force of order - painting the walls of the house was literally my family was fixing following the archetypical mess that happened after my Baba's death.

My idea of what mourning is - talks and expression was still happening - in small pockets, whenever 3-4 people sat down tired of the arrangement, they talked about my Baba, the memories they shared with him, how he was in such pain for the last year of his life, how cancer is such a weird disease - all of this was part of coping, part of healing. We were supporting each other, humoring each other, consoling each other.

I realized everyone has their own process and method of coping. Some like to cry, some like to keep themselves busy, some like to support others, some just be silent and don't process it and some talk about it - these are all valid and only a giant system like culture can accommodate everyone.

I had a newfound respect for these traditions, a new love for my family - the loss broke us but also brought us closer. I witnessed the real strength of religion which can be both so suffocating but also like in times of vague confusion, offer

some structure to fall back on. If it wasn't for these rituals, what else would we do?

Every single step we did had a meaning, had some thought behind it. It was all practical therapy for us. Rather than fall in the confusion of what happened to Baba, it gave us a story we could tell ourselves and each other so that we can carry on in lives. Before the rituals, I did not sleep at nights for a single day, and following it, I could - I could knowing that I felt there was some closure.

Death isn't romantic and pure intellectualization cannot help us cope with it. There is a need for collective role-play, catharsis, expression, and mourning which have been an integral part of all cultures since millennia. You might think while I narrated the long elaborate rituals how extraaa everything is but isn't it all a small form of the manifestation of the same human instincts that led to making of the Taj Mahal and the Pyramids?

Netflix's series - Bad Boy Billionaires covers the adventures of three Indian billionaires - Vijay Mallya, Nirav Modi and Saharashri Subrata Roy - who rose to the skies as high as low they fell from there.

It made me think about how each one of them used the 'doing it for India' excuse to qualify their actions. Each one of them had a vision for India - one wanted to give it a unique luxury lifestyle, the other created a world-renowned Indian brand to the likes of Gucci and Versace, the other built 'the world's largest family' - each of these was a form of scam.

I think in the Indian subconscious we have learnt to be suspicious for the right reasons when we are offered nationalism - sometimes it is so that we vote a certain party, sometimes it is so we watch 11 people play a sport and be emotionally vested in it, sometimes it is used to sell us a movie.

Just like liberal values on their own are great liberators and empowerers, they can be used as instruments of moral policing, suppression of opinions and na~vety to evil - similarly nationalism has its own pros and cons.

On it's own it makes you feel part of a larger group of humans with whom you work to create a huge opportunity, you feel part of a large historical tradition, you feel happy in the success of the nation - but then in the hand of crooks, it becomes a tool of emotional manipulation - very much like toxic liberalism - it is an instrument of control, suppression of dissent and like the bad billionaires, a godly feel-good delusion that makes you ignore the elephants in the room.

In the end, I feel every ideology you own finally ends up owning you - whether it be loving your nation or loving its people - each one of these eats on your individuality, makes you a +1 for the ideology's strength. Even when you are a sane unique creature, the pathological element of the ideology, as every ideology has, tries to induct you into it, using you as a shield to protect itself.

My instinct says that the solution is not to shun all ideas because then what is the difference between you and a platypus? The right strategy should be to flirt with ideas while also carrying the escape switch with you so that when you see the ideology try to own you, you pull the trigger and escape. At this point in my life, I think I have flirted with both liberal and conservative values and have seen the pathology in both of them and the need of both of them. Rather than A vs B, I now see them as two ingredients - like sugar and salt to the larger recipe of what goes into making a good society. Both are needed, and both in excess or scarcity will spoil the dish.

Life Lessons so far:

1. When life teaches, it is through painful experiences, not via beautiful entertaining stories.
2. You yourself cheat yourself. You are always under the control of your shadow. Look at it, look at yourself, look at parts of yourself you would not confront and the whole world will reveal itself before you.
3. Listen closely to people who think like you but listen triply close to those who don't because they might have something interesting to say.
4. Pay 10x attention to what people do compared to what people say. People often don't know what they do and why they do.
5. Don't let value judgment laden words like liberal, conservative, nationalist, scientific, spiritual, etc cloud your rationality.
6. Ask yourself - what is something everyone seems to believe but is scared of admitting - that will tell you more about them than what they say.
7. Speed of thought > Speed of Pixels > Speed of words
8. You can only help someone from a position of strength.
9. Competitive Collaboration beats Emotional Collaboration
10. 90% people are shit. You often are part of the 90%.
11. Systems control people.
12. Wishful thinking is not the same as doing.
13. Focused niches are better than generalized masses.
14. Men and Women are different. People are different. Evolutionarily, we all have a status counter built within us. Anyone who says we are equal is lying. People should have similar opportunities - it is more of a system design affair than an emotional, political statement. People are unequal, society has hierarchies. Strength is respected and weakness is abhorred. There is no joy or redemption in being weak.

15. Friendships are only suitable between people with strength who have a bargaining ground. It is easier to fill voids of weaknesses through collaboration approached from position of strengths. In absolute weakness, you will be detested and will be on a downhill.

16. Don't be a wimp. Being a strong principled person in their most miserable condition is far far better than a delusional wimp with no moral principles.

17. Not everyone deserves respect. Respect is to be earned. Do not flatter people in order to be liked. Do not be desperate.

This has really helped me engage with people better, I hope it will help you too.

Remember: Compliment using precise terms & criticize using broad terms.

Example: I loved the third paragraph - especially where it says "the brittle fabric of time" - it really adds impact to your essay or "Oh I loved the vibrato - it was so soulful - it adds such an edge to the song - very much in contrast with the mellow melancholic music"

versus: while I really liked the vocabulary, I think you can do some work on the pacing or "I think a more bright palette would have made this even more exciting"

Why?

1. People take compliments less seriously than criticisms. Unless your compliment is very specific and original, people discard it as social mannerisms - so saying "nice" or "so good" is really disappointing. Show enthusiasm when you want to compliment, show that you paid attention.

2. The slightest criticism stays in the mind while all positive things get washed away. So, if you make it 1x pointed and it will be 10x sharp in their mind. So if it is a general request for feedback, make your criticism positive and vague - it will help your friend distance that feedback from eating their self-worth.

When to ignore this suggestion?

The only exception to this rule is when someone very close to you specifically asks for "critical suggestion" should you go into specifics or if you have domain expertise on the matter and that you can in addition to the critique also provide enough actionable steps to take - then you should mention the specifics - In all other cases, shut up and use broad terms.

I wish there was a guy like Jordan Peterson in the context of India who could explain to us

the psychology of partition - what did it do to our psyche,

they could explain to us why Bengal has a more liberal, artistic bent than other states,

why do Indians do so well in managerial roles in the West but do not do as well as founders themselves or

what psychologically is the implication of caste,

is the Hindu-Muslim tussle more abstract - akin to systems like communism vs capitalism [one free of classes - of the ummah vs one laden with classes and distinctions],

is there a sexual undertone to the religious dynamics,

what was the epistemological motive of each Veda and how did they impact the present-day Indian society,

what factors led to the poor Indian middle-class work diligently hard while those in other cultures dwindled to violence,

what is the psychological pillar behind the Sanskaar model of life,

what are the archetypes behind Krishna and Rama,

what happened to us as a nation psychologically in the 90s when we liberalized,

how exactly did Buddhism and Jainism improve upon the Vedantic philosophy on the conceptualization of dharma and life

What happened psychologically behind the formation of Khalsa - how did a masculine offshoot of Sikhism emerged from an otherwise feminine religion of Hinduism

How did Dravidian states especially Tamil Nadu see their relationship with Sanskrit and Northified India co-exist with their own identity?

Is there cultural androgyny to Hinduism - how did it interact with the Victorian polarized culture during colonialism

What whiteness is symbol of in India

Why is India an introverted nation not interested in expanding its territory unlike China

How does India live physically in a democracy but conceptually still is a monarchy

Why India craves for heroes - in actors and sports stars - the lack of father figure in collective consciousness

How Bollywood captured the subconscious themes of the collective psyche? [A typical family in KJo's movies that is wealthy and based in London in par with the whites but is deeply sanskari] - paisa bhi, sanskar bhi

Who is Modi symbolically - what does he represent?

How is the cyclically periodic structure of Dharmic mental models different from linear hierarchical structures of Logos based Western models?

There are so many themes out there to study and understand which require an original perspective to look at them - I have tried so hard to look for material I could read that doesn't bore me to death that is intellectual but also relatable - that is a void that is wide open and hopefully should be filled.

Have you given it a thought as to why is euthanasia taboo? I am not talking about it in the context of being terminally ill - like in general - why would one not want to end their life when they are in their 60s when they can still walk and run, are happy about things, and just feel spending more time living will only deteriorate their quality of life.

Why do we as a society wait for our heart to fail or our legs to stop working and then quietly wait for death to come - why not voluntarily go away at will, with your family by your side at a time you decide?

Don't get me wrong - I do see the value of old age - growing old with the person you love while playing with your grandkids and just enjoying retirement but this is only the best-case scenario - what about the many many others for whom that life is a burden?

I feel the answer honestly lies in economics - as a society healthcare is really a money-making business with the old people making a big proportion of clientele. We have a unhealthy obsession with retirement where waste away our present to delay hobbies, interests and activities for later time, for a comfortable retirement.

If we could plan our deaths, we would have a much more efficient and I assume a mentally healthy life.

People diagnosed with AIDS or some serious form of Cancer should have every right to leave with dignity and not have to endure suffering. We as a society push people to commit suicide in insane ways because this whole topic is so omg so awkward umm..

The counter-argument I imagine needs to be answered is that it sets precedence for anyone with even slight levels of stress to consider ending their life. I see it. So maybe we could have a application window of like 1 year where you wait until approval so that if you change your mind, you can opt-out.

I understand why this is very underdeveloped an idea with several aspects that needs discussion but what I know for sure is our current status quo of handling death is so rudimentary - we pay huge costs by seeing our loved ones end their lives in secrecy for thousands of reasons - if we had a formal way to apply to end our lives, we could have more regulated ways of handling our collective pain and not make life such a hyper anxious game to play.

Bedtime Stories for Kids (2/n)

A wealthy man in Kashi was invited to the year long feast with Kubera, the Hindu God of wealth. The man was overjoyed and acknowledged. Prepared, he came to the feast to witness 72,000 delicious dishes lined up with no limit on the quantity one could have.

He saw Indra feast on the delicious Malai Koftas, Shiva relishing a lovely thandai, Durga enjoy the Odia Roshogollas, Ganesha filling up his belly with the sweet modaks and Krishna gobbling some dem cheesecakes.

It was amazing - top quality food from every corner of the world. The man didn't want to waste his hunger and wanted to eat the best dish there was.

He walked and walked, his mouth filling with saliva at every turn, his footsteps dragged by the lovely aroma of every third dish, his eyes dazzled by the lovely colors of every dish - yet he was determined he will waste his hunger by consuming anything less than the best. What if after the feast he knows there was a secret dish that he didn't come across?

So he walked and walked battling his senses for hours and days determined to find the best dish.

Unable to find the best dish of them all, six days later, he fainted and soon died - of starvation, in front of the 72,000 tonnes of food.

A big problem with motherly leaders who are your stereotypical cheerful, positive, motivating types is to be unintentionally disrespectful by being patronizing.

Patronizing is different from Condescending.

Condescending behavior:

"Oh, this is well above your capability. Let someone else handle it"

versus

"Hey! How are you ^_^ I saw your comment on the thread, but just wanted to confirm if you understood everything. I am here to support you, any blocker - please ping me anytime. We are here to help you fasten your productivity - consult XYZ if you get stuck"

Notice how the second part looks helpful on the surface but seems like someone is talking to a baby - any self-respecting individual will not like this unwanted baby talk, people want to be treated as adults, capable and intelligent.

An authoritarian boss will likely to be condescending and an overly positive leader will be patronizing. Both are toxic but the former usually is easy to spot and discuss while the second is more subtle and nuanced.

It takes time to even spot someone who is being patronizing. Women face this, a lot from men who try to be supportive but end up infantilizing them by talking down. When I find that happening to me, I call it out there on - like 'hey, I feel you are being supportive but also a tad bit patronizing. You don't have to handhold me, you can trust me with this responsibility'.

That does the job. So yeah, don't let someone talk down to you, okay baby shona mona gooloo gooloo, please let me know if you did not understand this post, I can help explain in detail okay bye <3

Hello frands - for my Instagram community, I had made a collage of the profile pictures of my 20,000 followers and people really wanted to make such a viz for themselves.

I made a Chrome Extension that lets you make it for yourself - that is, a mosaic version of the Insta users you follow / people who follow you. You can even export info like their usernames, image URLs, are they verified or not as a CSV file.

Find the extension here:

<https://chrome.google.com/webstore/detail/ig-collage-exporter/ghpoibhjomebllgmfdiklaiiicffgbjn>

I have set the limit of 500 users (above which I have introduced a paywall). Please DM me if you would want that removed, I will be happy to do it for my friends.

Danke.

Oooh also, the image you see here is interactive in the extension, so you can also click on any interesting looking thumbnail whose identity you are not sure and be taken to their profile

I hope you keep exposing celebrities who are exploiting humanity's collective vulnerabilities. Marie Kondo - I liked your show but this video made me realize how you are playing with everybody's emotions and that is totally not cool. I and Ankita both believe that it is alright to not throw stuff even if they don't give us joy.

More power to you, Ankita! Keep doing this good work! Show people like Marie Kondo how it is done.

A Suitable Boy is a very surreal 6 episode ka series that makes me want to speak in this British-Indian hybrid English that belongs neither to India nor to Britain. It is precisely for its unrelatableness that I loved this series so much.

Not to reveal a lot of stuff but essentially there are two parallel stories - one of Maan (Ishaan Khattar) - the son of a Hindu politician come of age and find his love in Saeeda Bai (Tabu) - an entertainer, which brings disgrace to his family. He has a (very close) friend - Firoz who is the son of his father's friend - Nawab with whom his friendship seems borderline romantic. The story explores Hindu-Muslim tensions in the post partition India as Ishaan's father tries abolishing the zamindari system in India. Then there is Lata - this untiringly smiling girl whose mother is obsessed with finding a groom for her and then they have elaborate meetings and travels for that process. The story revolves around Maan and Lata throughout.

I haven't read the book but the whole series is so surreal. It is adapted for the screen by a 86 year old white man who made it for the BBC - the characters are odd because maybe it is how he thinks Indian people are.

I am not entirely sure who the series is made for - an Indian audience or the British because the characters speak like this "Now I shall be asking for your permission to go" or "It has been a delight for me to meet you this evening" - not just urban folks but even the rural poor people speak like this. Maybe it's a 1951 post-Independence India ka thing - who knows. The casting is phenomenal with people like Tabu, Vinay Pathak, Ishan Khattar, Rasika Duggal, and few new people who have done a good job.

The series is peppered with few sentences of Urdu, Hindi, Bengali, vernacular Bhojpuri, and even Czech - so it's pretty interesting throughout.

Um, it's a decent one time watch, particularly for its novelty and subtle so-bad-it-is-good dialogues.

Just witnessed a flock of pigeons fly choreographically on the terrace. I have watched videos of flocking but never witnessed it in real life.

I know about flocking because a guy called Carl Reynolds had formalized their motion algorithmically coining the term "boid" to refer to such a system. Every agent in a boid is doing three things at once when flocking: steering (maintaining distance from surrounding 7-8 agents), aligning (maintain the velocity aligned to the average velocity of nearby agents) and cohesing (always flying towards the local centre of mass). These forces simulated for each agent gives us the flocking motion.

I never knew why do they do this though. It struck me today when I saw an eagle or a vulture flying nearby that made it click that it wasn't a dance these guys were doing but a survival strategy to dodge the predator and confuse it. Well it did work because I saw the predator fly away very far and right then the pigeons returned back to their original perching/shitting places.

There once was a boy who made round wooden balls.

He left his home, set up a workshop in the forest and made round wooden balls.

A visitor found this space and asked him "Oh. Look at this! What is the use of all these balls?"

"Nothing", he said. "I just like making round wooden balls"

"Oh sure there must be use to it"

"Um I dont think so", the boy replied.

The visitor astonished by all the round wooden balls of different textures, sizes and colors but the same round shape goes back and gets a lot many journalists with him.

"Possible bearings in wooden cart construction", "No, probably floatation device for hydroponic applications", "Ah no, it can be simply for generating heat minimizing the exposed surface area for long lasting flame".

"Nope, I just like making them"

"Possibly a research into wooden tensile stress yielding", "It is artistic. He wants to send a message about the fragile nature of humanity constantly under friction turning itself into a blob of dead wood"

The boy looked with slanty eyes - "No, making the roundest ball is my end goal in itself. There is no other end goal I am striving towards"

"Well, what an absolute waste of time and energy!", "Well you can definitely make some inscriptions on your balls and sell these to the lords, cant you", "Why not take up some sculptural workshop and train people" "Why not make cubes and add some variety"

The boy said nothing and kept on making his round wooden balls.

The news spread every where. Daily news column was introduced in the local newspaper "A ball a day"

Soon, a folk of round wooden ball enthusiasts came and started making round wooden balls like him. They aspired to be him, to do work like him.

One fine day, after years of slogging in the workshop, the boy got the roundest wooden ball. Surface so smooth, one would confuse it for a brown marble ball.

The boy smiled and left to resume his life, leaving behind a million and one round wooden balls.

Hindutva, at its core, is an attempt to 'fix' the crisis of masculinity in Hinduism (in Jungian terms, evoke the "shadow").

It offers a framework to the Hindu man to stand upon, which he psychologically finds absent in the fluid form of masculinity evoked in the expressiveness and ornamentation of Krishna, one where Vishnu transforms into Mohini and Shiv

merges with Shakti to form the Ardhanareshwar. It is so much better than the emasculating Gandhian way of life which asks us to show another cheek when hit.

It is no surprise that Rama is the face of the new 'masculine Hinduism' - a wise man who stands up to his enemy, rescues his wife, and then makes sacrifices for his praja. This is the kind of man who would have protected us against the barbaric Muslims, the attackers, the alpha males riding their horses stealing our wives and daughters. This is the kind of wise man who would have outsmarted the smart and intelligent British, not letting the Rajya fall to cunning outsiders.

Hindutva is an attempt of storytelling that is a culture's psychological attempt to cope with the aspiration to be a Vishva-Guru with the reality of living in a poor third world country.

I do not think Hindutva is misguided. In fact, I empathize deeply with Him. He is the part of the psyche who wanted to hit back twice as hard but was asked to be quiet, to be nice. He understands, even appreciates the feminine in Hinduism who is accepting like a mother but who he believes is incapable of withstanding the masculine power of Islam.

Let me conceptualize what Islam is from Hindutva's perspective and why Hindutva secretly even envies Islam - this is self admittedly a corrupt description that ignores the softer sides of Islam, but it presents what it is. Islam as a religion is born out of a struggle to survive. In contrast with the fertile plains of India, it is a clan that has fought hard to conquer the scorchy deserts. It does not glorify the feminine, it is rooted in masculinity which sees the feminine as something to be protected, not celebrated. He is not confused about his beliefs, he does not replace his traditional attires with the clothes of his colonizer, he worships 5 times a day - and exerts his identity, he is not ashamed of exerting his masculine dominance over his women.

As for the Western man, he is not as intimidating physically as he is mentally. The imagined Pushpaka Vimana feels jaded in front of the West's real flying vehicles. West is adventurous, looking beyond his land to spread his wings, he has won wars, played tactics that outwitted even the Muslims. The Hindutva mind actually respects the West, even thanks it for dismantling the Islamic empire of India. It respects its innovative mind and ability to generate wealth - there is some relatability with Hinduism's own embedded innovativeness in mathematics and trade. This is why the Hindutva psyche seeks the validation of the West, does not mind Him as strongly as he minds Islam.

Hindutva sees the whole 60 years of Congress as a degenerative phase of Gandhian principles. He is a capitalist who has witnessed the power of the West. He thinks of socialist and communist ideologies as models of weakness, strategies followed by the losers to feel good about themselves. Modi, therefore, is not a person, he is an abstraction - a father figure of a culture who felt fatherless for many many years. Hindutva is the story of the shy, good boy who is bullied by the bully and decides to hide his sensitivities to fight back.

Any form of storytelling picks certain elements from reality, magnifies it, and shapes it as the worldview. In the process of tackling the imagined Islam, Hindutva risks obsessively becoming like it and seeing its feminine side as a deterrent, risking developing a self-loathing complex where elements that do not conform to the masculine will be hated. In the process, Hinduism risks losing the innocence of Hinduism and its legacy of intellectual exploration.

This story on its own is incomplete. If not this, then what really IS the real conceptualization of being a man? While this story might provide us with short term confidence boost, an over-reliance will devalue scientific thinking where reason and logic will become slaves to identity.

You cannot beat a narrative by pointing out its flaws. You have to provide an alternate narrative. For now, the Hindutva narrative will win because no other narrative addresses the psychological needs of a lot of Indians - both men and women. I wish we had deep thinkers who could discuss in-depth, with their vast experience sets about Hindutva without jumping to call it the Nazi fascist propaganda. Underlying, there is deep psychological angst that needs attention which will only grow with condemnation.

Order and chaos make the fundamental pair of forces in the realm of abstractions, but we live them experientially in different forms - one of which is as wisdom and passion.

Wisdom is order, Passion is chaos. One grounds us, another makes us explode - both offer us value and cause us to harm in excess.

One of the ways I have experienced is through my relationship with India. A few years back, I was bursting with optimism about this country, its heritage, its people, and its importance in the future history of humanity. It became one of the major themes of my life to understand myself through the concept of what it means to be an Indian.

"We are the blessed generation with the privilege to make foundational changes in our nation! We can build India's Googles and Microsofts. We are witnessing a third world country transform into a developed one" - was my passion.

Recently, spending some time here and understanding the nuances, I am also seeing the other sides that... I wouldn't say make me pessimistic but more realistic.

I understand how unguided passion makes us inefficient. The chaotic energy does not let us stick to one particular area. Like it lets us be fascinated with the Himalayan range in general but never sure enough to pick a specific peak to climb"

I see how an obsession with concepts dilutes our ability to build realistic bridges. It makes us overlook the problems that are deep-rooted. It gives us a false sense of hope that everyone else is on the same path as we are.

Wisdom gives us weight to our feet so that we do not get swayed too much by the winds of passion. It lets us channelize our passion to one domain, not dilute it to every domain possible. In excess, however, it degrades from being an anchor to become a leash.

Wisdom makes us aware of the traps - the ignorance of which we would have made the jump and probably would have reached a place we never thought we would.

I think the best way is to learn to modulate wisdom and passion both temporally and also contextually - the same way we walk in the world with push and pull - in the world of abstractions and semantics, it is chaos and order that have to work in tandem. Realistically, it is to know what our domain is - a specific domain and then unleash our wild creative forces within that domain and ace it. That seems to be the best optimal way, as of now.

Maybe instead of seeing patriotism as an end goal, one should pick one domain and do their best job in that domain. That would help the nation or the world in a far greater way than to have our focus diluted away.

"But not everything will work for you. I certainly couldn't get respect from engineers for domain knowledge because I had none. So I started with empathy and logic and built up other weak areas. Put conscious effort into building traits to become a person, your team respects and is willing to listen to."

This article is a pure gem for anyone in or considering to be in the Product Management domain. @[1102115464:2048:Ankita] has contributed to @[1071492166198966:274:Shipsy]'s tremendous growth and in this article, she has distilled her experience and lessons.

I think have perfected my answer to the question "How are you a software engineer when you studied Architecture?"

As I was answering this for the 117th time with the 117th variation, I was so impressed with my answer, I jotted it down. here it goes.

.....

We live in two worlds. One is which you can touch and feel. The other you feel but can't touch. That is the world through which we order food, we commute, we do banking and we meet new people. Going forward, that world will become the primary stage where our consciousness dwells and this physical world will just be a secondary container for our physical form.

Instead of plots of land, I design my spaces on plots of pixels. I dictate what thousands of people process visually, by dictating which color every pixel would display, by dictating how the electrons in your device will move according to my

wish. Instead of concrete and steel, my materials are React components and bunch of API requests.

I am an architect, just not of this physical world.

.....

Fuck that is so good. It is more poetic than it is informative but it sure does sound sassy.

The movie adaptation of the White Tiger is on Netflix. I glanced through the first six minutes with a feeling of disgust, every second harder to watch than the last. Don't get me wrong, the movie seems alright, but I can't help but feel like my personal secrets being told out loud as a lowly public act almost unholy.

The White Tiger for a very long time was the only novel I had read in my life. The book was a gift my friends from Vizag gifted me before I went to IIT. It was hard to finish one but I did so, finding few minutes in the train, few staying up in the night - stepping into my own universe of unique amazing characters. The White Tiger was that book I would recommend to only the coolest of my friends. It was my book.

And now it is up for takes, by every lazy idiot who will get a ramp walk swagat to that universe while I had to crawl through that dirty tunnel underground. It will be just another box in the flurry of Netflix's boxes.

I wonder if this disgust is the kind of existential envy our grandparents have for us when they see us order food with our phones and the envy we will have for our grandchildren who can take a lung cancer vaccine or a space metro. I wonder if this is the feeling of alienation born out of mass production Marx talked about in Das Capital.

Well, happy enjoying The White Tiger, asshole. I watched it first though.

Some tips if you are a creative free spirited type trying to survive in the corporate world

1. Ensure your salary is worth your sacrifice

99% of you shall decide to do a corporate job for the financial stability. You will have to pay a price for it. Either your mental bandwidth or your social life. Please ensure you are compensated well otherwise you will lose all motivation when the going gets tough. Learn to negotiate and get a salary you will be okay to give up some freedom for.

2. Respect the world of order

As a creative person you are a citizen of the world of chaos. You are likely to look down at the world of order, of predicability just as they will look down at

you for lacking discipline. While you are at a corporate, learn how the world works, how businesses run, how people can be managed and how prioritisation is done. By learning how to be a cog in the machine you will have a greater appreciation for your creative power. You do not have to sulk to work everyday. While you are at work, hone your team working skills and find a way to connect it to your life.

3. Dress well

If you are the creative hippie types you will not care a lot about your physical appearance because you consider it a thing for the normies. My experience tells that you dress well for yourself not for others. Lex Friedman says that he always wears suits anytime he interacts with people because it makes him take whatever he does more seriously. If you dress well you also come across as someone who has got their shit together. Learn how to iron your clothes for heaven's sake.

4. Be punctual

This does the same thing as dressing well does. Earns you brownie points for keeping your shit together.

5. Make space for creativity outside work

Have a vent for you to channel your creativity outside work. It can be something simple like a small Instagram account where you post your poetry. Don't do it for likes, do it for self expression and creative rebellion.

6. Learn to work with people you don't like

Do small talk. Learn to work for people you don't like or respect. Liking someone you work with is great but it shouldn't be a deal breaker. Pretend if that is what it takes to get your job done. Eventually when you stick long enough pretending to like someone you do come across genuinely nice things about them that you can then base your work relationship on. Focus on others' strengths than their weaknesses.

7. Make goals for yourself in workplace

Set goals for yourself. The power and the dynamism you bring to your creative endeavors can also be extended to boring shit job. Work is work. If you like your work, great. But if you don't, still get it done. Don't let small things become a deal breaker. Enjoy the lows, enjoy the disappointments. Great learnings about your own self come when you are uncomfortable and out of your creative zone.

8. Realise creativity without discipline is poison

Creativity is garam masala. You cannot have it for lunch. You can add it to potato mash and make a nicer potato mash. You can't eat garam masala. If you are 100% creative you will either be poor or deluded.

9. Don't contribute to toxicity

Corporate is a great place for toxic low on ambition people to make others suffer, neither grow nor let others grow. If you have to work with these people, do it without letting this toxicity get you. This is a skill. Hone it. Do not reciprocate it by being another toxic asshole. At the same time do not try to be a messiah trying to stand out too much.

10. Have a strategy and an exit strategy

Always have plan B if things don't work out. It will help you exercise leverage to ask for raise and also prevent you from getting too comfortable.

11. Learn about investment

Learn about taxes. Learn about stocks. Learn about ESOPs. Become a fucking adult.

12. That's it. I didn't want to end on 11.

Yes and it is okay. Like our lovers, we look for multiple people in our friends. An entertainer, a mentor, a baby, a companion, a supporter, a therapist, a sibling and it isn't possible. It is way too much of expectation on others and ourselves.

Let us learn not to dismiss otherwise good friendships because they do not either make us laugh or support us. I think it is perfectly alright to just have hanging out friends or existentialist friends or the long travel friends. Not everyone will fit all our expectations and that's okay.

Hello everyone, you guys have been part of my life through and through and so I want to come out to you all today about an important part of my life.

All my life I thought I was a millennial - a 90s kid. I pretended to understand early 90s references. But I recently found out thanks to Mckinsey that I am in fact a GenZ.

I am done pretending. Pretending like I am someone who I am not. I thought as the rest of the old aging millennials I was also lazy and confused. But no, I am in fact like the GenZ - anxious and depressed.

Nothing about me has changed - you only now know something more about me, so I hope our friendship stays unaltered. Thanks, everyone for making my coming out experience so easy.

Hail Billie Eilish, the queen of my generation.

In praise of Delhi A city most fascinating of all Unlike the dysfunctional Bangalore Or the hyper political Mumbai Or the crowded Kolkata Or the xenophobic Madras

A city that sits in the intersection Of Rajputs Mughals Afghans and Rajas Of
flavors of independence and traditions Of romance of Urdu and vigor of Sanskrit
Of saffron and green

Your people are told to be superficial But I call them ambitious Your city is
cover picture for pollution Yet I see endurance in your life

You have led this nation for years Maybe not in the best way But atleast in
a stable way You embrace the arts and cuisine of Kolkata You embrace the
traditions and freedom of Chennai You embrace the open mindedness of Mumbai
And the comforts of Bangalore

You possess the abundance of Punjab And traditions of Uttar Pradesh You have
the agility of Haryana And the warmth of Rajasthan You have the modesty of
Himachal And the spirit of Kashmir

Your cows and pigeons Your peaking high rises Your elaborate wedding halls
Your narrow mohalla galis Your parathe and your gaddis Your inqalaabs and
your sanskaars fascinate me inspire me

The goras call you colors and chaos I was embarassed by that comment I thought
it was too kitsche But when I watched you I learnt you gave dignities to the two
You are indeed colors and chaos

I love you more for your blue boards With English Hindi Punjabi and Urdu A
horocrux reminding us the layers you hide underneath absolute ordinary

Delhi, I bow to thee.

Men in pink shirts

I have noticed in my office of 80 on any random day there are atleast 4 men
wearing pink shirts. I am deeply curious how the sociological dynamics of pink
has evolved with time.

I remember as a kid being mortified of being around anything pink, fearing of
being accused of the greatest sin a boy could commit - to be effeminate.

So why would men voluntarily wear pink shirts? Does it simply mean they like
the color pink? Or are they signalling that they are confident enough in their
sexuality to not give a damn about stereotypical colors. Or is it a conscious
decision to welcome a bit of feminine into themselves to signal that they have a
softer side to them? Or is it purely for the shock value of making a statement?

Maybe it is easier to just ask one of them rather than write a Facebook post
about it. Or is it?

Tbh pink is actually a nice color. ढ ुढ ·

12 Rules for Life The Indian Version

#1. Earn money.

India's socialist history and our weak religious interpretations make us perceive capital as a bad word. We aren't fully to blame. A corrupt system ensures that only the corrupt, powerful and strong get to own capital. Times are changing.

India is rapidly digitalising. Skill acquisition is getting freed from the license raj zamindar universities and is getting democratized on YouTube. PayTM and BharatPe are enabling millions of Indians to create wealth by their own will and talent, not by the mercy of a Maharaja.

Simply by learning how to earn wealth and then manage wealth, you fix a lot of things in life

1. You learn how the world works. Money is a symbol for the society to say "Thank you for your service. Here is some power to make us do anything you want". For that power you need to do your part and share the Atlassian load of bearing some load of society. Learning how to earn money makes you value creativity and talent, be responsible to others, it makes you learn how to work with people and not see the world as how it should be but how it really is.

2. You become a better human being

For being productive you have to get so many things right. You have to answer what is worthy inside you that someone will be willing to pay you. It forces you to acquire new skills and have order in your life. It teaches you the effort and gratification that labor, creativity and a sense of ownership can offer. All these factors contribute to you becoming a better, more sorted human being.

3. Life is less painful

Life as it is, by its design itself is suffering. Communistic nostalgia tainted in sugar tells you we were always happy. Life by its very design is suffering. You shall see your parents die, see yourself age, witness pain, hurt and hunger. We have diseases and murders. Life is swans and also mosquitoes. Life is no kind mother, she is a pawn master completely nonchalant if millions die.

Money gives you control over life. It lets you write your own destiny. It lets us battle the evils of life. Money can also certainly become also an agent to catalyse the evils of life but in the hands of the wise it will always be an agent of prosperity.

Earn money. Level up. There is no fun or hidden gravitas in staying poor.

India left on her own would have been this nation with modern Dharmic values compatible with modern Western values with a foot on metaphysical and another on cutting edge scientific enquiry. As a colonised fucktard shithole third world country that it is now, she follows her illusionary coloniser appropriating her historic self confused and bewildered self lacking a spine of her self.

Wake the fuck up India. This isn't you. You aren't Saudi Arabia. You aren't America. Stop following rules of your white masters. Wake the fuck up.

There is little difference between software engineers and laborers, atleast the ones working in the typical business settings where they act as translators translating business plans to machine code. For the most part there is little emphasis on creativity and innovation that tech is characterized to be.

I see what Marx meant by alienation of work in the capitalist system. Building one dashboard after another is not very different from wrapping boxes in a conveyor belt. The vision of the top level founders is trickled down to implementation via the Business Managers and Product Managers supervised by the Project Managers, all different kind of laborers but with some limited control over the proletariat.

I see now where the rebellious origins of Open source must have come from and why communist ideas are popular amidst some software folks because I see absolutely no difference between farmers and coders other than which muscle they use to earn their salary.

Like the laborers who leave the cities they build once the job is over, coders are replaceable in the long run as their effort gets embedded in their code free to run without its creator, just like the effort of the laborer gets baked into the steel and concrete of the buildings they make.

I don't know where am getting with this but this is an interesting little sparrow of an idea that fluttered in my mind and I would delve deeper into this soon

Here is a hypothetical quirky hack. If you want to gauge how stable a family is, check if they have ice cubes in the freezer.

The hypothesis is that families that are not stable will not have the time to think about making ice cubes (unless they drink). For someone to do this, they must have time in hand to think about something as mundane as this, meaning they have a stable family life going on.

Who keeps ice cubes in their freezer?

I think I and Tagore would be good friends if he was in my college. He articulates national personalities really well. Here is a piece from his article "Nationalism in India" where he contrasts the prude pessimism of European civilization with the enthusiastic optimism of America, here meaning the USA.

I am surprised India's identity crisis is something even Tagore thought about. Why do we not have imaginative discourses like this anymore? Why do we lack such oration today? Where is the depth and creativity in modern ideas?

Tomorrow is my birthday and I would request you to wish my parents instead of me, if you were planning to wish me, that is.

I have been thinking that it is a lot bigger deal to our parents that we were born than it is to us.

They became parents. They waited for 9 months. They became the happiest on this day. We just popped out.

So let me start. Congratulations DrMadhuri Patel and A K Choudhury on becoming parents 26 years ago. I can only imagine how happy you must have been to have me. I love you two so so much.

Happy 26th Parenthood Anniversary!

Please donate to XYZ and for a minimum of 10,000 rupees, you can adore me and have 30 minutes of my precious time. Ugh, the narcissism.

Since when is the current situation a money problem? If you are a tax-paying citizen, you have done your part - while the rest of the countries ordered vaccines for themselves in August, our simple-minded government hadn't done that even in January. Just as you cannot make even a teaspoon of orange juice with tons of apples, you cannot solve what is a system design issue with tons of money.

India's jugaad mentality is over-rated and hides our incompetence in designing robust systems.

I have been convinced that political discourse and social issues cannot be solved with logic. The logic is an afterthought with respect to your identity. The logic is storytelling, a narrative you form based on where you place yourself in the identity spectrum. I have delved deeper into why this is so in a previous post - identity comes from the mammalian part of the brain - the emotional part which is way older than the part that synthesises logic - the linguistic brain.

Narratives and ideologies cannot be defeated by logic - a narrative has to be replaced by another narrative.

Here is an illustration are four stories - generalized and simplified that try to summarize the nature of ideologies of four different ideology x force combinations - these are intentionally simplified.

An argument on the impact of Hinduism on India {Right, Left} x {Pros, Cons}

1. Right x Pros

Hinduism is the reason India exists as a unified concept. Had it been left to the Christian colonizers or the Islamic invaders, the concept of India wouldn't exist. Hinduism is the most tolerant of all religions - which is why it could

accommodate all diversities of its multiethnic people and form a common basis for this continuous civilization. India does not exist without Hinduism - the terms 'India' and 'Hinduism' are one and the same. It can even be argued that all Dharmic derivatives of Hinduism - Jainism, Sikhism, Buddhism are extensions of Sanatana Dharma - not a religion but a life philosophy - even the Indiaized Islam has Dharmic influences that make it unique and different from the barbaric form of Islam in Middle East. The day Hinduism weakens, the existence of India shall be under threat.

Who is likely to have this narrative: Children of government servants, upper middle class Hindus generally socially upper class, traditional families, nuclear families, more likely to be North Indians / have moved around India quite a bit.

2. Right x Cons

Hinduism has been hijacked for 60 years of spiritual degeneracy and impotency. She has been falsely made to believe in the delusional idea of "Vasudhev Kutumbakam". Immasculine figures like Mahatma Gandhi have made Hinduism a drug of weakness that has made the average Hindu incapable of defending himself and his family. Only when the true Hindu awakens like the great Shivaji or like the veer Ram, we shall be free mentally from the shackles of our erstwhile Islamic and British colonial powers. Damage made by communist powers in the last 60 years such as reservations, anti-Hindu laws and leftist liberal ideas have corrupted the spiritual harmony unique to Hinduism. The current form of weak Hinduism must collapse and a revigorated, virile Hinduism needs to rise and be the father figure for this nation that has been orphaned by its weak leaders.

Who is likely to have this narrative: lower middle class, rural upper/middle caste families, generally having some psychological component that is being compensated for, joint families, conscientiousness > openness

3. Left x Pros

It is easy for a post-colonial nation to crumble down into a failed nation due to practical challenges such as implementing a stable economy, setting up industries, enforcing democracy, reducing corruption. Not just that, there are also more abstract challenges like making people optimistic so that they do not dwindle into violence and act as anti-state agents. Hinduism essentially has ensured the majority of Indians stay faithful and have a reason to not lose hope despite its many challenges as a new nation. The monogamous family unit structure has ensured it does not face the epidemic of the fatherless upbringing of children faced by several Latin and African post-colonial nations. It has acted as an interface between political change and social change - allowing gradual decay of social evils like child marriage and widow burning without generating huge backlash. Overall, it has been an agent of positivity in a situation that could easily turn dystopian.

Who is likely to have this narrative: urban nuclear family, educated, affluent.
Big 5: High on Agreeableness, low on Neuroticism, someone who has spent most

of their lives in urban / tier 1 cities, affluent / exposure to Western culture, has a liberal upbringing, usually a working mother who is educated

4. Left x Cons

The reason for most problems in India -from the oppression of women to minorities, upholding of its patriarchal bigotry all stems directly and indirectly from Hinduism. It legitimizes the colonialization of cultures that are clearly different from the savarna upper caste male dominated Aryan-Brahminical light-skin-color-obsessed culture of North India by imposing the label of "Hinduism" on them. Examples include oppression of Nagas, indigenous tribes of Bastar, tribal cultures in the south of India, Muslims in Kashmir and Dalits all over India. Its obsession with Hindi has endangered local languages and its glorification of male-centric traditional worldview has suppressed the rights of LGBTQ+ individuals and women. It has acted as a drug for the masses to forget about the basic essentials like infrastructure, health, literacy, progress in science and instead focus on delusional narratives of fictional gods and goddesses.

Who is likely to have this narrative: high on openness and neuroticism, low on conscientiousness and agreeableness, usually a psychological trauma is being compensated such as being part of an oppressed social identity, facing abandonment issue as a child, internalizing pain of their parents, urban / semi-urban upbringing in nuclear families. Generally with an arts/creative background.

For one to break out of being a pawn of an ideology, one has to first know what the ideology is and improve upon the psychological supports that the ideology offers. Individuality is the only solution to being free from ideology.

Based on my recent not so useful conversations with online therapists, I have found them to intellectually dim witted - no better than your neighbor aunty or your fundebaaz college senior.

Based on a couple of IQ tests I took online, my IQ is about 128 - the level for a genius is 160, and the minimal IQ required to be successful according to Warren Buffet (at least in a Western setup) is 130.

So, I am fully aware that by no means am I specially gifted, but I am on the higher end of the intelligence spectrum, atleast in India (considering the average here is 82 - most of my IIT friends probably had their IQ to be around 110 - 140)

My hypothesis is that the complexity of your mental issues is directly proportional to your intelligence. (<https://www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/pii/S0160289616303324>)

The more simple-minded you are, the lower is the resolution with which you perceive the world. For example, a normal microscope cannot visualize a virus but an electron microscope can - that is because the EM has a greater resolution than the size of the virus.

What that means is in order for you to be understood and diagnosed, your therapist's mental resolution should be higher than yours - so that they can deconstruct your mental labyrinths, break them down with their precise mental models and help you see connections that you cannot. When you offer someone something with a higher granularity than their resolution is able to discern, they will approximate things poorly - just like someone using a spade or a shovel to create intricate details in an ornament.

I am increasingly realizing that we over-emphasize the importance of empathy and underestimate the importance of intelligence when it comes to effective communication.

Q: It is shameful that a country like India has to use its coloniser's language to talk to each other - a culture that is devoid of its roots is bound to perish. Sanskrit has to revive and be the lingua franca of the nation.

R: Yeah sure.

Q: What do you mean? Why speak the language of your erstwhile master? Angrez chale gaye but angrezi chhod gaye

R: I have no desire in being part of your mental biopic, Q. Just because I was born in India does not mean I am any closer to Vivekananda than I am to Barak Obama.

Q: Sanskrit is the mothe..

R: ...English to me is liberating, it is a passport I can use to connect with far many people than any other language, I couldn't care less that it was a language of the colonisers. It easier and better to learn English than it is to learn a dead language like Sanskrit.

Q: This is the kind of attitude why our country remains fragmented - this is why it was so easy for missionaries to come and convert our people. This is exactly what the colonisers wanted - to us to be ashamed of our culture and turn us against our own people

R: Why is it that you only care about those people when they have converted to other religion? While they are in your religion you treat them worse than dirt. More power to them for freeing themselves from this regressive culture. I think they are happier living as Christians than as untouchable Hindus.

Aur ek baat batao - has it occurred to you that maybe you weren't all that

Q:

I had just started acclimatizing to seeing Facebook ads based on my conversations, but I swear now I am starting to see ads that I have only thought about and have never googled or mentioned in conversations.

The way this works, atleast acc to my theory is that Facebook has a cluster that you are a part of. One that you are assigned to by an AI that looks at all your features right from the things you consume and react, to your immediate connections. This clustering unlike conventional social science models would be independent of any assumptions about the importance of location, ethnicity and age, wholly constructed by self correcting algorithms that learn for comparing users generically. The scale at which Facebook works allows them to run massive computations and club random people who think and behave alike. Then they crossbreed ads between users. If some guy in Finland who replicates my online behavioral patterns has searched for cats fighting monkeys, Facebook has enough evidence to believe that I might also be thinking about cats and monkeys. YouTube does the same thing while recommending content but Facebook seems lot more direct and personal.

I wonder if this points at collective consciousness in action, what if consciousness is not discrete and different people do 'sync up' their thoughts which a massive network calculator like Facebook can unearth. It can look directly into how consciousness flows, evolves and changes with time. Well not consciousness directly but it's footprints left on the digital sand at least.

But even with all that post rationalization, how in the world do I see ads for dental problems when my tooth has started aching just yesterday? That cannot be cluster targeting! Mark Zuckerberg please stop creeping me out.

Ek Mulaqat: Amrita Pritam An English Prosification

Silent, quiet and fixated, I stood near the stormy sea. God only knows what thought struck the sea, he bundled up the storm and placed it on my palms. Then he laughed off and waved away.

I was confused, but I took his magic with me. I knew that this kind of miracle happens only once in a million years.

My mind buzzed with a million thoughts. How will I take this storm to my town? I stood bewildered.

The streets in my town are narrow. The ceilings in my town are low. The walls in my town are paper thin. How will I go there with this storm?

I thought only if I was able to find you, just like the sea, we would both share the storm and laugh away like two crazy shores. Beyond all expectations, we would somehow find our place in this town of low ceilings and narrow streets.

The whole afternoon I kept looking for you. I tried and tried but I failed. I looked everywhere but you were nowhere to be found.

So when the sun was about to set, I returned to the sea. I took the storm from my hand and gave it back to him.

The night is now about to set and I have finally found you. Where were you all this time?

I look at you and you look back at me. You are also sad, silent and quiet. I am also sad, silent and quiet. We are now both standing looking at the stormy sea retreating away from our small town.

An interesting behavior I notice in India - among multilingual people is the usage of languages to define social proximity.

I have noticed when I meet a stranger - someone from my generation, English is the preferred mode of communication. If I spend enough time with them and get to know them better, the amount of Hindi words increases as our social bond strengthens.

Another example I notice is in stores. I live in Jharsuguda right now, a border district of Odisha that has a considerable migrant population usually Marwaris, therefore Hindi is widely spoken here. What I notice when I visit a store and I initiate a conversation with Kosali, the vernacular language of Western Odisha (also called Sambalpuri), the reply I often get is in Hindi and they don't give up even when I repeatedly reply back in Kosali. The same cashier then switches to Kosali when speaking to their colleague.

I wonder if this is because the average Marwari is usually more well off than the average Odia that Hindi gets associated with a higher social status. Thus probably even when two people both speak Kosali, when they belong to different social classes, they switch to the language that reinforces the status distance between them.

Another observation I have made based on my conversations with my close friends is code switching based on context. If I am talking about something that is more factual, I switch to English and when I am describing something that is more personal and emotional, I switch to Hindi.

All this happens so involuntarily, I am fascinated by the kind of internal maps our brain must be using to do this seamlessly.

Humps of Odisha

I have traveled lands far and wide To lands of the gypsy and the land of geisha
But nowhere have I found as many humps As I have found in Odisha

Humps of cement Humps of stones Humps of trees and branches Humps of
plastic cones

Why do you do this Odisha? Is it your manifestation of loving blocks? Your
lethargy with progress Your irritation with the speed of hawks

I hope to find a road one day Where I can travel without brakes That day I shall promise To bake you multiple cakes

We love fetishising poor people. People who have never lived in a village for anday will say that they have some ancient wisdom, some divine understanding of nature, some force of kindness. Their 'indigenous' rituals 'encode' deep understanding of humanity's deep ties with nature.

Such cringe sentences are glorified forms of patronizing, stripping people of their faculty to be functioning human beings with the capacity of both good and evil. Doing so is an escape mechanism for the well off to you ignore fundamental problems and box these poor people into some angelic perfect box

The poor tribal people of Odisha are disgusting. They strew their lovely green fie

Why does Bengali objectively sound sweeter than most Indian languages? Looking for answers based on linguistics.

I have some theories, help me validate them please.

1. Lack of retroflexes: Bengali softens its retroflexes. It lacks retro $\text{à}\text{ɽ}^3$, Its $\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1$ is more like the soft Hindi $\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1\text{¼}$, the retro $\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1$ sounds closer to the purer $\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1$. This greatly gives it a softer textured feel compared to the hard retro rich Haryanvi or Tamil.

2. Aspirations: While Bengali has $\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1$, and it also pronounces it as such, there is a norm to add the h to the end, like just because so that it sounds like $\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1\text{h}$. Some words like $\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1$ would be pronounced $\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1\text{h}$ which somehow sound softer, that's somewhat of a guesswork

3. Schwann sounds like o: While Schwann is not unique to Bengali, in other languages like Odia and Nepali, the Schwan is a aw sound. Making $\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1\text{à}\text{ɽ}^1$ sound more like ghawraw rather than ghar. In Bengali the aw is more like o which applies a softening across the language. This is a universal fact that sounds like kiki sound harsher than a sound like boba. The o has the largest impact on Bengali's sweetness.

4. Exotic sounds: Unlike conservative languages like Odia that repel foreign words, Bengali has absorbed words from everywhere: Persian, Hindi, English, Assamese, Urdu and so on. I don't know why but this has lend Bengali with a sense of ornamentation which while doesn't contribute to its softness does make it more attractive.

Please add/correct

I have two playlists on my Spotify - one is called Bengali Soul and another is Punjabi Funk. They've been there for a while but only recently have I begun to overthink about them.

One of the playlists - no points for guessing which one - is what I listen to when I am on a long cab ride staring into the abyss or when I am having my bouts of melancholy. Another gets played when I have to wake up in the morning, hit the gym or grind through Delhi's traffic.

This Bengali-Punjabi trope seems to resonate with the larger Indian psyche - I see these two paired up in unexpected places.

In Vicky Donor for example, the story is set against a Bengali bride marrying a Punjabi groom. Popxo has made videos weirdly targeting these two cultures - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eqHcP8vMsB4> Several Bollywood couples too have this Punjabi-Bengali pairings. Even in that song - Bodo Loker Beti - you see a Punjabi male try to lure the Bengali chick. it just seems weird that you don't see a Telugu-Marathi pair or a Tamil-Kashmiri combination pop up as much as this combinations pops up.

My theory is this: Amongst Indo-Aryan languages, Bengali is the most feminine language/culture while Punjabi is the most masculine one. Bengali exudes traditionally feminine qualities of art, grace, and intellect while Punjabi exudes athleticism, machoism and brawns. Could it be that the cultures attract each other because each one of them represents what the other lacks?

To pump up the overthinkingness, is it a coincidence that when India was partitioned - the two parts that were cut off were Punjab and Bengal? Could it be that the erstwhile greater Pakistan never worked because its two poles were so different from each other? In the case of India, we have several other cultures to sandwich these two poles for the two to be properly integrated. Well I realize this is where inference stops and fantasy begins but well - why not.

Thoughts?

I am so intimidated by all these GenZ kids. All these people with year of births starting with a 2 were all drinking milk and crawling until yesterday but now they have started talking and they even make sense.

They have the entire world ka knowledge on their fingertips and they are creating a civilization of their own where all the high mighty things we valued like Bollywood, religion, patriotism, politics will hold less and less value. They are all growing up in a world where they have seen no wars but solutions that uplift things, they will mature faster, maybe also be subjected to a lot of challenges faster.

I think I low key envy them all

Why is everyone being all lovey dovey with these Olympic athletes not winning medals? Be critical with them and abuse them, pass biting remarks. Tell them what a disgrace they are and how they broke our collective dream. Our nation is driven far more by fear than with encouragement. Kindness isn't as effective as anger in showing that you care.

Shame has a lot of power, let's unleash the Sharmaji power in us to shame and guilt trip our athletes to winning! It has helped us get those IIT seats and spelling bees and US jobs, why wouldn't it work with Olympic medals?

Netflix's series - Bad Boy Billionaires covers the adventures of three Indian billionaires - Vijay Mallya, Nirav Modi and Saharashri Subrata Roy - who rose to the skies as high as low they fell from there.

It made me think about how each one of them used the 'doing it for India' excuse to qualify their actions. Each one of them had a vision for India - one wanted to give it a unique luxury lifestyle, the other created a world-renowned Indian brand to the likes of Gucci and Versace, the other built 'the world's largest family' - each of these was a form of scam.

I think in the Indian subconscious we have learnt to be suspicious for the right reasons when we are offered nationalism - sometimes it is so that we vote a certain party, sometimes it is so we watch 11 people play a sport and be emotionally vested in it, sometimes it is used to sell us a movie.

Just like liberal values on their own are great liberators and empowerers, they can be used as instruments of moral policing, suppression of opinions and na~vety to evil - similarly nationalism has its own pros and cons.

On it's own it makes you feel part of a larger group of humans with whom you work to create a huge opportunity, you feel part of a large historical tradition, you feel happy in the success of the nation - but then in the hand of crooks, it becomes a tool of emotional manipulation - very much like toxic liberalism - it is an instrument of control, suppression of dissent and like the bad billionaires, a godly feel-good delusion that makes you ignore the elephants in the room.

In the end, I feel every ideology you own finally ends up owning you - whether it be loving your nation or loving its people - each one of these eats on your individuality, makes you a +1 for the ideology's strength. Even when you are a sane unique creature, the pathological element of the ideology, as every ideology has, tries to induct you into it, using you as a shield to protect itself.

My instinct says that the solution is not to shun all ideas because then what is the difference between you and a platypus? The right strategy should be to flirt with ideas while also carrying the escape switch with you so that when you see the ideology try to own you, you pull the trigger and escape.

At this point in my life, I think I have flirted with both liberal and conservative values and have seen the pathology in both of them and the need of both of

them. Rather than A vs B, I now see them as two ingredients - like sugar and salt to the larger recipe of what goes into making a good society. Both are needed, and both in excess or scarcity will spoil the dish.

I have been talking with people on Omegle for the past two months to practice my Spanish. I have had some interesting observations

1. Apparently my Spanish accent is very neutral but my English accent is very heavy and Indian like.

I have pondered why. I do find the rhythm of Spanish far more familiar than that of English. It probably is so because Spanish like French and most Indo Aryan languages is a syllable metered language (like a machine gun) whereas English like Arabic and German are stress metered languages (like a Morse code), meaning the former group pronounces every syllable for the same duration while the latter group increases the timing based on the stress on a syllable.

It also has the rolling r, the soft d, t and an intonation that sounds more like Marathi or Telugu, therefore the Spanish accent comes naturally to me as an Indian (the European one is still hard, the Latin American accent is close to Indian)

It also helps that I didn't learn Spanish from an Indian but from the internet from videos and audios which is why maybe I mimic the natives better?

2. Self depreciating helps make you friends easier:

I initially talked about how amazing India is but I realize people were less open to me that way. When I said how people in my country are stupid for not wearing masks even at the peak of the pandemic, they opened up to me more.

It seems self deprecation is a signal of self awareness and vulnerability. It encourages the other person to open up about their own insecurities and laugh them off.

In fact very counter intuitively, people seemed to praise India or show interest in it more when I critiqued it. People are more likely to be nice to you when you begin with self deprecation and then switch to praises than the other way around.

Could that be a reason conservatives around the world aren't friends with each other while self deprecating liberals seem to be part of a global community?

3. People like you when you are genuinely interested in them

I have so far talked to Spanish natives from Mexico, Peru and Spain and then Spanish learners from Ireland, USA, Brazil and France. I have had far more fun in the second group because I feel the first one while initially really pleased to talk to someone from India who spoke their tongue, got impatient eventually with my not so perfect Spanish.

With the second group because we both sucked equally, we were kinder of each other's mistakes. We asked each other what methods we use to learn Spanish, which films are we watching, we talk about the pandemic and some topical issues in each others' nations. Because we were connected by a specific interest, we had lot more relatability in the second group. What intrigued me is that people are actually okay if you ask some controversial questions if it comes from a place of curiosity.

I think learning a new language and seeing yourself go from the beginner stage to a kind of intermediate level is the nerd equivalent of getting toned and having muscles. It is literally workout for your brain and when done with actual people, it forces you to relearn how to communicate, how to be a better listener, stay humble and grounded.

If you are someone interested in starting to learn a new language, I can safely say that Spanish is a great first language to learn.

I cringe at all Indians on Twitter pretending to care for Afghans just as I also cringe at Pakistanis caring about Kashmir - y'all just interested because this concerns your geopolitics - you give zero fucks about the actual people.

Nobody gives 2 fucks about Rohingyas, Uighurs or Adivasis because they don't influence geopolitics that strongly.

At this point it is clear the precondition to standing up for human rights is to first question what type of humans are in question.

The right to be evil is one of the most fundamental human rights. It is the demon in us that makes us do ghastly things - but it also helps us conquer the kingdom of chaos that no amount of order can achieve.

It was porn that helped scale the internet, it was the World war that gave us tech innovations, it was greed that led us to voyage into new waters, it was our arrogance to go against God that gave us genetics. It is anger that helps us raise our voice, it is negative emotions that tell us there is injustice.

It is the ability to gain control of evil and direct the energy to goodness is what being a great human is about. Strength is having the ability of being evil but choosing not to. Weakness is inability to be evil.

Therefore evil is an integral part of being a human, to deny it, is to deny the right of being a human itself.

I wasn't able to articulate this well yet but I think the fundamental reason why liberals are despised is that they steal away the right to be evil from people.

Look at how oppressed people everywhere are infantilized and treated patronizingly. Look how Native Americans are treated in the West or how adivasis or

tribes from North East are thought of - as some divine elves who care for the nature and have some higher understanding of the world. They are caricatured as some angelic beings who are better than us because they are incapable of being evil like us.

The result is everyone, even they themselves start patronizing themselves and live in a cultural equivalent of being a man child. It restricts their growth and the dominant culture gets to propagate its superiority by using the empathy as a compensating factor that soon is likely to dwindle into a ugly Oedipus complex. The result is that the child snaps out by trying to be more rebellious than they need to be to assert their independence later.

I think the patronizing nature in which minorities are treated in our society does more to turning some of them against the established than if they were treated as equally as someone from the dominant culture is allowed to be.

It is much better to show a weak person their place outright than to have these mental manipulation tricks where they are infantilized while keeping the power dynamics consistent.

This is why I find modern day startups more toxic than the 70s bollywood where the evil boss would never talk to his workers and show them who the boss it. When the boss tries to be your friend while still having the upper power hand, it is way harder for the worker to display signs of evil, much harder to revolt or disagree.

It also makes everyone hush hush about pointing things that might 'offend' the weak person and thus keep them weak - instead what they probably need is some tough love to make them aware of what their areas of improvement are.

Let me end by saying whether we like it or not, ability to be evil is the direct consequence to have power. Power is society's fundamental currency awarded to the trait that is more capable and competent. We all respect power hierarchies - they are integral to life and are not products of human imagination - they exist as a consequence of consciousness.

To dismiss someone's ability to be evil is to dismiss the right to be conscious of their decisions.

A really interesting phenomenon I feel unique to India is the obsession to imagine you come from a very old culture.

Tamilians are obsessed with the fact that their culture is older than the Aryan culture. Telugus take pride of being the oldest language to branch off the Dravidian tree North Indians imagine Sanskrit to be atleast 10,000 years old. When I mentioned in a video that Bengali is a young language that emerged in the 10th century, I was hurled abuse and was explained how Bengali is much older than Sanskrit (it's not). Odias were quick to applaud and say how Odia is classical, therefore older than Bengali. Nepalīs imagine that they have existed

since time immemorial and pages like Ancient Pakistan are trying to base the essence of their nation on the ancient Harappa civilization.

An obsession with the past is the trait of a culture which knows that its golden days are behind it. It is more excited with the nostalgia of an imagined past than the promise of a hopeful future.

It is a sedative that helps us cope with the dysphoria of living in a consumerist world defined by the West where we have a low status existence. Truth be told we have a present where we are more similar to each other than we were similar to our ancient past, but by imagining ourselves to be different tribes with different histories, one older than the other, we have the hope that we are not just members of a culture that has lost its vitality, there is more to us.

In my architecture classes at IIT, there were a bunch of hacks we students used to employ to compensate for our shitty ass designs - one of them was to build ramps for the disabled.

However ugly and uninspired your building be - it would definitely have a ramp so that we have 2 lines to fill in our ginormous A1 sheet to remind the professor that our building was 'barrier free'.

There were several such hacks that you could list in every design and fill half your sheet, no matter what your design was - sustainability, smart lighting, natural ventilation, jalis - that would do the trick.

I am not saying these things aren't important but it sometimes felt like all I had to do was to assemble a bunch of cliches and jargons and cover up for the fact that my real design was plain boring and dull.

I see this phenomenon happening in data-viz too - artists would write long articles to make their boring visualizations colorblind friendly and mobile responsive - without really caring to make it more effective or interesting.

What is the point of making a building barrier free if it is just bad to begin with? What is the point of making a visualization colorblind friendly if it is ugly to begin with?

This began as a rhetorical rant but now I am genuinely confused if something should be given upgrades even when you feel its core essence is bad? Do you stop living life if you were dealt bad cards? Or do you keep playing? Do you keep making cards barrier free and colorblind friendly and hope the professor is happy?

Maybe

What would every country's archetype be if they studied in a high school - (dark version)

USA: jock with toxic masculinity issues, is secretly gay - starting to have existential crisis

France: is publically effeminate because it's cool - basically a pretentious prick - lectures on feminism to get laid

Germany: ex-freak with psychotic past who went to therapy, now simps to compensate for his past but nobody likes to be friends with him

Japan: Ex-freak's side kick who now is into cosplay and personality disorder after recovering from coma, has weird interests, people say they like him publically but nobody wants to take him out on prom

India: ugly dumb girl who now has hit puberty and turned somewhat beautiful, is simped by everyone but still remains stupid, cries to gain attention, cries thinking about her past, cries thinking about future - like a 6/10 - into romcom, has repressed emotions - not very bright, mugs lessons

Pakistan: broke anemic girl with childhood trauma issues, eating disorder, loved by nobody, not even her parents, has daddy issues, has tendency for self harm, needs therapy but doesn't accept it, does bad poetry and thinks is artsy but isn't, sleeps with boys to get through bad days

Bangladesh: short weak guy recently hit the gym, recovering from past relationship trauma, severe trust issues, anxious about his accent, sleepwalks, pretends to be a beta to fit in but has joined 'How to be an Alpha male' course on instagram. Makes money selling art for cheap price.

China: creepy fat guy with a very secretive life, probably asexual, likes to be sugar daddy after taking a course on pick up artists, never conducts house parties, only becomes friends with beta males, heavy smoker, films couples making out and then extorts money from them via blackmail

Sweden: rich simpleton, recently turned vegan and spiritual, has friends because he's rich and naïve, knows he's exploited yet does nothing, enjoys being submissive on bed, wears sweaters with colors that sound fancy like peach and muave

Spain: party animal, does MDMA, fails classes, drinks to forget, has been in several toxic relations, has a lisp, looks beautiful until she utters a word

Venezuela: good girl gone bad, has repeated the same class four years, school has given up on her - maybe academics is not for her, hangs out with other losers like Greece and Syria

Russia: good lord, where do we begin - probably psychic or into witchcraft, can move things with her mind, into voodoo and goth, sexy in a weird way, cries herself to sleep, sold her soul to the devil, part of several underground cults

The most fascinating thing in Goa I experienced was that 'foreigners live there' is a contributing factor in increasing a beach's desirability. The same phrase when spoken in the West would be said with lot less enthusiasm.

It seems there is an implicit mental map of an ethnicity and the unit delta change in the beach's desirability it brings in. Russians have the highest delta followed by the French, then the German, with Portuguese and Brazilians following next, finally at the bottom are people from the African continent, all are a positive contributor to the beach's desirability but in decreasing weightage. The groups who contributed to negative delta seemed to be other Indians.

What does one make out of this? Maybe repulsion to people not from your country is not a universal intrinsic property of human beings. There are societies, like India, where people have a case of anti racism where instead of discrimination, you have a case of simping.

Uncomfortable but not alarming, it is bunch of people randomly walking up to you to click a selfie or the long Indian stare. But more seriously, it is also the reason behind sexual harassment against white women. Simping leads to exoticization of white people and subjecting them to overwhelming attention that is mildly uncanny, even flattering in moderation but is extremely creepy when more chaotic. Even non sexually, it pops up when they are given a preferential treatment in restaurants, almost like there is a hunger to get the white man validation, to get a 'West approved' badge.

Is that a result of our colonial past or a deep rooted association of stronger being fairer, is it our language, I do not know. Is it maybe as simple as in general people in the West are lot more attractive because of good nourishment and an active physical life unlike Indians which is why we find their bodies admirable? Is it a wicked side effect of West's soft power that makes them sound intrinsically superior humans? Or is it the fact that we have internalized coming from a poor country and have started acting weak to align with our power balance? Is it the fact that they speak a language that is the language of the nobles in our place? Or maybe it is that they are shown to be sexually open and liberated while we are not as open?

There seems to be a mirror side to the racism scale. Every culture has a version of this scale, some are centred around the origin, like the USA, some are to the right of the origin like Canada are a short, some to the left like China, and some like India with origin contained but a shorter left end than a right.

The most powerful agent of change in society isn't protests, citizen struggle, wokeism or liberal values - it simply is death.

People die, propagating their biases, hopes, ideas, and dreams only partially to the next generation. With each passing generation, the impact the past reduces little by little until it eventually fades away.

Even in India, the India-Pakistan toxicity, partition trauma, strong religious superstitions will all fade as people fade away. In 30 years, there won't be a single person alive who lived through the partition.

People overestimate changes in the short term and underestimate changes in the long run - issues loom over few generations and once they are out, the issues also escape the collective psyche rather quickly.

I feel if India still remains a country by the time the last millennial dies, she will look vastly different from what it does now. People will have a whole new set of things to worry about and the issues that now seem like they've existed forever will appear as faint memories.

KBC in 2002:

Amitji intro Fastest finger first 15s chat with contestant Rapid questions till level 1 1-2 breaks Episode ends in an hour

KBC in 2021:

Amitji intro Three rounds of fastest finger first Contestant backstory chit chat with family some jokes Amitji requested to dance or sing or say a dialogue 2 questions take a break to discuss some more backstory chit chat more some song plays and Amitji and contestant dance break 2 more questions Chit chat with the Expert Expert compliments Amitji Amitji blushes and expresses gratitude some random interim game with audience 2 more questions More chit chat about contestant future plans contestant talks about some childhood story discussion with contestant's uncle Amitji intervenes to solve family's conflicts break 2 more questions contestant gets emotional Amitji inspires with poetry and metaphors Amitji plugs some ad in a long elaborate way like explaining RBI rules contestant narrates some back story Amitji is stunned 1 more question break Amitji dances with contestant's family 1 question chit chat with phone a friend, break 1 more question Amitji senses contestant is fucking up Amitji tries psychological hacks to warn contestant contestant fucks up Some final chit chat Amitji gives a Ted talk to audience Next day flashback scenes episode ends

Why are all condom ads so weird? Like bro why not just tell how it helps prevent unwanted pregnancy and avoid STDs instead of showing soft porn on national TV?

Have you seen i Pill ads? There is nothing sexy about them. It's a black and white shot, there is that lady who is frantically anxious and calls the protagonist who rebukes 'kyun chance lia? Pregnant ho jati toh! Abhi bhi time hai' cut scene: i Pill

Similarly other ads about Mala D tablets (preventive contraceptive oral pills) and CopperT, both intended for women are more educational and not at all

sensual. Two women on rickshaw discussing in a very matter of fact way or a rural family smiling with the voiceover saying things like 'nischint rahein, khyal rakhein'

Why are female contraceptions so tamed and male contraceptives so ooh yeah ye kya hua kaise hua, bedroom action oolala?

There's this weird obsession with being old and ancient in cultures of our region.

The North Indians would like Sanskrit to be atleast 10,000 years old.

Tamils take pride in being older than Sanskrit.

Bengalis took offence when I called their language a young language born in 10th century.

Hindi speakers are embarrassed that their language isn't very old.

Pakistanis feel the need to come up with fake terms like 'Ancient Pakistan' just as Indians like to argue that the idea of a united India has existed forever.

Wanting to be historically accurate is one thing but deriving pride from being as old as possible is another thing, almost reeks of insecurity.

Maybe it is a Desi thing where we associate age with status. Or maybe it is the case that every culture well past its prime derives its pride from the past because it has nothing to look forward to.

One of the most beautiful things in life is platonic love. Platonic love is a term introduced by Plato to refer to a kind of love which transcends sexual attraction. It exists in the realm of spiritual, intellectual and mental connections that is based on the shared exploration of the world. In simplest words, platonic love is non-romantic love.

I would say it is the cement in life that can help you feel stable in a way that hundreds of friends or the vague idea of one perfect romantic partner just cannot.

Friendships formed on the basis of just being colleagues, neighbors or some mutual need are often flaky because the two characters are replaceable. They change as frequently as our needs or situations do. Similarly, a monogamous traditional romantic relationship is too demanding with several expectations and responsibilities. It places a lot of burden on a person to be multiple things at once.

Platonic love seems like the ideal balance of closeness where you feel warmth of another human but also distant enough to not have toxic expectations. The source of platonic love is not entirely in the other person, it is based on a shared language between two people to explore and understand the world through each other.

The question 'Do you love me' to me is just another way of asking 'Do you see the same truth as me?' or 'Do you care about the same truth as I do?' As we navigate through life, we need to form our own language and vocabulary to define terms for ourselves, make clear what existence means to us.

To find people who share this common language and who understand our deepest anxieties and fears is an extremely profound feeling.

To be loved platonically is to be witnessed, loved and cared for from a distance. When someone loves you platonically, you feel heard and understood. The foundation of such love is gratitude for being understood when nobody else can, it is also awe of the other person for their ability to contribute to your language and it is kindness to see the demons in the other person and befriend them. Such love is about embracing each other's individuality instead of forcing a forged shared one.

It is such a sophisticated form of love, most people will never experience this. It is a kind of feeling that is so rare in today's society, there is no guarantee you will have it with your life partner or a friend you make in the bus station. Platonic love therefore is a gift to be cherished.

Sadly there will be no songs written about this form of love. Neither will you see people die for each other for this kind of love. Nor will you see this enlisted in the matrimonial ads on the classifieds. But it is there, you will find it only if you are looking.

The humor one likes is an excellent predictor intelligence.

Taste in humor has to correlate with intelligence because at its fundamental level, you let out a laugh only when a joke or a punchline manages to outwit you. It has to escape your predictive model and show you some aspect of truth that you hadn't expected.

A good joke manages to reveal some truth about the world that you didn't see before and therefore an intelligent joke is so satisfying. Take puns on the other hand, one reason they make people angry is because they do not contribute to any new insight about the world, in fact they reveal holes in the fabric of meaning that almost make fun of how we think about the world. There are ways of making puns work but most are unpunny.

Anyway the sharper you can create a predictive model of the world, the harder it is to make you genuinely laugh at a joke.

Does that mean that smart people laugh less and dumb people laugh at everything?

Not really. The delta of the joke and your expectation should be greater than 0 yes, otherwise you will be bored, but there also has to be an upper limit. Once presented, the punchline's delta should make sense to you, it should be

Now I

Only if there was a cam in my room with a live audience, I feel I'd keep my room cleaner. Is this what society was needed for in the past?

As a civilization it can worry about things like color of armpit hair.

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à¤à¥ à¤ à¤à¤à¤à¥ à¤²à¥ à¤ à¥ à¤ à¤@à¥ à¤ à¤à¥ à¤°à¤ à¤ à¤¹à¥ à¤¤à¤¾ à¤°à¤¹à¤¤à¤¾ à¤¹à¥

It sounds weird, cringe and unacceptable to be spoken in social setting but the same idea communicated in English seems worthy of a sophisticated discussion.

you know what sounds normal in Hindi - 'aur bhai kya haal chal, bade din baad mil rahe ho - bade log ho gaye aap toh' not '

Mind you, it is not that Hindi lacks words or has inherent voids - it is that as a culture, Hindi is used in an anti-intellectual manner which at best is used to write a beautiful Ghazal or a poem and at worst abuse someone but in both cases not for anything intellectually worthwhile - it is an emotional language, it is an irrational language because its speakers are mostly emotional and irrational.

Someone who uses complex Sanskrit words will have a connotation that is very different from someone who can use complex English words. People will cry over reviving Sanskrit but they just will fail because the speakers of Vedic Sanskrit were conquerors of lands, wealthy enough to spend time on creative chanda composition and wordplay, not a bunch of third world poor intellectually bankrupt people. Such people will never be able to use Sanskrit beyond forming elementary sentences

It is incredibly difficult to change that perception. Usually it stems from the fact that the stereotypical image of someone who speaks good Hindi is that of a poor, conservative, bigoted, rural, backward looking person who looks ugly while someone speaking good English reminds us of an aristocratic, urban, rich, open minded citizen of the globe.

It seems like not all languages are equivalent - there are languages that will never be mothers of certain ideas. A Nobel Laureate worthy academic work will never be born out of Bhojpuri - but a vulgar song will. This is tied deeply with the collective culture of people who speak that certain language in a certain time.

Every rendition of Bande Utakala Janani I have found on YouTube has such a pathetic enunciation - makes me really wonder if nobody even cares or knows how Odia should be pronounced. Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nkWRnKY145E>
Artist: Namita Agrawal Views: 400K+

This has to be the cringiest pronunciation. I wonder if she is reading the lyrics off a teleprompter that has lyrics in Devanagari.

It is not "à¤¬à¤à¥ à¤¹à¥ à¤ à¤¤à¥ à¤ à¤² à¤ à¤à¤à¥ " like in Allah ke 'Bande' - the schwa is extremely important - in Odia, you have to emphasise on the 'Aww' so that it sounds more like

Bawndey OotkaLa Jawnani

The Aww has to be stressed, initial U in Utkala has to be emphasized and the L has to be retroflexed.

The singer butchers them all with entirely descheduled a, extremely weak retroflex and messed up stresses all over.

I could not manage to listen this song more than 20 seconds for how cringe the pronunciation is.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ocVKT8fTa6k> https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LY_rMXXuJp8

Artist: Rituraj Mohanty Views: 65M+

This suffers from the same disease as the last one - a Hindified pronunciation of weak stresses. In another video of his, he actually goes as far as pronouncing 'Bande' as 'Vande' - the sound 'V' that does not exist in Odia.

-- Vande Mataram ga lo yaar, tumhara gala bana nahi hai Odia ke liye
3. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9aGYfW3kjLo> Artist: Shashank and Arpita Views: 46K

If you have to actually observe sinusoidal oscillation of people's personality between Hindi and Odia, this is a perfect example - the two singers pronounce the words in absolute contrast - one like Hindi, another like Odia and makes you wonder if both are deaf to not correct it.

The lady here has actually the accurate pronunciation which is why the dude sounds even cringier in comparison.

Possibly the closest to correct pronunciation I found is <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XNrRKER33DY> but even some medial schwa are less stressed than they should be.

I do think the Hindification of Odia has been a recent phenomenon - I do not remember songs being so de-Odiaed a decade back.

I wonder if Odias internally believe Hindi is a superior language, something they need to emulate. Are they embarrassed by how their language sounds for which they feel the need to overcompensate? Odias, unlike Dravidians or their neighbors - Bengalis are not super passionate about their language - they seem to me closer to Bihar with their callous attitude towards their own culture. They are bound to suffer through vulgarisation and destruction - everything that Bihar has gone through.

Most people believe that language teaches us how to communicate, but I would argue that language actually teaches us how to think

Aakhir, language hai kya- it is a mapping between random sounds and meaning - how a culture does this mapping depends on what it values, what it desires and it considers to be the most important aspects of life

Languages like Tamil or Hindi will not have a local word for Kangaroo because as a culture it didn't see a lot of kangaroos and hence didn't find a need to make that difference. Ye kafi obvious si example hai, so lets see something more insightful.

For example, in a 2016 study: <https://journals.plos.org/plosone/article?id=10.1371/journal.pone.0151138> mein paya gaya tha languages spoken in cold regions make a distinction between snow and ice while those in warmer regions do not make that distinction.

From how we perceive time to how we perceive color, it is our language that shapes our cognition.

In this video, I specifically want to explore one concept - that is gender. It is a topic that I find really interesting particularly because most people have such a hard time understanding it.

Gender is different from Sex. Sex is a biological term, you are either a male or female - Males have a penis and females have a vagina - more scientifically, males have the XY chromosome and females have the XX chromosome - so it is a fairly scientific term, but gender is not as simple - Gender is a sociological term, a psychological term - unlike a binary male and female, gender is a spectrum of masculine and feminine, what is masculine and what is feminine differs from culture to culture and from time to time.

Pink for example was once a masculine color which later became a feminine color

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YdwxC4YHguI>

Bollywood has seen the idea of what it means to be man evolve over time

Languages also inherently play with the concept of gender. In a 2010 study, a group of German and Spanish speakers were asked to describe a bridge.

The Spanish speakers described a bridge as big, long and strong while Germans described a bridge as elegant, useful and beautiful. I think you can guess why.

The Spanish word for a bridge is 'el puente' el is the masculine article in Spanish which means bridge is a masculine word and thus the Spanish apply stereotypically masculine words to describe it. The German word for a bridge is 'die Brücke' which is a feminine word and hence feminine words

Take another example of a key - Spanish people will describe it as intricate, pretty or shiny while Germans would describe it as useful, hard or metallic - the reason - the genders here are flipped. In Spanish, the key is feminine - la clave and in German, a key is masculine, der Schlüssel

It is not obvious how a key is a male or a bridge is a female, which is why it should be understood that gender is not a binary term, it varies from culture to culture.

Hindi like French is a gender binary language - every noun is either masculine or feminine. pahad is masculine, a river is feminine, a cloud is masculine, and

What exactly does that guard do in that four seconds where he goes through the receipt and then peaks into your bags when you exit Big Bazaar? What is going in their mind? No matter whether you have 4 items or 40, they take the exact 4 seconds.

I asked them kya hota hai ye, and I was given a smirk and 'bahut kuch hota hai sir'. Either they are doing some high cognition processing magic or they be faking it to create an illusion of a security check. What is it? I need to know.

Is it just me or do others also feel Bollywood and Cricket losing their popularity in India? These two to me seemed like the two cultural pillars that united the collective consciousness of India, something anyone and everyone knew or stayed updated with.

I believe these pillars are falling.

We are in the process of transforming from a collectivist society into an individualist one, one where fewer and fewer collective experiences bind us and increasingly people start living in their personalized micro culture bubbles, mini civilizations existing within a civilization one where culture flows not via roads but by magical digital portals. People in Bombay and New York will be closer culturally than Bombay and Kalahandi.

Or maybe we will have new pillars, maybe society is all about building pillars, getting bored with them, destroying them, feeling anxious, building pillars and repeat.

This post blew up, I haven't gotten over 6k likes and 500 shares on any IIP post on Facebook before and I want to document my thought process here as a memory note for my future self.

This is a very clever post because it does multiple things at once, employs a lot of tactics that I want to break down.

My dataviz work dwells in the realm of social media. Social media puts some interesting constraints on my work that an academic paper isn't subject to. While my work has to be accurate like that of an academic paper - lest I'd be hounded and attacked by everyone, I also have to grab eyeballs. It is a game of attention. It is a game of negotiation to generate the urge to share my work. It is the art of evoking an emotion in the least amount of ink as possible.

People comment here in this post - make it exponential! plot inflation rate! You are a Modi hater! They don't get the point. The idea here isn't to make this

thorough, the idea is to get you to comment. The fact that you did means the design works.

There is an element of theatrics involved. The linear graph is deliberate because it looks exaggerated. While I am well aware that inflation follows an exponential curve and therefore should be represented with a logarithmic Y axis, if you can understand this, you really aren't my target audience. There is an elegance of the simple x y chart that we made in Class 6 that everyone is familiar with, I am evoking that, I am evoking the sense of DIYability. I made sure I show the behind the scenes of making this post with scissors glue and what not to enhance the DIYness of the post.

Also, good luck showing 5, 10, 15, 25 and 50 on a logarithmic scale - they will be separated by few millimetres and just look ugly. Form is the function.

The matchbox uses a target δ^- to naturally draw and guide your eyes, it uses the colors red and yellow to create a visual balance, the matchsticks are real and not digital to ensure every line is unique and thus lends more variety to a design that'd otherwise be very monotonous. The graphic solely exists to defatigue the post of all the whiteness.

I use my handwriting and not digital text so that it is more relatable, makes you think $\delta \propto$ hmm I could even do that, maybe tickles those nostalgic memories of you doing a science project once. That strikes a sense of relatability instantly and lends the artwork a personality.

The actual content here is really dry - it's a simple line graph, the execution and these techniques are what make it a post that sticks, pun intended.

People find dataviz fascinating particularly because it connects the two realms - numbers and art, the left and right brain - often people aren't creatively androgynous which is why either side evades them and thus there is always an element of awe and fascination involved when they witness some work they fully cannot compute. This sense of uncanniness is mitigated by the topic - price of a matchbox - hey that is something I know - that is something all my friends know about - gee I didn't know this is constant all over India - maybe I should share it.

The topic brings relatability, the execution brings uncanniness, the result is awe.

The artsy will find dataviz intelligent and the geeks will find dataviz beautiful. Finally the caption is deliberately a one liner and not filled with any funda so that everyone is welcome to be the expert in the comments. I'll allow you to imagine me as a nerd, I'll allow you to imagine me as a designer, as a politically motivated agenda wielding liberal or a closet Sanghi, because most of my posts are minimal and I make sure I don't project too much of myself onto my work people usually have to project themselves at these works to derive insights and meaning. This makes them part of the art instead of the viewer of the art.

I think IIP more than an exercise in design or code or data, primarily to me has

been an exercise in marketing, in social psychology, in storytelling. It has refined my muscles in the art of understanding the psyche, a subject I will always be a student of. Today was such an adrenaline rush purely because all my instincts paid off.

There's this person on Twitter I came across who more than a year ago alleged that India in Pixels peddles mild Right Wing content, steals ideas from international pages, 'others' the Mughals and so on.

It is interesting because just two days ago I was called a communist liberal on my YouTube channel. I'm kinda flattered I am such a mystery but also a bit sad that when you don't vocally take any side, you become a punching bag for both sides. No wonder Pankaj Udhas says "Jo berang ho uspar kya kya rang jamate log".

Now, I have learnt to grow a thick skin - learnt that critique is a by-product of being more visible and one should accept it gracefully.

But I want

Primarily the identity of most Hindus stems from their region, caste, tribe or language - a national identity is far too abstract and meta.

Twitter wisemen are quick to remark - 'They can only ban crackers in a Hindu festival, nobody dares to do it in an Islamic one - only because we don't protest'.

But we do. Hindus did protest when Karni Sena took to streets to agitate against Padmavat. Tamilians did protest when Jallikattu was to be stopped. Marathis did protest when Shivaji Maharaj's statue was removed in Begaum. Jaats did protest to get their reservations.

Hindus do not see themselves as one homogenous groups. Unlike a Muslim who can sympathise with Palestine sitting in Patna, a Hindu's sense of belonging isn't as homogenous.

Maybe it is less cultural and more to do with the fact that the majority in a nation has less incentive to identity with the majoritarian identity. We all seek to localize our identity, we fundamentally seek to be a powerful minority instead of a weak majority.

One cultural quirk I notice at my workplace is that Americans are totally cool with eating on camera in meetings. Even at MIT, people would have salad as the class is proceeding, even asking a question as they have the food bowl in their hands.

I cannot imagine anybody in India do this. I am not sure what the exact social convention is but I think it might be seen disrespectful.

I have tried hard to think what is the cultural insight behind this. What does this tell about the West or about India? Is it as simple as 'teachers used to scold us in India if someone was caught eating and that meant we associated eating in classes as something mischievous and not encouraged.

But really does it mean eating is a private activity in India and a public one in US? Does it mean the social hierarchies in India are stronger and you cannot expose a personal activity like eating while the US being more egalitarian does not consider eating as exhibitionism?

What're your thoughts

If episodes of Virat Kohli and Shahrukh Khan are any lesson, it is that the same people who build you for years will not take a month to break you.

Fame is a fickle thing. People love to make and break heroes, they move from one hit to another, fame is usually society's way to use you to materialize something it wants and then moving on from you to another vessel it can haunt.

People who place their self worth on fame are bound to have a mental breakdown.

You know why politicians, social workers and change makers come and go but tech companies like Facebook stick? It is because unlike the first, the latter does not imagine people to be kind hearted children of God but pleasure seeking predictable weak devils that most people actually are.

F

Lazier the people, uglier their city.

People in Delhi/Haryana are many things, but they aren't lazy and that shows in their urban spaces.

Even the congested roads of Chandni Chowk have a beauty that the supposedly best places of Mumbai and Bangalore don't.

More conscientious people fix potholes sooner, make prettier restaurants, drive cabs more effeciently, build new plots faster.

But of all ugly cities, Bangalore has to be the most condemnable because of how irredemable its ugliness is.

Atleast Kolkata's ugliness can be justified by its poverty and overpopulation, Mumbai's ugliness can be justified by its old age but Bangalore supposedly has tons of money and a lot of talent and yet their city is so ugly and broken.

I feel there exist two forces necessary to make sense of the world. Analysis and Synthesis.

Analysis helps you break down complex objects into simpler parts, helps to absorb existing research, process multiple data points.

Synthesis helps you theorize new perspectives, introduce new ideas, invent novel mental models, not just see the world in different ways but create new worlds altogether.

Analysis is fuelled by logic, Synthesis by creativity.

A person who can neither analyse nor synthesize has to live a life of conformity. This mode of living is not very exciting but it acts as the essential majority like the nitrogen gas to ensure that the world is stable and not exploding with entropy. Such people echo the popular culture, listen to popular songs, say things that help them fit in. Their life is driven mostly by hunger, thirst, comfort and lust. They are also predictable, thus are essential to the functioning of nations and civilization.

The Geeks are those who have high ability to analyse things but not so much synthesise new ideas. They are the members of the society who can enforce rules, process events and ensure order. They make excellent bankers, engineers, doctors, lawyers. They are the continuers of life, they are the most affluent, most productive of all people. They are the enforcers of society's knowledge.

The Storytellers are those who add life to society, they are artists, they are imaginers. In their lowest forms, they are conspiracy theorists, in their highest forms they are authors, poets, dancers, actors and performers. They mend and break society's rules, they introduce new elements to it, they create beauty, they create magic. They won't get financially rewarded as the geeks because society cannot entertain disruption as much as it can accommodate order, thus only a handful storytellers ever leave a mark on earth, but when they do, they change the whole direction of humanity.

Finally the enlightened are those who manage to possess both analysis and Synthesis - this is a precious gift of life that usually ends up being a curse because it is such an intense power to carry. Such people are able

This is a 19 minute video I made a week back on how linguistics and gender connect with each other. It today hit 100K views.

It has no memes, no pop culture references and no attempts to lighten the topic, 100% hard thoughts rigorously edited and tweaked over a month.

These are thoughts that have haunted me for years, appearing as flashes, fleeting noises. To distil them all into a coherent video is something my past self would be proud of me. It somehow makes me feel all that overthinking and anxiety over

seeing things that I couldn't find anyone to discuss didn't amount to nothing. My ghosts will haunt me a little less from now.

I have learnt that the only sustainable way of finding happiness in life is to create your own definition of success. This one feels like it meets mine.

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Finally the enlightened are those who manage to possess both Analysis and Synthesis - this is a precious gift of life that helps you see things that others cannot. You have to constantly form theories and break them, constantly living

in a state of high entropy and order. It is taxing but also worth it. Even a 1% improvement in this ability translates to massive insights in real life.

I'd like to believe that all innovators like Musk, Einstein, and Fuller must lie somewhere here.

#9amdoodles

I must have been a cheating mistress in my previous life. My man would have loved me a lot but clearly it wasn't enough for me, so I was cursed by him that in my next life I shall be born as a man who will be loved by nobody. I will do immense tricks to find love but of no avail.

Thus in this life, because of the curse, the only love I can send is that of a platonic friend too distant to feel love and never have it reciprocated, indirect love that stems from respect for the compensatory acts I do or illusionary love of lust and fetish.

I must have cheated that man really bad, he probably did a lot of work to show his love to me. But the bitch I was, it wasn't enough.

The sad thing about most Indians is that they pick left or right based on which side they hate more. When driven by hate, you lose all ability to reason, listen or engage - adrenaline kicks in and you are ready to fight.

Having inclinations is one thing but when a idea roots itself into your soul, you are set for ruins.

Ideology is no different from a virus. Once it infects you - you're hijacked. Every breath you take starts and ends with your ideology. Only after you are out of that hallucination do you realize how good is your brain in creating illusions, in using emotions and selective attention to craft a worldview that your ideology likes to perceive. You will be surprised how your own intellect works to fail you, works to keep your illusion up.

People infected with ideology are anxious all the time, constantly hyper aware, vigilant. They develop trust issues and mild forms of schizophrenia. Ideology offers you warmth of belonging to a group at the expense of devoting yourself of individuality.

You enjoy it for how exciting it makes life, how it makes you feel part of a larger cause, forget about your mortality, forget about the limited time you have on earth in exchange for the glory of your culture or nation or leader. Many never snap out of it.

It is the cheapest form of a purposeful life. You don't have to work hard for that kind of an identity. You just need to find something to hate and offload all of life's negativity in to.

So how do you ensure you don't get hijacked by an ideology?

3 steps.

1. You should constantly keep evolving. You need to ask yourself if you are stagnating - that is the easiest way of know you are impacted by an ideology. An ideology sets invisible walls around you like the ant that gets trapped when you draw a circle around it with a pen. It can always move out but it doesn't. Watch if your life is the same today as it was 2 years back - if it is, you are likely under an ideology.

2.

You become who you hate.

Why do most bullies are those who got bullied themselves? Why do revolutionaries become the very tyrants they overthrew?

To combat your enemy, you have become as strong as them, have weapons as sharp as them, and at the very least get inside their head so that you can plan your next move.

Think of what you do in chess. When your opponent is about to play, you pretend you are them and think of the best move from their side. You take into account what you know of them, what you have observed from their strategies. By doing so, you arrive at the most optimal move for your opponent and start planning your move to trump that. You have no choice but to do this otherwise your opponent will make an unexpected move and outwit you.

It is also possible that when you do this, you risk liking how your enemy thinks, you start empathizing on some level because you have been giving them so much thought. As you see things from their shoes, you see your own weaknesses, you see why they hate you - you almost mentally swap personas as both of you do this exercise of strategy.

This is why we see in history Democrats and Republicans switch sides and Russian commies became worse tyrants than their Tsars.

This is also why the West that exploited the East for so long gradually is turning more Eastern itself and countries like India that have distanced themselves from Islam are becoming more like Islamic nations themselves. The Middle East surprisingly is becoming more and more liberal.

To quote a cliché, the drama stays the same, only the characters keep changing.

I sometimes wonder how did the villainous laugh came into existence. Who even laughs like that in real life?

I tried doing that as I was killing mosquitoes with the racket thing and found it really tiring. It is not easy to repeatedly laugh with a high vibrato, it is very tiring and I started coughing after three laughs. Not to mention it feels very unnatural. I think a chuckle or a grin feels much more in character.

This is worrisome.

How do cultures cope with collapse? Collapse may be a harsh term but essentially what I want to point at is how do cultures behave when their foundation, or their locus of power dissolves?

The analysis will be admittedly rough ignoring nuances because I, the speaker am not from these cultures but using them, maybe a straw man version of these cultures to understand my own. While this may sound offensive even, my intention is to add an element of theatric to explore certain ideas.

Let's begin with Russia.

Russia coped with its collapse with depression.

The collapse of USSR probably has a great impact on the world. For it symbolised the failure of a grand project humanity undertook which is the communism utopia. USSR's dream was larger than life, it went beyond its boundaries, it was an experiment that could have altered the course of humanity.

For such a project to fail, it understandably scars its future. Russia saw its arms torn apart, a result of its incapacity to manage its own parts, let alone its grand undertaking. As a culture it is now depressed, aware that it has lost its spirit to undertake any such dream in its future. It now lives in depression, knowing all too well it has nothing really to be proud of, for all its ambitions and aspirations have proven to be impractical. It is dull and gloomy like its vodka. Her might now rests on the shoulders of its father figure who gives the nation hope that there is someone to protect it.

Spain

Spain deals with its collapse with escapism.

Spain once ruled half the world. Remote corners of the world speak Spanish thanks to its past adventures. The discoverer of the Americas now deals with its traumas of several losses with parties and playas. A regal Kingdom now reduced to a sparkly bar. Losing Cuba was Spain's final end to being a global power. One of the poorest of Europe, it is a lazy nation today lacking any hopes of occupying global power. Today, the European Spanish is less popular than Latin Spanish, an irony that depicts Spain's condition today.

Japan

Japan deals with its collapse with delusion.

It is almost uncanny how a nation that killed several million people and dropped a nuclear bomb is today a symbol of global kawaii, paid cuddling, robots for elderly care, fetishes of all sorts. Japan is a country of immense power forced by the powers it lost to forfeit its military power. The result was all its unrestrained potency converted to a sort of fantastical hysterical breaking away from the physical dimension to a realm unreached by anyone. Its culture is a mix of its old self and the imposed West, it has infantilized itself becoming a man child with wondrously creative thoughts that makes it creative in a manner no other country can aspire to be. It copes with its depression through cheerful meditative introversion, free to be creative and poetic in a world where it doesn't hurt anyone.

Germany

Germany deals with its collapse with overcompensation

If Germany were a person, it would have been a model case study for Jung and Freud. It is a nation that saw itself become a monster only to be defeated and humiliated. It now exists as a tame civilised angel who is ashamed of its past self. It tries hard to undo its past by going out of its way to accommodate brown immigrants it has no clue of.

It tries its best to glue together Europe even at the cost of hurting itself almost like the father who is ashamed of being negligent in the past. Unlike France where people can frown on the immigrants, Germany knows all too well that its openness is less about economic or political advantage and more of an existential repentance.

All of that brings me to India, a nation with many wins and several more losses. It both condemns and condones its ghosts at the same time. It takes pride in a language that it doesn't speak. It defends itself in a language that it is ashamed to inherit. It feels to me like I am the least articulate about things I know most about.

Maybe India's lack of self awareness is a good thing, she is a teenager who should be free to be deluded and spared from wisdom that would make her self aware. It is important for her to be in her delusion and maya so that she does not abandon her desires like Europe or Japan have. It is important she exercises hate, greed and lust while thinking she is self righteous so that she has reasons to work, toil and introspect. Maybe when her desires have helped her be what she has the potential to be, wisdom shall be of more use to her then.

Let her be wild and reckless so that she has some reason to exercise her muscles. Let her not be wise and philosophical, letting her muscles wither.

Light and wisdom can sometimes make you aware of the perils making you abandon your journey altogether. Let us be in dark so that we can continue walking ahead, let us be driven by power and greed. Let us not become wise at the wrong time for the wise take solace at the austere. Let us stay in Maya and continue walking ahead.

When you are walking through a dangerous forest, it is better to be stupid and courageous than to be aware and timid.

Let us be stupid and unwise and continue going ahead through the dangerous forest we are in.

I just experienced a life changing moment and I have 11% battery and yet I am going to risk my phone going dead and pen it down.

So I am heading to Bhubaneswar in a bus alright. It is 2:00 am and I feel the urge to piss. It is pitch dark, the bus is tossing and turning which is not helping my situation.

I thought just to hold it up, but the bus stops directly in BBSR at 7am, there is no way I can hold until then, besides, I have read holding the urge to urinate is bad for the bladder.

I hear the water in the bottle make sounds as it moves and that also does not help my situation. For a moment I contemplate urinating in the bottle. I give up on that suggestion not because that would be weird around a bunch of people but because it is a good water bottle.

At that moment I paused and wondered what am I even doing. Why don't I just man up, put on my shoes and walk to the driver and just ask to stop the bus as I need to piss. So I stop my mind and do it.

What if someone steals my phone while I am down? What will the driver think? Will it be too much?

My mind makes all these questions and I say fuck you to my mind. I go to the driver and ask him to stop. He does not understand my Anglicized Sambalpuri, so I speak in the best Katakia Odia accent that I can pull off - Mote Washroom jiba thila, tike gaadi atakei paribe?

The guy says okay come out. But I was like there is a 6 ft man sleeping blocking the entrance, how do I? He says jump over. He wakes up the conductor and they turn on the lights. I walk down, go near a bush, focus on the moon and take a piss.

Guess what. Guess the fuck what.

20 other men walk out of the bus, one by one. All lining up to take a piss.

I walk back into the bus, all proud. It was I thanks to whom all these voiceless men could get an opportunity to piss. It was I who relieved them of their pains. They all like me must have been embarrassed, shy, a pussy to walk up to the driver but it was I who had the balls and the bladder to defeat his mind.

I walked back to my comfortable sleeper bed and I am proudly typing this contemplating this is exactly what I have to do in life.

Do that shit that my mind is afraid of because thousand others are fearing those same fears but they all lack the balls to do what I am doing. Write shit that I know people think of but don't have the words to express. Express ideas and create that thing that society deeply yearns for but has no ability to manifest. That is my purpose in life.

I feel like God made this happen to show me a lesson. You should take up space, you should ask for what you want instead of talking to yourself, you should never apologize to simply voice your desires. You should ask the driver to stop the bus so that you can take a piss. You never know there are many more silent sufferers waiting for you to raise your voice.

I have never felt this good in a long time.

Best piss ever.

I have been feeling should ask the British to come back and colonize us in some aspects, like on our commission, in a nice dignified manner. They can colonise our passport offices and make it more ordered and less dysfunctional.

Maybe they can colonise our police department too. They can colonize our government websites, application forms, you know all areas we have proven to be incapable as a nation to handle. They should definitely colonise our sewer treatment plants, our garbage disposals and government hospitals too. Oh and please colonise the fuck out of our TV serials and please teach us some decent British comedy.

They can colonize some tier II cities and help build some decent infrastructure that will last for a 100 years. Please colonise Bangalore metro department, they seem to be in need of some. Maybe we can print their old queen on some note, like a 15 rupee note so that we make it seem it's really happening.

Simon, come back! Colonise us daddy Britain, colonize us. We miss you.

Long live the queen.

I have never understood the obsession with UPSC in this country. Every time I visit my joint family there is some uncle who would propose I appear for the exams. 'Arey even if you don't go for it, try for it na, just appear and see, reject kar dena baad mein' they say.

Initially I would give them the polite smile and nod along but recently in the spirit of not being a people pleaser, I have started expressing dissent.

I express my theatrical lack of respect for Indian beaureaucracy, its mediocrity and its futility. After some humorous clapbacks, they get emotional and tell me how they had struggled all their life and hope one day they feel proud to be associated to a IAS officer. They say the life of an IAS is above everything,

there are two bodyguards, a car, a state funded house, everyone respects you wherever you go. Some have even humorously mentioned you get great dowry if you are an IAS officer. They made sure they make it clear they were joking after they see no reciprocation of the humor from me.

I have pondered why is this obsession of power in this nation, why is it that despite such a craze for these powers, India's governance is far from efficient?

I think the modern day India is a Frankenstein monster child of the Western democracy and Indian monarchy. India has been a status driven society but for a long time it was something you were born with, not something you can achieve. Thus power was seen not as something you earn but something that is god gifted, something destiny decides.

Then when the British came and put an end to this caste based hierarchy and essentially disrupted birth based power model of society, it caused a huge void. Now anyone could climb up the ladder and take the positions that once only kings and high royal lords occupied. The people who were accustomed to bow heads and grow an inferiority complex could now take the positions they were intimidated by.

Indians worship their heroes, they worship their actors, cricketers, politicians.

There was a time when I was in Class 7 or 8 when people who were mean to be were being served instant karma.

Like this one mean guy who used to call me names whenever he passed my school bus one day hit a car and was severely injured, only to come back a week later with 2 fractures and a plaster.

Then there was this school senior who used to incessantly call me fat for the longest time. He failed, caught cheating in his 10th exams and was found crying in the assembly hall.

It happened in small ways too, someone didn't share his Odia book with me when I forgot to bring mine, next class he was punished for talking in class. Little things.

I was a superstitious kid and in ways I still am. I have fed jaggery rotis to black dogs to do well in exams, thrown an egg to a cemetery to lose weight and also almost tried to do voodoo, so I am well aware I am a whacko. But this time I didn't actively do anything. So I only reached at the conclusion: it was Lord Ganesha's blessing on me because I always prayed to him and Ganesh Chaturthi was happening.

Okay so the instant karma thing happened again and again to a point that on Ganesh Chaturthi I literally went in front of our school ka Ganeshji statue and prayed God please don't hurt people even if they are mean to me. I know you

are trying to help me but I don't want to cause anyone trouble. I want everyone to be happy.

Guess what! It actually happened. The magic wore off. Nobody got dished out instant karma anymore.

I still hate myself for that day. Atleast ye bol dia hota ki intensity kam kardo. Who in their right might would give away such a super power? Mereko hi zyada chadha tha Mother Teresa banne ka.

I still regret returning my powers.

Yes I have tried asking it back but it doesn't work anymore.

I am tired of these feel goody cliches people use everyday

'Why does English fluency matter? It is just a language afterall, all languages are basically a means of communication'

'Is it really a good deed if the intent behind the good deed is to be a good person? Isn't that selfish'

'If we start fighting them back what is the difference between us and them?'

These are just illustrations to what not very smart people think what smart statements sound like because they carry a superficial element of linguistic wit like an irony or an observation. Often they are as simple as a contrarian negation of the status quo that makes people feel smart saying these cliches.

You follow up people and ask some questions and you will realize it is not based on any real insights on the world.

Let's tack these one by one.

1. I can assure you that in the present context someone who does not speak English and only speaks Hindi is likely to be less smarter than someone who speaks both la

I only learnt recently that Hinglish is something people identify as an issue, something one needs to fix, needs to be apologetic about. There are videos on YouTube where Indians with the cringiest English accents teach you how to get rid of Hinglish.

Even on my YouTube comments some would say 'Stick to either Hindi or English! Why this khichdi?'

I was intrigued by some reasonings : 'Poori hindi bolne mein sharm aati hai kya tujhe? Hindi mein bol'

or 'You are destroying Hindi with this mix language'

Or 'I went to the market aur maine golgappe khaye then I came back aur so gaya: dekho kitna funny sound karta hai! Just use one language' - in my defence it sounds totally normal to me.

I am proud of my Hinglish and I cannot imagine speaking in any other language that is a better expression of my inner mind.

English lends me precision, it is my exacto knife with which I can construct precise words, I can create transcendental expressions that Hindi fails to manifest due to lack of active vocabulary. I can talk about the subconscious, the cognitive system, déjà vu or overcompensation. I can distinguish minute feelings like patronizing from condescending : things Hindi is unable to, I can talk about technical things like encryption and devaluation, things Hindi is unaware of. English is how my mind works, it is the gift of the West that I am proud to inherit.

Hindi is an expression of my heart, it pulls strings in a way English cannot. I love how the Urdu words roll off my tongue like mehfooz or zimma or taqdeer or farmaish, ghulami, tehkeeqaat. I love how Hindi lets me sing in a way that would sound odd in English. Hindi is a blend of all Aryan languages chamfered by Persian. It lets me be expressive, emotional and tell a lot through pitch, rhythm and tone that the more literal English doesn't let me.

To me, English represents the India that is its cities, its urban, its capitalism, its progressiveness, its extroversion, its masculine. Hindi is its traditions, its spirituality, its culture and introversion, its feminine. When I am in a scenario where I have to restrict the usage of one, I feel like part of me is suppressed.

English fills the holes of Hindi, it lends it vocabulary that doesn't exist in Hindi because it is spoken by a culture that is not intellectual or modern.

Hindi takes away the stoic, hard, cold nature of English. It makes it palatable, digestible, fluid and beautiful.

I cannot imagine Hinglish na use karna. Writing karte waqt thoda weird lagta hai but it is the most natural form of expression when I speak. Iski ek alag personality hai jo ki smart bhi hai magar sensitive bhi hai. The language represents the modern India to me jo cities aur gaon, startups aur politics, urban aur rural, capitalism aur socialism, masculine aur feminine, sabke dayre me waver kar raha hai. Hinglish ki lack of internal order, lack of a rule kab English use karna hai aur kab Hindi give it a kind of dynamism to play with it, shift gears according to tum bolna kya chahte ho.

English is the new Sanskrit. Sanskrit before used to be the standard lexicon from which all Prakrits derived difficult words. So while bol chal Bangla and Odia would be hard to understand, technical Bangla and technical Odia would easily be understood by both Bengalis and Odia because they would both derive from Sanskrit.

Now that Sanskrit is dead and I have no regrets or sadness over it, I think we

should all corrupt/enrich our languages with English.

The modern day Prakrits should be Tanglish, Banglish, Hinglish, Odlish, Gujlish, Marathlish or you know better named equivalents. That will enable us to understand each other lot better than expecting us to all learn Hindi or Sanskrit.

It's already happening, it is just so slow you won't be able to see it right away but it will be clear in half a century or so.

i sometimes feel that the only way i will get to have a child is by buying a female egg from dark web and faking authorities that my wife died.

That is the only way because I have zero ideas about how I can exist in a situation where my locus of attention is a woman. I just cannot make a single person that important in my life. Especially when I see guys my age doing everything they can to impress a girl and placing all their self worth on female validation, it feels weird that I don't feel that urge at all - like zero. I would not mind if all the money I have amassed over the last few years of my life would go into being able to become a parent.

I really envy those couples when they fell in love when they were young and stupid, found in each other the very sense of life and purpose and had no desire to do anything else, no other locus of charm in life, so they fulfilled each other. How Bollywoodesque.

The government does not allow males to adopt in this country or have a surrogate child if they are not a couple - the assumption being males are sexual predators and cannot be trusted with a young child. I think males are allowed to adopt boys. I cannot even begin to imagine the kind of thought process that might have gone behind this.

Well, Idk. I wish the world ended. It is much better than just me ending because fomo. I hope some day somehow they discover this note and flash it on national tv after my death. I don't feel I am going to have a natural death, like at the heart I know I am going to go in some strange way and I am making myself prepared for that.

I feel like there is some purpose with which God has sent me here and that involves something idk what is exactly. maybe like leave a message of sorts. I know the future will regard me with more value than the present will. Some smart chap will hopefully one day be fascinated with me and will carry on my legacy to do something big - I know that won't be me because I am too broken with such existential issues.

I don't know how much life energy I have remaining but it feels India in Pixels is the only thing I should give my blood and soul to. I should pour out everything. It should be what Olympics was to that woman I forget her name Caroline? Kristen? Katharyn? Katlyn yeah got it.

AN escape switch which is press so much because it literally is what keeps me going, keeps me up and alive, not depressed enough to think my life is meaningless. I wish the universe heard my pain and remedied it somehow, i feel the unvierse can listen.

I wish one day it all amounts to something, maybe in some twisted way also. My death should be in style. I wonder what would it be like. I wonder if like all anxieties this one also has a simple ending where one day as I am walking I find a man who loves me, inspires me - he is flawed in the exact ways I can heal. We want to work together to be great people - we have a child we raise and are together in a team where we know each other so well, we don;t feel incomplete.

as I type I realize how incredulous it sounds. But then having a youtube channel with 200K people is also incredulous. Maybe getting out of this shithole nation will be a good first step. its people deserve me but this land does not.

idk whatever.

There are 3-4 mosques in Jharsuguda and each one does its own morning Azaan and they all try to sound worse than the other. Isn't Fajr the most important prayer of the five? Shouldn't it be done with little more grace than what these people are doing?

Why is everyone okay as a society to have religious chants blasted all through the city? Loudspeakers should be banned. For temples, mosques, churches, everyone.

Only when you start hiring in India do you realize the absolute tragedy that this country's youth is. While the few attaining laurels are quite a few but enough to evoke confidence in our nation, when you look at those that do not make the cut, you realize how much potential we have wasted.

I am reminded of my sociology Professor who said the wisest words to elucidate the poor placements of Architecture students in our previous batch, and I quote

'Tum kachra laoge to tumhe kachra hi milega'

What a wise quote. Absolutely genius.

I have witnessed how dysfunctional adults raising exceptional kids destroy their kids of all lateral thinking, indoctrinating them of what they think education is, trying to make them employable. Poverty robs so many smart kids of the opportunity for free thinking. Toxic teachers in schools make education something to detest, some game one has to beat, to trick, to hack so that you can survive.

Maybe my expectations are wrong. Maybe not every culture needs to have intelligence to do well. Maybe finding the hack, the easiest way out is a valid

way of making it through. Instead of finding the optimal scalable solution with fundamentals correct, looking at something work and finding a hack that just works suffices.

Maybe I have to learn something that I am missing out and not be so let down. I just don't know what that is.

I find Bihar fascinating because it is to India what India is to the world - a land that was once the cultural centre of humanity with excellent literature, education, heritage and governance now reduced to tatters - struggling and failing.

I find it intriguing how that description fits both Bihar and India.

I think how both cultures have undergone such an extreme form of vulgarization - it is easy to look at Lollypop Lagelus and dismiss Bihar as a culturally corrupt civilization just as looking at India's filthy streets makes you less excited about its prospects of being a world power - we end up ignoring both their rich legacy in giving this country/world leaders, reformers and governors.

What 'the British used divide and rule policy against us and took our money' is to India, 'the freight equalization policy robbed Bihar of its geographic advantage' is to Bihar - an excuse that is not that better than post rationalization of a systemic flaw.

Both India and Bihar see their poor condition not as a grave concern but a small glitch in an otherwise rich legacy of glory.

As an Indian I get defensive when a foreginer with no connection to my land passes a derogatory remark about my nation and yet I do the same with Bihar - I feel Bihar's issue is less with politics and economy and more with a degeneracy of moral and spiritual spine, identified by its low intellect men salivating over sparsely clad women dancing to really cringe music - that is a cultural collapse of an advanced level - but I do not apply the same kind of harsh critique to India, I find ways to rationalize our weaknesses and distance my nation from a reason that might seem too intrinsic of a flaw.

Maybe if I truly expect the world to take India positively, I need to begin by trying to be optimistic about Bihar which I find really difficult but in that attempt I believe I will find real ways of how cultures should be revived instead of bullshit reasons with which liberals look at the world.

As I was continuing my Netflix scrolling, I came across this thumbnail of the Fresh Prince of Bel Air and I was startled.

This expression of Will Smith, right here, I feel, is the distillation of literally every YouTuber, every influencer, every protagonist in today's shows.

A sassy, confident go getter who can drop witty remarks and has a laid back attitude, is effortless and charming, is a generator of pleasure and humor - ooh what's not to love. This is the distillation of every 'Hey guys! Welcome to my video, if you liked it, hit that bell icon and make sure to like, subscribe and share' said in his zinger voice like the whole world is revolving around you.

Im not saying it is bad, just that when everyone does it, it becomes just bland and pretentious. Fuck effortlessness, what is so wrong about those making effort to be charming? What is wrong with those who don't have any of this ingrained high brow positivity, who are anxious and a mess and are not afraid of saying 'I don't know what I am doing'?

I am sure it is not just me who thinks like this. It is for this reason that stars like Tom Holland, Jennifer Anniston, even Alia Bhatt are so relatable and likable to the weird ones.

Im not sure if this is a millennial-GenZ thing where cockiness was a thing millennials valued more? while GenZ find someone who is not afraid to admit they're anxious and broken as admirable? Or is it changing notions of masculinity where this cocky face is seen today as a toxic piece of stoic masculinity that maybe isn't helpful to everyone and instead we are more accepting of a more sensitive kind of masculinity?

At the rate at which Ive been overthinking on Facebook I feel idve dropped many papers at a JNU if I was a student there. What a tragedy

A flip side to being immuned by criticism is that compliments also stop giving you dopamine hits as they used to.

We had this chapter in our Sanskrit Book in Class 9/10 (so I take liberty with the translation) where Krishna tells Arjun - "the mind is the ultimate trickster, controlling it is like taming the wind - you should be in the state where criticism doesn't bring you down and praise doesn't lift you up"

I have forgotten many things in life but this line somehow stays. I then used to think this is such an unstable place to be, how can you be not be happy with praise and be sad with criticism? But I think it is an achievable state.

When you are engrossed in the journey and your dharma, the destination, the fruits, the thorns don't matter anymore - the journey is the end to itself.

Pick one thing and do it well, do it so well that it doesn't matter whether you succeed or fail, let questions like why or what's the point be of no significance to you, be a fool and pursue it like a fool. More often than not, the fleeting magic happens when there is a high degree of mundane ritualism - excited waters seldom allow for new life to be breathed.

The place where crypto and content meet is going to be the defining space of this decade. It is going to revolutionize the way our collective species has treated creativity, from the patronage by the royalty to a craft based profession to now a digitally alive virus.

On a meta level, crypto unifies capital and tech. Content unifies art and design. It is the marriage of two higher order domains that will result in a very complex field. It means a whole new channel is getting created where entities like community trust, investing, preservation of culture and heritage that took years to stabilize can now happen in fraction of the cost and time.

We have the perfect design for the best of both domains - the left brainers and right brainers to come together.

You can eliminate corruption in entirety with smart contracts. You can enable solo creators to compete with traditional companies. Gaming has been the experiment space for a lot of technologies to go beyond that domain. How communities form has been redefined by gaming. We are going to see that manifest in every allied field.

What intrigues me is how unaware and disinterested disciplines that directly deal with communities, the journalists, the activists, the writers of the world are to this new field. They have been so convinced in their cynicism, their obsession with analysis and allergy to synthesis when you would think they would be the ones really synthesizing new concepts.

It is the engineers, product managers and businessmen that are going to create new communities, dare I say, even civilizations that will be experiment beds for how humanity collaborates, unifying the powers of the silicon and carbon.

If you are a creator or a coder today, you have powers with you that are worth billions of dollars and millions of human life changing opportunities.

Each one of you has the ability to change lives with every line of code and reel of video.

If Chanakya and Panini would be alive today, they wouldn't be jerking off thinking of the past, they would be in their own headspace thinking about the future.

The fact that most right wing in this nation fetishizes over the scriptures and Sanskrit and in the last 6 years has literally learnt no Sanskrit or scriptures tells you it is less about scriptures and Sanskrit and more about them.

Modern day Hinduism is what happens when a rich but defeated culture tries to unite itself twisting its narratives to survive against thriving civilizations.

It is a short term fix but it might just work. Hindutva has the potential to unite people - especially the poor illiterate and semi-literate masses in this nation - that has never happened before.

The Hindu identity is an interesting concept. One can argue that the allegiance of most Hindu people in this country has never been directly to the religion but the clan, tribe, caste, region, even language and ethnicity.

You do not therefore see large protests in India when Hindus are killed in Bangladesh or Pakistan but you see protests when the Marathas feel some film is against Shivaji Maharaj or when the Karni Sena feels their history is being fiddled with or the Tamilians feel their language is encroached upon.

So I am recruiting interns for my channel and I found a majority of the submissions and almost all of the high quality submissions were by women. This is interesting because across all my platforms, men comprise over 70-80% of the audience.

The focus on the assignment is on creative writing so I wonder if the hypothesis that females are better at creative things holds good.

There is also a distinct difference in style in how the high quality submissions differ between the genders.

I don't know how to put in but men generally write better left brain inclined things that elicit analysis, information, opinions and women write more right brain inclined things that evoke synthesis, connections and analogies.

When I am making offers to the people I am picking about the percentage share of the revenue, most guys seem to think about the number, say 'i think it is fair' but women preface with lines like 'I don't have any idea how this works, so anything is fine'.

Why do women not assert more in negotiations?

Also, the entries I got are such high quality, I wonder then why aren't there many thought provoking original channels led by solo women yet. All you get is the same clichéd content by Superwoman, Rickshawali, Prajakta Kohli who play in that relatable genre/ typical women issues genre (sexism, feminism, menstruation)

There are rare channels like Swastikam, Riya Gogoi who are making dope things, not mistaking their gender as their personality and really go beyond the obvious themes.

But even then these are conversational, people oriented channels Why isn't there a woman led channel on science, on maths, on analysing films in India?

Maybe it is a GenZ Millennial thing. To be blunt, I find millennials to be a dull generation - hot headed boys and dull submissive girls.

GenZ is flipping all these tropes with more assertive women and sensitive guys - that is the perfect zone for creativity.

I don't know I think am blabbering. I really wish by the end of this internship I hope personally every person I work with finds confidence to start their own channel and do good work, be more assertive and confident in putting themselves out there.

I don't take people seriously who claim to love Sanskrit or display an obsession with scriptures.

I know Sanskrit and scriptures are proxies for something else.

Our fascination with our scriptures and history is not about our scriptures and history.

It is about us.

It is about us to feel like we are no less worthy, that our colonised invaded past doesn't define us but our rich heritage and culture does.

People who love the past want to be loved, want to matter, they want to feel better about themselves. So when a wealthy person of today, the white human adopts our culture, our soul feels happy. We feel seen, we feel appreciated and worthy.

The truth is that if Chanakya, Sushruta, Panini and Aryabhatta lived today they wouldn't be obsessed with past, they would be busy making the future.

Chanakya would be at NITI Aayog implementing a WEB3 architecture of India's new banking system, Sushruta would be doing top research with AIIMS to instantly heal injuries of our army soldiers, Panini would be working on inventing a formalized language that unifies major Indian languages he would be creating AI voice to text for most Indian languages, Aryabhatta would be at ISRO working on quantum science.

All of them would be giving TED talks and thinking about the future, not obsessing about the past.

So if you are are lover of India gifted with talents who wants to do something for it, stop praising dead people, they care little about you. Start creating new ideas, engaging with the future. The past is dead. Start obsessing about the India that will be and not the India that was. Stop bothering about a language nobody speaks, learn one or two languages that are currently spoken and mobilise more people. Speak English, speak Mandarin and spread the message of India that is, not India that was.

Ofcourse this requires privilege and power. For most people who love this nation but don't have the privileges or talent or abilities, loving the past, trying to read the scriptures and learn Sanskrit are valid ways of expressing their love.

I fully empathize with them. Maybe it helps them stay optimist and not fall into a hole of pessimism, maybe it acts as the booster to help them propel to

be productive.

But I am not one of them. I have been cursed with abilities and talents, so I have no time learning dead languages or be happy when a white man validates the symbols of my culture. I am busy making the India that will be, the India that will be better than the past ever was.

// Trigger warning: gross generalizations and stereotyping for the sake of simplicity

In the garden that is the world, every culture is a rose surrounded by a fence.

The rose is the fragrant feminine part of the culture - it is its art, its spirituality, its knowledge, its languages, its songs, its music, its festivals.

The fence is what protects the rose - it is the masculine part of the culture - it guards the rose against the intrusive wasps, it provides it shade and protection - it has to be strong, reinforced with business, economy, innovation, hard sciences.

Now, the feminine has nothing to do with females and masculine with men - these are abstract representations - in many cultures its the women who take the archetypical masculine role of protecting the culture while the men give the culture its fragrance - I only use these archetypes because of how traditional Western psychology, of which I am a disciple of, defines it.

The issue with liberals is that it seems to them the world is a bed of roses and only roses - there are no wasps, no bees, no parasites, no need for fences.

Nations like India which over emphasise the importance of the rose and neglected the fence have to pay for it by seeing the rose getting demolished. When you ignore the importance of hard strong power, war, weapons, muscle, power, aggression, masculinity and strategy - you pay for it by seeing your most valuable parts - art, architecture, history, spirituality all in ruins.

Then there are nations like Pakistan, Saudi that have only ever focused on the fence and in that process ignored that there is a rose - in such cultures there is a good fence protecting nothing - there is no vibrance, no beauty left to protect - they often replace the rose with a plastic dummy and sprinkle some perfume.

It is the West that in the last century has ensured that its rose and fence both are top notch - they have a vibrant culture that is modern, evolving and alive with a functional economy, a strong military and a cunning yet free business to ensure the society is protected and resourceful.

Alas most modern people in the West - in the States, in particular, don't appreciate what they have - they take for granted that they shall stay like this forever, they ignore the hunger and appetite nations like India and China have - they are just waiting for the opportunity to topple the West from its position of dominance. Sure, the smartest American probably outsmarts the smartest Indians and the smartest Chinese but just because of the sheer size of India

and China - there are lot lot lot more smart Indians and Chinese than there are smart Americans.

Anyway, that's their problem. As an Indian, I see that we as a nation are realizing now the value of the fence - but because we collectively are not a very intelligent country, we express it in crude ways like religious supremacy and toxic tribalism.

We are less interested in things today and we live in delusions of reviving a dead language and praising dead people.

We are not excited about the things today or the future, we pretend as if we are the West without having paid the costs that West has - we have to face the reality of living in a poor third world country.

We assume we are the inheritors of the creativity of Chanakya, Aryabhata, Sushruta without making any efforts like they might have had to do in their time. Dwelling and jerking off thinking about the past is how we escape the fact that our present is so broken. Yes we desire a lot as a country but the efforts are not commensurate.

Instead this desire should not be dissipated into shallow social media flexing, it needs to be drilled down into every individual so that we are all more conscious about being athletically fit, intellectually rigorous - not throw garbage on the streets, not spit paan everywhere, be well read, be well spoken, be productive, skilled, not being lazy, speak more gracefully, less like wild animals - alas all that takes intelligence and a cultural spine that will take time to develop and mature.

Thankfully even if we don't adapt, death will ensure the old and rotten is cleared off and the space is made for new and fresh.

I wish all this energy in this nation has about Sanskrit, Savarkar and Gita was fueled more into entrepreneurship, coding, media, web3, learning languages of today, creativity, business and creating new cultures, new ideas.

Maybe the current state of India is this fence taking shape in its nascent form - if nurtured well, it will mature us as a nation, be the new West, if nurtured poorly, it will destroy the rose - make us some version of a broken Islamic nation.

I hope we don't destroy the rose. The path there won't be pretty, we will have to flex our muscles and maybe also overstep sometimes, like that teenage boy with anger issues who later learns to control his anger.

It is much better to be a bad boy who learns to be good than to always be a good boy.

Remember, build the fence but don't destroy the rose.

The way I have heard it in some facebook groups is - 'Vyas bhi hum, Parshuram bhi hum' - yeah, that's actually surprisingly accurate - I just hope we internalize it in a positive way, constructive way and not use it as a way to fake strength.

I watch Nile Red's videos quite a lot on YouTube where he does these experiments like making cotton candy from cotton or extracting caffeine from Red Bull - I wonder why do I like this character and his work so much when I directly don't do chemistry or even have an active interest in chemistry?

I watch a lot of similar channels where I watch the presenter just be excited about their work and be skilled at what they do.

Confidence which stems from competence is sexy.

For a person, any person to know where they want to go and then make the effort and have the ability to go there - it is a joy to watch people do it, this is what we admire in our heroes that they are able to overcome their doubts and fears and pick one thing and do it well.

So I made a Discord server for the channel and the median age for that channel is 13.

My two moderators are in Class 8 and Class 9.

These kids look up to me like some neo guru friend and are so stoked that a person with my channel my size talks to them.

This is extremely surreal.

I had three favorite seniors in my college - all my fifth years when I was in first. With every batch it goes down it is harder to heroize folks.

You'll see this in Bollywood, actresses have no issues appreciating actresses who are 10 years older to them but majaal hai kisi ki if they appreciate someone the same age.

I feel a good enough age difference establishes a power dynamics and there is none of this subtle underlying power struggle that happens in every friendship. Great friendships are one where one is the alpha another the beta differently across different domains. It is much more enriching and fulfilling.

Like one helps the other be more extroverted and confident, the other helps the other be more sensitive. This is why the bad boy, sweet girl archetype is so common in relationships (it is also at an unstable equilibrium because the shadow personalities don't always gel well in opposites attract type relations)

But when there is an established power balance, there is no such implicit this and that. Sure the issue of relatability arises but because these kids like my work, they feel like I am already a friend. This is called para social friendship or ek tarfa friendship that celebrities exploit to sell merch and do brand integrations.

Because I have zero interest in such manipulative behavior, I feel I kinda like this feeling. I wish I had a cool senior like me growing up. Honestly, fuck humility.

I think I love it.

That's it, that's the post. I won't end it with anything deep to counter the flex. I'm awesome.

Actually not, let me do it.

I know I am not a friend friend to them. I am probably a representative of what a cool nerd can do, to do work that people watch

So I made a Discord server for my channel. In 3 weeks, 890 people joined. The median age is 14.

My admins are 14 and 13 year old. My moderators are in Class 8 and Class 9.

I am some legend in their eyes. When I pop up in some chat they say 'ashris oniichan is here'. Yes. They say things like 'you are my favorite youtuber sir', 'we want to be like you' and I have a flood of thoughts and just say 'thank you I wish you all the best and remind them not to call me sir which they dismiss'.

I am still not sure how to process it all. I had a 2 hour chat with my admins yesterday where we discussed science exams, how to grow our server. On the voice channels kids perform songs and play GeoGuesser.

Some kids discuss in different languages, some kids talk how pandemic is impacting them.

This is like discovering some another planet that I had no Idea existed. These kids are so smart, I feel borderline stupid but they adore me. They ask me if I play GTA and Minecraft. When someone called me humility pog the other day, I had to google to check if it meant something bad. Apparently pog means play of the game.

I remind myself that it isn't me that they admire but the archetype of this cool senior who has a big YouTube channel. I feel intimidated, blessed and excited all the same time. I wonder if it is a genuine connection.

Kids are so socially awkward annoying but also full of curiosity and energy - I feel like part of my soul is energised and refreshed being around kids, even virtually. Like some old witch feeding on young blood to stay youthful but like on an intellectual level but without the creepy factor.

We are planning a Nitro give away next month when the server hits 1000 members. Do you have Nitro? I am sure you don't.

So yeah if you want to get Nitro and also be a pog, you should join us.

<https://discord.gg/nYsSKthQXX>

Here.

brb.

I would love to euthanize myself, not when I have a terminally ill disease but when I feel like.

Why not? Why should we have a our lives planned and figured out to precision but suddenly when it comes to probably the most important decision to leave this world we go in such a shitty way - bedridden, diseased and in the mercy of happenstance. Yuck.

One should go at their own will, when they feel they don't have the willingness to live, in full dignity and authority. Suicide is so creepy because the only way we let people escape is through self violence. This need not be such gruesome, it need not be so painful.

I don't get why is this such a revolutionary idea to not force someone to endure life when they don't want to?

I think it's because this will destroy this world's economy. The economy that relies on you sacrificing your best days of youth so that you can retire wealthy and pay for your medical bills, have excess money when your health isn't good enough to allow you to enjoy most things in life, your mind is too tired to want to try new things.

I wonder why do people wish to live forever. People would live more at ease if they could plan their exit. It would make death not a creepy looming thing we are hush hush about but a

Increasingly I realize how less and less important pure talent is. It is an asset with rapidly decreasing value.

Some skills like dancing, singing and painting which honestly are some of the precious gifts one can get from God get squashed because families are either not privileged to support their kids or don't value these skills - so these talents get squandered right away. This kills about I think 50% of all talents.

Then a good chunk - I think about 30% just use their talent as pure hobby with no real bearing in their life - it gives them pleasure and happiness and their families support them but they aren't really serious about it, so it just fizzles.

10% of people who do practice their talents beyond a hobby like integrating it to their career or really put efforts into developing them will just fail - simple. They will either lose motivation eventually or they won't make it financially viable. They will be unable to stand out and find a unique niche - their best won't be good enough. Maybe the talents they have also don't get valued today any more - it is also luck where and when you are born.

The rest 10%

At this stage, they are all talented and hard working and focused and have the talent that people value but even then only 0.5% will make it because a majority will be too powerless to grow - you will need to find a conventional skill to focus on so that you can stay afloat while find mentors and gurus, supporters and encouragers who have to like you - that means you need to be a good follower - a good employee - you have to be sincere and disciplined and yet not let that child in you die, be mad and yet be grounded

Talent is like the little spark God gives you - to make it into a full blown flame that lights up the world you have to find the fuel, find the dry place, find the people who can help build the gas line, find the resources to get the wood, and then protect it when it rains, then also find people who seek warmth of this light, who will witness the flame.

The take away is not these numbers - it is to not let talent let your ego drift and yet really dedicate yourself to your talent if you are serious about it. Stay grounded, stay humble and put in the work - the universe is listening.

I'll tell you a secret to be instantly more likeable.

Listen close.

You listening?

Here it is.

"Set a goal and work towards it".

Done.

There is nothing sexier than a person knowing what he wants and then working towards it.

Doesn't matter at what scale, at what field - the simple act of being competent in your abilities and having a clear vision is something people find deeply admirable. This is also why dumb people with a clear vision and simple plan are so much more naturally attractive and confident than geniuses with blurry ideas and wavering ambitions.

I realized this while I was watching Veritasium or one of these gaming channels where they are trying to beat the world record by 0.01 - nobody in their viewers is either a physicist or a speedrunner - but they all admire the person for having a clear goal and having the passion to follow it.

Everyone in the world wants to be noticed and praised but they all lack internal consistency. They say one thing and they practice another - they do the job they hate, they say things they don't mean - most don't have goals, they have wishes and even if they have goals - their actions have little alignment with those goals.

Thus to find someone whose goals and actions are aligned - it is not just rare, it's attractive.

You can't do this all at once - a better way to make the first step is this: stop saying things you don't mean. You will improve instantly as a person. Then apply that energy to direct your words and actions to what you aspire and you are set for great things.

Third degree meta

I have been trying to articulate what is it that I am dying for - every day as I inch towards my death trading my youth, my life and my time - what am I earning in return and I think at 4:44am I found a good candidate â I want to understand the third degree meta version of life.

Let me explain.

There are degrees of abstraction to life. Base reality or the 0th level meta is the physical world as you sense it.

First degree meta is the world that involves any abstraction - for example 'money' is a first degree meta object - it is a meta concept of materializing 'utility'. Religion is first degree meta because it adds one layer of 'what-if' to base reality. Similarly observational comedy is first degree meta. In first degree meta you try to analyse base reality and find a pattern.

Then comes second degree meta where you think about first degree meta world and try to find the patterns in the pattern detection logic of the base reality. This is what mental models are - they help you architect your thought that helps you architect the world. Second degree meta is ironical comedy or complex memes or let's say figuring out what people deeply want and building it - all these are second degree meta thinking

Third degree meta would thus be the abstraction at which you are finding patterns in second degree meta entities. I cannot imagine what is an example for this but this would need you to have some insight that is so absurdly weird in base reality but it makes more sense as it unfolds in each level. Probably Freud's conception of the sexual development of a child's mind as he goes through the anal phase, the genital phase, the repressed phase - it is things like this that can be reached at when you just listen to the universe and let the patterns come up on their own.

This can be the answer to lowering suffering but cutting through all the shadow play of the mind and channeling that suffering to something divine.

I think this is a pursuit that is worth pursuing.

Think of Satoshi Nakamoto - that guy must have operated in the third degree meta plane where the objective he was trying to solve was how to

South-North pairs that share the same archetypes in my head

Tamil Nadu - Uttar Pradesh

Both states regard themselves to be the parental figure of their larger culture and suffer from similar anxieties of not being taken seriously therefore they over emphasize their own language and culture to the point of extremism. Both these states have fantasies of a larger territory and an obsession with the glorious past which is why they both insist on being as old as dinosaurs. Both have been extremely casteist societies which is why they also have seen a lot of anti-caste politics shape their states.

Kerala - West Bengal

These two states are the most feminine of their respective cultures - both young, both outward looking, culturally inclined, rebels - their culture has placed a lot of emphasis on individualism and an abandonment of collectivism (which is ironic because of their shared fetish for a leftist ideas). Education is valued in both these states but both risk undervaluing the importance of business and discipline.

Andhra - Gujarat/Punjab

Both states have really high ambitions from themselves, and the metric of success for a middle class household is if your son made it to the States or Canada. Both their films are extroverted, masculine and larger than life. They both adore fair skinned women and love a good story. Both are known for their distinct food and riches.

Karnataka - Maharashtra

Where do I start? If you squint, both states are practically the same - the same blend of North and South, similar food, similar aesthetics and a similar passion for Goa. Both these states have remained chill for the longest time but have recently discovered the mother doesn't tend the child unless it cries. Both have similar acumen for tech and a lethargy for good infrastructure.

The lonelier someone is, the more lonely they become.

Often because the source of loneliness is not external, it is internal. There is one key aspect behind all forms of loneliness - shame.

When someone is ashamed of who he is, no matter how much someone external cares for him or values him, the person will only be able to register his own need for others - he will never be able to see how much others need him because the internal shame makes him subconsciously convinced that nobody can even stand him, let alone be attached to him.

Shame is often the result of abandonment, shame is often the result of shelving one part of you into the unconsciousness so that society accepts you.

The cure to loneliness is to first realize that others can genuinely love you, that you are not just a consumer of love but also a generator of one and that for someone to love you, you need to love them first.

To be loved is to first believe you are worth loving - to be loved is to first love yourself, to be loved is to direct your self love towards others, to be loved means to treat others the way you would want to be treated. To be loved is to abandon shame, to be loved is to forgive others and let them love you.

So there are these random days I get the strongest urge to apply an eye liner and paint my nails black just because I think they'd go with my aesthetic. And then there is a side of me raised in the society that cringes reminding myself of what kind of beauty I as a guy can aspire for.

That kind of beauty is made of sweat, weights and scars and not eye liners, nail paints and lotions.

I have often contemplated how Soorma is basically the same thing as kajal but it doesn't have the feminine connotations as kajal. Because it is 'meant for' a religious use case and not for the sole purpose of beautification, it becomes masculine and therefore acceptable to society.

So it isn't the eye liner in itself that is an issue but the underlying paradigm of men wanting to beautify themselves that is the issue, and not just any beauty but such frivolous ornamentation that is best left for the women.

Under the traditional model of society the worth of a man is how much he produces and how successful he is in protecting his family. Men can be beautiful but that beauty is different from the feminine beauty and is called 'handsomeness' and that beauty focuses on traits that are functional or at least signifiers of functionality. Like a tall muscular figure reinforces the man's masculinity and ability to protect his family physically, a trait that would complement femininity, not compete with it. The exact form is dependent on the culture but in most traditional societies, masculine beauty that indicates sexual fertility, power and an extroverted, active lifestyle (cowboy jeans, rugged shoes) are valued.

As for women, most patirarchial societies treat them as grown children - innocent, precious and delicate. The underlying connotation is that they are avatars of the virgin Mary so traits that reinforce youth and a well upbringing and a purity of mind are valued. There definitely is a lot of functional signifiers like red lipstick being a subconscious sexual sign that arouses the male gaze, a symmetrical face and rounded hips implying youth and a suitability for delivering babies but women have a lot more creative bandwidth for ornamenting themselves for the sake of it. In the case of women, for having them to work or be productive is seen by society as a weakness in men. Many women are not

allowed to work not because it is unsafe for them but because it sends a signal that the man is incompetent to take care of the family.

Therefore the society's idea of a perfect man is one where the beauty enhances his masculine competence. Notice how in songs, men are never complemented for physical traits - maybe sometimes for arms, shoulders and chest but never for eyes, smile and smell. Their accessories are objects of admiration instead (Lamborghinis recently) or (suit, topi, shoes). Whereas for women, it doesn't matter what they do as much as what they look like - accentuated eyes, lips, hips, smiles.

So anything that men engage in that is not 'productive' is bad. Anything frivolous men aspire for is feminine and makes them look impotent. In obvious ways, it is men being ridiculed for even having a moisturizing cream and in non-obvious ways men discouraged from pursuing music, arts or even writing.

Maybe there is a sophisticated way for us to exist in modern times where we need not play by the rules that came up during the medieval times and also need not exaggerate something simple and making it political to send a big 'fuck you' message to society. Maybe it happens in simpler ways, maybe it is happening anyway.

Fashion is nothing but a visual depiction of identity. Certainly Ayushman Khurrana wearing an eye liner doesn't make him genderfluid but it certainly nudges society by 1 degree from its inertial path. Maybe it is less about society and more about that part of me that was raised by society that is a strict vigilante of what is okay and what is not, what creativity is good, what is bad.

My creativity when it oozes as a flamboyant video with editing and narration is nice, when it oozes as eye liner lined eye, it is bad. When it oozes as a creative web project it is good, when it oozes as me coloring my nails, it is bad.

Society loves to enjoy masculine creativity when it is beneficial to the world, but not when it is for self consumption.

Candy Crush

There's a certain kind of shame I experience playing Candy Crush that is beyond explanation, so I shall try to articulate it nevertheless.

Playing Candy Crush gives me the same feeling as reading Uday Chopra's tweets, two things I do when my existentialism has managed to render me incapable to doing anything else.

It's not that it's just a game and playing games makes me feel unproductive, not at all. I play PUBG and I don't experience that morbid nihilism of Candy Crush at all.

There's something in the design of Candy Crush in itself that elicits that existential sadomasochism in me to relentlessly cringe playing such a dimwitted

game and yet coming back to it in a loop.

I think my irritation comes from the fact that the game patronises me. It literally shakes the candies that should be played next and one can manage to play a game purely by following the shakes the game recommends so you don't even have to think.

Second it's the masculine baritone voice telling me 'Sugarlicious' and 'Divine' after every move that I know subconsciously is equivalent to your father patting your back in approval, they call it affirmational therapy these days where people literally pay others to chant 'you're awesome', 'you're great' to them.

Fundamentally I think Candy Crush might appeal to people with mild OCD - I use it in the pop cultural sense not the diagnostic sense. It is a game where you create order from chaos so it's like that visual ASMR gimmicks where they squash things in a hydraulic press and cut pieces of a soap.

Playing Candy Crush is also like watching that episode of Friends for the 19th time. It's like something that is predictable, familiar. You can zone out for a while not having to process anything new.

But you know the best part? It is seeing the scores of all my Facebook friends after each game. It is so relaxing to know I am not the only one that there are others as well and they are better than me at this game. This is the one game where I am relieved if I am not the best at it.

Where does the shame come from though? Is it from the news I hear about this Indian housewife winning all levels of Candy Crush which just sounds such a waste of time. Is it the fact that it is such an easy unintellectual game involving no real skills?

But it feels like cocaine when you have lost all your lives and you are desperately trying to change your settings to alter the time on your phone to get additional lives and the next day Chrome complains before loading every site that the time is wrong so you make that walk of shame and fix the time again. How pathetic.

I don't know what is the take away from this. Not everything in life is supposed to be a lesson, it's just a random experience that's all. So I am sorry I have no insight or wise quote to offer this time. Try next time. Bye.

I fail to understand how legendary Bangla singers who probably have made some of the best music of the sub continent have such few subscribers on YouTube

Anupam Roy has 276K Somlata Acharyya Chowdhury has 121K Mekhla Dasgupta has 80K Sahana Bajpaie has 70K Lagnajita Chakraborty has 28K and Arnob has a criminally low 18K

Like wuuut? Who do you Bengali kids even listen to if not these people?

Are these artists not taking their YouTube channels seriously or do you folks in Bengal not realize what talent you have?

Why is it that bogus vlog channels have more subscribers than these literal gems?

I think the only exception I know are Pritam Das and Suman Ghosh who managed to grow Taalpatar Shepai to a great 273K.

Prionti Pratyush thoughts?

If you are truly an empathetic person, you most likely would be pretty anti-social a person.

Simply because it is extremely emotionally draining to be empathetic person. Look at what all happens to establish a moment of empathy.

You listen to each word of your partner while also processing the multiple sub-texts in the context of what you already know about them, you factor in their body language. You transport yourself into their mind, into their life, into their dreams, their joys and sorrows, their demons.

You notice your recipient's facial expressions, then you make sense of their story in your mind - not treat the story as a form of entertainment but truly as a platonic form of love where you reciprocate vulnerability with deep attention.

You then analyse and compute the motivation behind each action, simultaneously trying not to judge, resist the urge to exploit their vulnerability and also reciprocate kindness all while you are listening and then you articulate your thoughts in a manner that is coherent and helpful.

Empathy isn't just a flowery feeling of the heart, it is also a hard product of the brain. It requires a lot of wisdom to be loving yet not patronizing, to be objective and yet not be harsh. Empathy can also be exploited by manipulative psychopaths to control others.

Empathy is regularly exploited by content creators to sell you shit. Ads use empathy to make you feel FOMO. Politicians use empathy to make you invested. Toxic relationships are all about toxic empathy - taking a moment of vulnerability to hurt you later in the future. Empathy has to be therefore complemented with a genuine intent of love.

I feel we all have the capacity in us to be positively empathetic but we save it for our closest of the closest friends - possibly for our lovers.

If you experience moments of empathy in life, you should cherish them and value them.

Aryan was sick of this life. His life as an artist. What a masochistic existence. The more you work, the more you cut yourself, the more you transfer your soul outside your body. An endless roller coaster of prodigal narcissism and self pitying worthlessness. This is how rocks break, Aryan afterall was just a human.

He had it. He decided to visit the Fever God - Jwarasura, the only god who existed beyond the goods and bads, rights and wrongs, heaven and hell, in psychedelic gardens and hospitals. Jwarasura the lord of fevers and acid trips would be the right God to consult.

So Aryan poured himself in cold water and laid bare on his terrace. Tears and water, what it all came to. At night when the cold winds blew he saw shining rainbows up in the sky. That's when Jwarasura descended.

Jwarasura looked at Aryan and knew exactly what his questions were going to be. He told him 'Your anxiety stems from an excess of life energy'

Aryan who was experiencing the strongest fever dreams then had no energy to reply or ask questions back.

Jwarasura continued - 'You exist in different realities at the same time. You simultaneously vibrate in different energy levels across different dimensions. You are the sum total of all these vibrations.'

The rainbows at this point had turned into monochromatic shades of grey.

Jwarasura flew above Aryan in shapes of 8 like a giant dark monstrous honeybee and proceeded - when the weight of existence gets too high on some of these energies, they burst open their physical limitations'

Aryan gathered enough energy amidst his trip to mumble - death?

'Yes. They are freed of the dimension. Every version of you feels that and absorbs the remaining life energy that was allotted to that version'

'So I have excess life energy?'

'Yes. You have 12 base realities worth of life energy packed in you. 12 of the 13 realities in which you existed have all dissolved. You carry all their ethereal memories wishes and anxieties'

Aryan shivered at this point both from the fever and the thought. 'Oh no I'm fucked'

'Yes but the bane of your existence is to redeem these energies and give expression to them all. You are responsible for them all'

Aryan trembled.

'But they wish you well. Find a way to integrate your soul, Aryan.'

'Integrate my soul? What does that mean'

Jwarasura looked straight into Aryan's eyes and dissapeared. Aryan's fever was so high he fainted. He woke up next day to find himself on his bed.

And life continues. 'what an anti climatic fever' Aryan thought to himself.

End

Me: Wow, so many smart people follow me, my work is shaping how the new generation thinks - my work is meaningful, I need to continue it and ensure a new renaissance happens in India where culture, art and data are reimagined as instruments of creativity and reason - these are the new symbols of national identity and unity.

Also me: If these fuckers stop caring about my page in a year, I am going to sell it all off for 2.7 bitcoins to the first Russian hacker I find and be done with this shit.

Me: all this social media clout is pointless, the real thing that matters is whether I am happy with my work myself or not. I should do work to express myself and for no other reason.

Also me: I have 1143 days until I turn 30. By 30 I need to have 1 million subscribers for sure, so since I am at 247k, I need 753k more which means per day I need about 650 people to subscribe or in a month I need 19k subscribers. Since every video gives me around 5k subscribers, I need about 4 videos every month to sustain this. Hmm better get going.

ð ¥²

Digital conversations with strangers are in some way, "platonic hookups". They are both identified by an ephemeral sense of warmth and a fleeting kind of interest - coupled with looming hollow pointlessness.

Instead of physical traits you check out cognitive ones - a big part of the excitement is the mystery and adventure of exploring a new person without any obligations of having to deal with the non interesting aspects of them.

Neither a hookup nor a spontaneous conversation with a stranger are shallow - they are deep, profound even because it is easier to let down your guard when there are no consequences. The issue is that while they satiate momentary urges, they leave you feeling hollow. Why?

Well spontaneous bursts of attractions both physical and cognitive involve hyper inflating one tiny aspect of a person - maybe their eyes, lips, abs or breasts - their writing, their thinking, their humor or their data visualizations about India and imagine an entire personality based on this distilled curated aspect - so any

love directed at this imagined persona in the long run feels fake to the recipient because the giver never understood them.

To be loved without being understood is worse than to be never been loved at all.

Just like the characters leave in the morning, if at all they ever stayed for the whole night and never meet again because that rush of that first time cannot be recreated again - digital sparkles also soon dim after the exchange of flattery is over.

For the long time I have been annoyed of small talk - "ugh what boring drudgery - let's talk about deep talks - let's talk about our deepest darkest anxieties and aspirations - that is so much more interesting than describing the weather". I think I was wrong.

The deep talk fetish is dehumanizing, it makes people see each other as mini Buddhist monks or walking Alexas or tiny stand up comics, portable Oprahs and lo-fi Sadgurus. Good things need boring platitude, non verbal exchanges, regular interactions, platonic non sexual touch - they cannot be replaced by deep virtual talks.

Deep talks feel real when there has been enough small talk, enough non verbal exchange, enough vulnerability exchange so that one really can appreciate and value the deep talk - just like the physical equivalent of seeing each other naked is so much more meaningful when it is two souls opening up to each other and not just salivating over genitalia - that is how a deep talk without any foundation feels like.

So am done with being treated like some wise Buddha - fuck you. Talk to me about the weather, ask me about my favorite Priyanka Chopra film then talk to me about creativity and existentialism.

I won't say I have photographic memory but you know how some memories are just engraved in your mind? Like how I can just think and taste how polio drops felt when they touched my tongue, I can smell how beautiful petrol was when I first smelled it and I can feel how queasy I felt when I first cracked my head against the wall and had blood all over my hands and shirt.

One such core memory that formed when I was in Class 2 was the realisation that I will die one day. That one day my parents will die as well. I cried that day like there was no tomorrow. Sitting on the floor organizing my scrabble tiles, the thought froze me and I ran to my mom as she was confused why I was crying.

The angst although profound was pacified by some snacks but it has continued to exist to this day. It surfaced up whenever people would look at my two swirls on back of my head and said either I will marry twice or I will die drowning in water. It surfaced again when I read that asteroids have fallen on Earth and

caused complete obliteration of all life. It has surfaces again when I listened to stories of when Kalyug will end and Satyug will begin.

I think of death almost on a daily basis. The only conclusion that thought has taught me is to become immortal. I know eventually entropy will get hold of us all and obliterate everything, me, my family, Mahatma Gandhi, India and Earth but I should try my best to outlast my physical body for as long as I can.

Am I insane? Heck no. Why else would they leave that flag on moon and deface historical monuments with scribbles that read Renu loves Rakesh? I think it is less about the innate love between Renu and Rakesh and more about the trust in stones to outlast human bodies.

Scribbling on stones is a valid way to extend yourself beyond your body. There's a more popular version which is to take your sperm or egg and make it into another human and let them do the same and continue that chain - it is also a kind of relay race to transfer some genetic baton across time.

Yet I think these are inefficient means of becoming immortal. Scribbles only preserve an abstract part of you that was momentary, they are as superficial as an NFT. Making genetic offsprings also sure preserves your biology but does it do anything to capture your mind and soul? Probably not.

So what then? Lata Mangeshkar is kinda immortal. She will haunt us with her Vande Mataram and Dharti Suneheri. Gandhi will be immortal in some way. Isn't that what everybody wants? Is that fame exactly? Well Tesla wasn't aiming for fame, he died unknown only shot to fame posthumously. Seems like aiming for fame is a less reliable way to achieve fame.

Seems like it is more worthy to just scribble on lot of stones. Stones that are digital that will outlast minerals, that can probably be cloned into waves and transmitted across the cosmos. And you can not just encode Rakesh loves Renu, you can encode how Rakesh loved Renu, why Rakesh loved Renu, when did that love end and what happened after that love ended.

Anybody who knows me in real life knows how awkward I am, I wish I was half as cool as I come off on social media. But so what why is my real physical body more important than my digital voice speaking to you in your mind right now? What if that is how I was supposed to exist and my cellular body is just a container for that data creator? Is that not a valid form of existence? What if we actually all really exist on Jupiter in a small basement of a Jupiteroid alien teenager's science experiment, maybe that is our real self.

I totally empathise with those who don't want to exist anymore. Existence is so hard even without the daily shit. Just by its design it is so freakin painful to see your parents grow old, to see you age, to lose your loved ones, to part ways with friends, to not be understood, to not be satisfied with what you have, to

see others die and having to ignore it, to have heartbreaks, to have to live to expectations.

It's so exhausting to just simply exist, to a point that having some specific problem to worry about is almost a better place to be than to have nothing to worry about and yet be fatigued.

How do people not lose their cool every single day. I wonder if compensating with having a ton of validation works out for everyone because it is starting not to for me.

Argh. I hope it makes sense one day.

Every content creator who says they do what they do for their community because people look up to them or that they want to do good in society all are spewing tons and tons of BS.

They do it for themselves, they do it because they enjoy their craft, much like Walter made meth for his own sake while he kept saying it was for his family.

And I think that is the healthy mindset too. To know that fame, community love and public appreciation is the byproduct of your work and not the goal of your work will keep you grounded. It is easy to think you are a messiah for thousands of strangers who appreciate your work but you should keep your feet on the ground with the realization that they will desert you in a moment when their moods swing.

People are quick to infer that content creation and product development are the same but I think these need two different mindsets.

When your goal is to optimise your creativity to maximise an external metric like engagement, watchtime, revenue or likes - you are a product designer, an entrepreneur - type A mindset.

When your goal is to explore your creativity to find self expression, self satisfaction and that transcendental feeling to materialize your abstract ideas, you are an artist, a creator - type X mindset.

I guess both content creators and product developers have to walk in to both the mindsets but I think in order to sustain for long, a product needs more of type A mindset while a creator needs more of type B mindset.

A product developer should be aware of their revenue runway, audience retention, acquisition cost - creativity should be just the masala this is because type A mindset needs you to be detached from your creation and be objective - the focus isn't self expression but to satisfactorily meet user expectations. The focus isn't the self but the user.

A creator on the other hand is part of the product and cannot have the luxury of that innate separation. Trying to scale a human the way a technical product

scales will cause heavy toll on the soul. I feel a creator and an artist should not compromise with their self expression even if the audience or the market does not approve it.

Is an artist or a creator therefore antithetical to the mass produced capitalist system? I think yes, definitely so but instead of running away from it I think artists should embrace the reality of the modern times and know that they need to step out of type X mindset and step into type A mindset to stay afloat.

The issue isn't that it is hypocritical to waver between the mindsets, it is to not know that two different mindsets exist and to get entangled in web of roles and objectives. One must know what is each component of one's work meant for - is it an object of expression or a commodity for consumption - being aware of the distinction can spare a product creator from alienation and an artist from romanticizing pain.

I wonder if Odia people feel disoriented when they move outside of Odisha and don't find a hump every 10 meters on roads.

Is it confusing?

Do dehumper roads make Odia people nostalgic for humpy bumpy curvilinear roads back home? Do Odia people get tempted to get out there and build a hump or two just for the kick of it, the underrated thrill of having your body jiggle as you let that wave pass you as you cross that parabola.. oof, the thrill of a hump.

Possibly for the longest time, the hump of the road must have been the greatest piece of technological marvel that Odisha had. A magical device that reduces all the accidents in front of your house from all the speeding Buggatis and Mercedes crashing against each other. It then must have become a status symbol to have a bump in front of your house. Yes, I think that must be it.

Or maybe it was like Braille letters for cows. A helpful tactile feedback mechanism for grazing cows, allowing them to mentally keep a track of how far they have grazed by.

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I love this Ashris because this is him facing his anxiety. This is him knowing not everything is perfect but fuck it, standing up with shoulders straight is what he does. He is cute, he is hot af, he is self aware and he is goofy. He loves to explore new places, see new people, chart new roads and even smile at strangers. I adore you Ashris, you are the kind of guy I want to be. I hope this yearning for the new, the creative, the spark never goes down and you shine always like you are in this pic

The semi-depressed state I have been in has been a pretty roller coaster experience so far.

As a 95/96 born - you seem to be sandwiched between two generations - one that adores Sachin Tendulkar, another Billie Eilish. One deals with depression through positivity and inspiration (cringe) and another through romanticization of it through ironical humor - more my style.

I'll be honest with you - part of me low-key found depression "glamorous" - you know like a spa that people go into and emerge as strong, powerful people. When you see all these stories that go in books from famous celebrities and authors - you almost feel bad if you aren't depressed too.

But well, it's not cute when it actually happens - it is like a thorn under your feet except you haven't worn any shoes and you can't even cut your leg off. Some people on Quora asked "what's the reason" and the people replied "oh my girlfriend broke up", "I failed my exam" - I think if you know the reason, it is sadness, not depression. Depression is a weird state when the things you used to like stop being meaningful - there is nowhere to necessarily go and you really wonder if there is any point to it all. I don't even know - I just joined the club a month back - the pros would know better.

I was also seeing a therapist but it kinda didn't work out - we didn't vibe and I kinda found issues that my therapists should go to therapy for - not a very healthy state of mind to be in.

So what worked?

Well, for starters, just accepting that I'm depressed and saying it out aloud immediately helps because all that shame and guilt because of which you have to endure it alone - all vanish. You realize it is just another human experience and that you aren't alone - so that's good.

Second, nobody else can fix you. But what they can do is just be there and make you feel that your emotions, feelings, and thoughts are valid. I was incredibly lucky to have two such friends (you know who you are) by my side who took time to just be by the ugly side. It did not matter one bit that there are a hundred thousand people looking at my work - when push comes to shove, it is the handful few people in life that come to your rescue.

It helped me see things in perspective, it helped me understand that even though your friends can give that small spark when it's all dark, it is, in the end, you who has to make a flame out of it and melt that ice. I knew I won't feel the way I was feeling forever.

You eventually learn to be kind to yourself and *vomit* realize that "positive thinking" does have some value. Irony has its place but when you are crying and crying, you need some direct, simple, non layered 90s love - not some profound, mystical, gothic garbage.

This is not to say one needs to trivialize their feelings, it is to keep the mind at the side for some time and let it stabilize. It is also a good time to practice some self love and know where the source of hurt is coming from.

For example, a big part of my insecurity about life is that I will never find my people, that I will always be weird and lonely. Well, I think at the surface it was a pretty pathetic feeling - but when I spent enough time, I realized it was coming from a place of insecurity - that I am really not good enough - I can't even drive a bike or a car, I can't even form long term connections without it being for some audience, that my friends are only interested in my life as long as I am generating positive vibes - the moment I stop doing it, there is nothing.

I decided to fix the easiest of them all - I bought a cute bike and drove it everywhere. It's a really cute Suzuki Avenis with bluetooth in it that tells me directions when I am driving. I even made Ma sit and was able to drive. It came to me - 'this - even Class 7 students can do isme kya hai' but then I also realized that it was nevertheless an important thing to me - it proved to my inner child that I care for him, that I am able to make efforts and that I am competent. It was enough self-esteem boost for me to climb up from the hole.

I did small things to make people around me feel good and well guess what it made me feel better marginally.

Is the anxiety gone? No. Do I think every day is happy and positive? No. Do I feel my work gives me meaning? No. So what changed? Well, I think just being okay with the fact that even if I lose everything tomorrow, I still have few constants - some good friends, my amazing parents, my beautifully weird mind - they'll be here and I'll be grateful for them. Sure that won't be forever - in 20 years everything will change but honestly that only means I need to be more grateful for what I have now and not take it for granted.

Happiness isn't something you find every day, something that you are entitled to, you need to create it every single day, choose to be patient with your demons but strive everyday to defeat them.

Well - in the end, nobody but you can save yourself but when that doesn't seem to be the case, nobody is judging you to break down a little, cry at the universe and shout - 'look am in pain, you better fix it.' - I think the universe listens
vomits more

I don't think depression is cute at all. It is not a pre condition to give gyaan like this. Depression isn't a super power in disguise that movies like Rockstar glorify - it's a bitch. And I don't think this cheesy post is worth all those nights you ugly cry to sleep.

It's okay to hang by the thread - it could be food, it could be some baking show on Netflix, it could be buying a bike to do something new, it could be secretly wishing all those sorted and cheerful people were dead - the less you run away from it, the less it haunts you. Just stay still, let it fly by, it will eventually go.

okay im done.

If there is just one Odia delicacy you can try, let it be Chena Poda.

It is roasted chena (cottage cheese) infused with chashni and so highly under-rated I doubt if even local people truly appreciate how decadent it is. Between that roasted outer layer and the creamy tender inner bits lies a gradient of flavors and textures.

I think it just has overtaken Mishti Doi in my list of favorite desserts, making the number of items on that list a grand total of 2.

So I have been thinking about the three Khans and how they have each formed an archetype about a certain kind of respectable man in the society.

Shahrukh has played roles that make Indian men focus on being charming, good with words, have a certain cognitive attractiveness - think 'youthful romance', think Aww. I think in terms of Hinduism, he takes the role of Vishnu and in particular Krishna with his playfulness and almost dare I say metrosexual appeal.

Amir has for the most part taken up roles that

I want to run an experiment with you by asking you to participate in a long stretched game of community MAFIA game.

First of its kind hyperlocal game where you will be paired digitally with 7 other people to play an extended game of MAFIA that spans for 2 months. Every week, a player will be eliminated.

What is the new digital equivalent of a physical society of people? For centuries, humans have settled themselves in patterns - circular river towns, linear forest tribes, stacked vertical flats - a community of people has generated unique kind of interactions that seem missing in their meta forms.

A major drawback I believe digital worlds have is the lack of rituals - lack of festivals and system that are needed to construct meta structures. In a world where every app is trying to allow us more freedom, we feel more and more anxious because the hyper freedom in the world is the new form of torture.

Mafia Game Online Organized by: Ashris

When: 16th April 2022 (5pm IST) Time: 30-90 minutes

Number of participants: 8 Number of rounds: 3

- Everyone is expected to know how Mafia is played. However, we will play one trial round to warm up and then the real game that will count.
- We will begin by introducing each other in under 15seconds. Then, the rules of Mafia will be described in short by the God/Narrator - Ashris.
- Game will be played over Zoom and will be later uploaded on YouTube.
- Before the game begins, you are expected to arrange for either of the following tools:

A white notebook with 10 blank pages and black marker OR an iPad or tablet.

You will use it to cast vote

- When the city sleeps you are to wear a blindfold - so please arrange for a blindfold as well.

Prize shared by Mafia(s) if they win: Prize shared by Citizen(s) if they win:
15,000

Two tech bros sit next to me in the Bengaluru airport

Tech bro 1: ... so these gamers now are so good, people are putting huge bets on them, e-gaming is where the cash is now bro, even there are dedicated content creators solely making content on this.

Tech bro 2: ahh oh I see... So basically normal industry only but seems after the pandemic lot of viewers started watching it and betting on it

Tech bro 1: yeah... Neo industry only.

Tech bro 2: hey ever wondered what Vistara means?

Tech bro 1: it's Sanskrit for "peace"

Tech bro 2: sounds like Malayalam i think, vi-sta-ra. That ending a is present in lot of Malayalam words i think.

At this point I so wanted to barge in and pitch my ideas both on e-games and the Sanskrit root 'Vistaar' meaning expanse not peace.

Tech bro 1: yeah Sanskrit comes from Malayalam only

Oh my god no you Panini 3.0, it doesn't!

Tech bro 2: bro why is Spice jet red hot and spicy?

. . .

The whole episode made me realize yet again why I just can't with this city. At least Delhi dudes are self aware about their cockiness. Bangalore bros are just something else.

There are only two sources of beauty and meaning in my life now.

One - is the Bangla language. Despite being exposed to the language every day for the last 3 years its beauty hasn't diminished even by a fraction. It is infinitely beautiful and is the source of all my creativity and originality. How can such profound ideas have been sung with such gentle grace if not for Bangla? When I was high up the hills all alone looking at the sheer might of existence, it was "Shoi ke ba shunailo Shyamo naam" that could capture what I was feeling. Everything I have done and everything I will do will forever be a derivative of the essence of what Bangla represents.

Second, is Keeping up with the Kardashians. A single shelf of this epic saga of the Kardashian-Jenner clan is better than the whole native literature of the Caucasians and the Saxons combined. On the surface it might simply seem like a tale of Kim Kardashian's ass but it actually is a story of entrepreneurship, hardship, familial dynamics, feminine empowerment, generational dynamics, complexities of fame and more, so much more. KUWTK has through simple anecdotes of Rob's appendix surgery and Scott's drinking issues, Kim's decision to be a lawyer to Khloe's standing up for Kris after Kaitlyn's transition are all extremely thought provoking opportunities to change your life. It is wisdom delivered in the least pretentious way. It is the story of fame told as is without the garbage toning down and forced moral lectures. I owe so much to this show.

Bangla and KUWTK are truly what I live for.

Jai Bangla Maa and Kim Kardashian, may you two live forever.

So I met this sickly dog ཐ ལྷ near my house here in Kochi. She was really scared in the beginning, barking at me which is understandable but I take pride in winning trusts of dogs, so I was persistent. I let her be in her zone but sat down some distance away signalling I wasn't a threat. She came closer hesitantly after all my whistlings and let me pet her.

It was kinda weird though, the energy I got from her was this very anxious energy and it was almost like she was weeping as I moved my hands on her head.

After a while I got home and got some bread for her. When I saw her for the second time, unlike other dogs she didn't leap at me or was excited to see me but was still kinda scared. That was really weird. As I offered her some bread, she sniffed and wasn't excited so she went away. That is also understandable but then she started barking at me and backed off. That shook me because I've never seen such behavior. Fearing that I might have done something wrong I kept my distance. That was it.

Next day, I saw her again and she barked just seeing me. I was confused as to why she didn't trust me, dogs otherwise are really into me. I ignored her and she went her way. This happened couple of times more and I also stopped any

interaction. I'll be honest I was low key angry at her for being so mood swingy with me. This was unlike any other dog.

Today as she was howling Papa told me something that has moved me and left me thinking the whole day. He said some folks stole her puppies and ever since then she has gone mad. She was apparently crying for three days straight.

Suddenly all that confusion precipitated into compassion. I could now feel the trauma she must have been in. Dogs are very sensitive and I cannot imagine what something like that could have done to her.

For that brief moment she let me pet her, she must have been so tired of being so anxious. I wonder if someone she trusted stole her pups, that would explain why she was so suspicious of me.

ð I hope I see her again tomorrow and this time I will try sharing some of her pain. I had offered her sushi once and she ate that, maybe I can offer her some tasty food. I wonder what do professional dog parents suggest I do :/

Found this video on Twitter - just look at it. This is from the most overrated city on the planet.

Calling this 'the Mumbai spirit' is as ironic as Marie Antoinette asking people to eat cake when they had no bread. To imagine so many people have to endure this every day is just sad.

This country would benefit from just tearing down its cities and building them again, it somehow feels it will be cheaper than the costs we are going to pay for our inefficient urban system in decades to come.

Mumbai is just another Kolkata in making.

Quick update : I am happy to share that the anxious little canine friend I met who had lost her puppies still has two puppies with her that she is raising so very protectively.

I am not sure if these are the only two that remained or someone returned them to her but she appears lot calmer in the last two days. I have been feeding her with treats and foods, so we have become good friends and she appears lot healthier - mentally and physically.

One day I sat down with her and cried and told her that I feel her pain and that I wish I could do something anything to lower it, she looked at me almost like she could smell my feelings, ever since that day I think we have become really good friends.

Much has been said about India's Hindufication and but I think something not many are talking about is the slow and steady Westernisation of India

Services and commodities in urban centres of Delhi have almost reached dollar prices. We today pay approximately the same amount for lunch in a decent establishment as what an American pays for their lunch. This means that the purchasing power of a part of India has reached a level that will allow global brands and services to not treat India differently from the rest of the developed world. I think we will notice this more drastically in the years to come but you already see a significant chunk of India that is closer to folks living in New York than they are to folks living in Bharat.

Therefore while most liberals imagine the dystopian India to be a Hindu Pakistan I think India is going to be more like a Hindu Dubai - one section of India will be oriented by communalism, Hindi and Hinduism while the other section of India will be oriented by capitalism, English and Globalisation.

This will be one way the two Indias find harmony. They will each find space for their own value systems - the rich poor divide will be buffered by this contract - the rich will enjoy the best comfort and lifestyle while the poor will enjoy living in a world that feels in accordance to their belief systems. The route to this equilibrium will however be attained after some struggle to adjust with each other.

What is most interesting is the interface between these two Indias. I personally think that just as it is better for an engineer to learn design than for a designer to learn engineering, I think it will be better for the Westernised Indians to pick up the Hinduistic way of things than the other way round.

Further into the future, four scenarios exist. One, that this composite exists forever - a western India and an eastern India - a religious India and a modern India. This is how the US exists as a composite of the Bible USA and the Liberal USA.

Second is that one India eats the other. If the religious India eats the western one, we will definitely have a Hindu Pakistan. The low intellectual levels of the current religious people of this country will ensure we fall into a tribal cacophony and Hinduism will be really really strong but nothing of value left to preserve.

Third is where the capitalist India eats up the religious one. Highly unlikely but

If you speak multiple languages, you have multiple personalities.

I realized I have four distinct personalities in my mind when I speak in English, Hindi, Bangla or Odia.

Four horses driven by the same driver.

Odia, to be more accurate, my Sundargarhi self is the pampered kid who has always received the love of his family, he has grown up in a very happy childhood.

He is a young boy, 7 years old and is an optimist, a witty funny guy who has a unique sense of humor that is dead pan poker but also with a childlike innocence. He loves dogs and cats. Left on his own he would pick two ants, leave them on a leaf and imagine what are they talking. He would make faces in clouds and imagine everyone at once naked in the room. Whacko kid.

Hindi, the sensitive guy who is hyper dramatic, emotional, social, anxious, basically a huge softie. Loves Taylor Swift, shiny objects, Sepia light. Is basically a guy version of a combined Monisha and Maya. Is a good listener but an awkward talker. Huge sucker for those Thai ads, nostalgia, Sudha Murty novels and pakode with chai. If left on his own would have become a theatre artist. Secretly envies the star kid English.

English the uber cool confident guy who knows things about the world, very high IQ, quite intimidating, over achiever, compensates for lack of love, wants basically everything in that Chand Tare - Bas itna sa khwab hai song. Oh yeah basically thinks is Shahrukh Khan. Goes to the gym, is handsome as fuck, shaves, drives a bike, falls down and gets hurt, protects his loved ones.

Bengali is a diva. She is a fully realized intimidating queen. She will know what thought crosses in your mind before you even realise you thought it. She has mystical magical powers. Watches trippy dreams. Goes on trips. Will tell you a horror story on your first night out and yet with all that still has a grace and beauty that doesn't make her intimidating at all, kinda like Rekha meets Goddess Kali with a touch of Priyanaka Chopra Jonas.

Anyone else here feels you live as different people speaking different languages?

I've been thinking how fiction - movies, books, stories, imaginations, biographies, documentaries, serials all feel more real than real life itself. It is real life that feels unreal.

Stories of all kinds are the abstract versions of junk foods that take the few selected experiences that were evolutionarily rare, condense them into digestible hours and mass produce it to masses.

While in limitation, it gives us easy access to something we had to struggle with for years, in overdose what that does is that it desensitizes us to the other parts of human life that are more bland, unexciting, unfulfilling, insignificant but nevertheless are important components of the human experience.

Real life feels so much more random than a story. Disconnected fragments of experiences with varying emotional potency interjected with bland sleeping, eating, bathing, shitting, washing, drying, brushing, cleaning, getting horny, getting emotional, being lazy, being heroic, being boring.

When we read about stories of artists and heroes like Andy Warhol, Albert Einstein, Leonardo da Vinci or Oscar Wilde, we all hear some version of a three part arc of their childhood, their climax and their legacy. We remember them

for the fruits of innovations that they created but the entire aspect of their life other than the fruits - the root, stem, leaves and thorns, is never documented nor cared for.

What if a big part of Einstein's life was about his fears of getting wrinkles? What if Isaac Newton pondered the deep abyss of something so abstract as force because he was petrified of facing real life, of having to face rejection from society? What if Leonardo da Vinci was a nervous shipwreck? None of this would ever have been documented, nor would be documented their diseases - pulmonary arrhythmia, diabetes, sickle cell anemia, anorexia - everything gone poof. What if the greatest achievement of all these great men was not what we remember them for? Maybe it was getting over their mothers' death, maybe it was dealing with their own paranoia, maybe it was bearing the loss of their children's abandonment.

Life can be more palatable if we stopped expecting it to make sense all the time, if we embraced the absurdity of it, not ack so shocked when a challenge presents itself - that acceptance does not make us less afraid, it makes us courageous to ride the wave knowing all too well that life is supposed to be just that - a wave, not a constant stable set of logically coherent mostly positive stories.

2012, first year of college. I had just got in to Hindi Dramatics Society and I was sharing with this friend of mine how my first drama workshop was.

Some context - this friend really sharp, well as sharp as IITians go but he had a way better rank than I did, was in the management and entrepreneurship societies the one that were regarded as more 'useful'.

He asked me a simple question - what is the use of dramatics?

I blabbered something vague, partly because I was intimidated by him and partly also because I actually did not know the answer.

I replied something like it helps with interacting with people and improves speaking skills - something that I cooked up on the spot. He countered oh so it is only for people who cannot open up with others then. I was an agreeable person then and said yeah, hoping I wouldn't offend him.

I often think back to that moment. What should I have said?

If I were slightly less agreeable I would have said that he would not get it like I don't get sports. He wouldn't get how surreal it feels to put your mind in a constructed realm like I don't get what is the big deal in throwing a ball and hitting it with a bat.

But that would have done nothing more than massaging my ego and making him look down upon me even more.

But why did I assume he was looking down upon me? Did I deep down assume that dramatics isn't as useful as business is and was being insecure about how

I would come across? What if he was sincere in his question and genuinely interested in it intellectually? What if I could have used that moment as an opportunity to share why exactly do I feel excited about dramatics - how it helps me explore myself better, how it helps me step outside my comfort zone, how liberating it is to keep aside my identity aside for a while and get lost in a new one.

Maybe if we were both wiser, we would have discussed what use really means. What is use of anything? Underneath that question was a value system. His value system was centered around a decorated resumé that would do well in the placements I assume while my value system was then to collect new experiences that I never got to try before.

Any discussion that did not understand this core contrast would have been superficial. The reason I gave him felt so contrived because I was trying to appropriate dramatics to fit to his value system.

Now I know that actually, the derivative of our utility functions of life were different, because of which, the actions that we played out in life were also different.

If I value novelty more than utility, I will be more likely to buy a funky earphone while he will buy a high performance durable earphone. We could talk about the specifications of earphones all day long but that would not help us see each other because there is something more fundamental that is different which caused the different higher order behaviors.

Ofcourse clarity exists only in hindsight. Looking forward it is hard to be articulate, difficult to sit down, process not just what am I thinking, what is he saying but where am I coming from and where is he coming from.

Until that happens we will keep talking about things like dramatics, Gyanvapi, Hindi, Hijab and continuously miss the point.

The issues with Hindus and Muslims are complimentary in nature. Hindus have an excess of feminine energy and Islam has an excess of masculine. It is only the West (The states, Nord and Western Europe) that has come close to integrating both sexualities in the most complete manner possible, which is why that culture has ushered so many bounties of human potential.

A culture's feminine makes its introspective, creative, intellectual, vibrant. A culture's masculine makes it stable, robust, strong and affluent. It is when it is both at the same time that the real magic emerges, a whole plethora of synergies emerge.

On the flip side, a lack of masculine energy forces the feminine to fend for itself, makes it anxious, hyper emotional, restless to a point her creativity turns insidious and attacks herself. Lack of feminine side crushes the masculine in

its own weight, it is nothing more than a shiny cage protecting nothing worth protecting, it is tyranny generating more tyranny.

They say you can judge a society with how it treats its women, but I think you can double the precision if you look for how a society treats its queer people. When a society respects this individual force and rises beyond the elementary roles responsible for physical reproduction can it channel that same energy into reproducing entities that are abstract in nature.

The entire subcontinent is a mess of hurt abused and traumatised cultures hurting each other unable to accepting others' or their own sexualities.

I am always surprised how much difference a full stop makes at the end of texts.

Thank you so much vs Thank you so much.

First one seems more human, spontaneous and warm, the second one is cold, calculated and passive aggressive ð ³

Funny how the same message sounds exactly normal and even professional if written in an email.

It makes me think how the platform a message is delivered on shapes how the message manifests itself. For example I have very different conversations with people when I talk to them on Messenger vs Instagram vs WhatsApp vs Twitter vs Hangouts (yes I am old)

What was body language and expressions - elements that the subconscious relied on to decipher context - shapeshifts to UI design and message crafting for people to rely on the underlying cues of a message.

ð is cringe, ð is based ?? is aggressive, Yasss is friendly Hello. is cold, heloooo is approachable

Funny how rules emerge without anyone even formalizing them officially

I remember there was a time I genuinely believed I want to make a change in India - that I want to put it in the limelight and tell stories about it. It was exciting, it was magical, and I literally got goosebumps watching videos of Sadhguru explaining how India is the perfect blend of Bhava, Raga, and Taala. I really did feel like we are the luckiest generation to be born in this land today - at a time we get to witness her change.

I don't know what state am I in right now but it is hard to feel that. My day-to-day is more about writing a script about some random detail about a language to optimise for Youtube views or go through some obscure pdf in the hope of good content. It is honestly the greatest privilege of my life that over 500 students have signed up to learn data viz from me, but the communist artist in me wonders if I am just another capitalist sell-out.

India does not need me. I need India. With or without me, India is destined to grow. I wonder if all that enthusiasm in me was a way for my ego to hide what essentially was just a desire to be famous, and influential, and feel like I am doing all this because I want to "save" India, while in reality, I essentially just want to be praised.

What if "Saving India" is to me what "Connecting the world" is to Facebook, "Helping professionals network" is to LinkedIn while the real business "Being famous, influential" is my "selling personalised ads" and "selling leads to companies".

I have never verbalised this before but I think this is the dilemma that is at the core of my existentialism. My self-worth wavers between peaks of feeling like a genius prodigy and then feeling like a worthless hack. Is this normal?

I tell myself that I need not be so harsh with myself. Maybe I am not a scam artist just because I love this country but all I really do is make content that grabs eyeballs. Maybe when anything grows at scale, one has to eventually pay attention to mundane things. NASA is certainly about bolstering American space power but in its day-to-day form, it is about some engineer worrying about if a nut fits a screw properly.

I wish looking back the younger me knew that every grand vision that springs into action breaks down into a series of mundane, boring, soul-crushing tasks. You will never do anything that will specifically "save" India, it is the larger picture that after a scale is no longer in your control where that magic will happen. Just because you don't see that magic directly doesn't mean it isn't happening.

Shahrukh Khan in his David Letterman interview said "I am an employee for the brand of Shahrukh Khan" - that stays with me. It is his job to keep the brand of SRK alive, he isn't always that. Maybe he is anxious, boring, lazy and even ugly right out of bed but it is his job to serve us the personified distillation of romance, suaveness, charisma and love.

It is okay if you don't madly love what you are building every single day. I am sure manufacturers of Santoor soap don't go to bed each day fantasizing about Santoor soaps, it is just another task for them. Maybe I should forgive myself for not getting goosebumps anymore, maybe it is not always needed.

Ar: Why do they ask for mukti from rebirths in the shok? What could possibly be so enchanting in just never having to born again that everyone craves it so much?

Am: What would you rather have then?

Ar: It should be something like let this person be born as a tall straight white able bodied rich alpha male in Scandinavia for the rest of his lifetime or whatever

intersectional identity occupies the pinnacle of global societal hierarchy. Maybe a rich Chinese in my next birth - that's what I'd want.

Am looks at him with a sarcastic smile

Am: Probably it doesn't translate well into a shlok, that's why they don't say that. That must be the only thing that is keeping people away from making that specific wish.

Ar: Pschk. You never humor my thoughts.

Am: One of us has to be the sane one you see

Ar: I would rather be born as a really powerful person for 100 times than just bail out altogether from life. Imagine how much you could do, how many interesting experiences you could capture

Am: You know even if you are the most powerful person, in every life, you will get old, fall sick, see your parents die, have heart breaks, get betrayed - suffering is built into human life, there is no escape. Read some Buddha sometimes

Ar scratches his head.

Ar: Yes but I wont have any of the other issues like money, discrimination, all that

Am: Do you think every straight white tall - whatever your idea of a powerful man is, is necessarily always happy? Does ind..

Ar: ...well it's not necessarily happiness I am trying to optimise for...

Am: What are you optimising for then?

Ar: Fairness I guess. I want to be dealt the best hand possible. I am okay if I fuck up the game later on.

Am: (takes a sip of his coffee as he snuggles by Ar under the blanket)

Am: You know, if every hand they dealt was fair, poker wouldn't be so exciting. Randomness is what leads to the unexpected extraordinariness. You need challenges, mutations and differences to create dyn...

Ar: but chess isn't random, everyone starts from the same starting position. I'd rather play Chess than Poker. Or carrom even.

(The cat pops up from under the sofa and jumps between them as he purrs and makes space for himself)

Ar: Do cats have hierarchies too? Hey Am, would you rather be a domesticated well groomed cat or a powerful wild cat?

(Am has slept by now)

Ar shakes him up.

Ar: hey did you listen?

Am: Let me sleep

Ar: Tell na would you rather be a domesticated well groomed cat or a powerful wild cat?

Am: the domesticated one

Ar: hmm

Ar: I'd be a domesticated cat too.

Ar pulls the blanket to his side and proceeds to sleep.

End.

One of my favorite activities in language classes was when the teacher would ask us to take turns reading paragraphs from a new lesson. It was a ritual nothing came close to.

Sometimes it was by roll call, so you knew when you would be called, heart pounding as your eyes keep track of the sentence being read. If you lose the invisible cursor when it is your turn, nothing would be more embarrassing. The anxiety would double if it was a random call.

Most just read the sentences, struggling to pronounce incorrigible and instantaneous. Some found it hard to distinguish between facetious and fictitious. And then there were us - us, who performed.

We would change our pitch when we switched from the narrator lines to character lines. We would pause at points of emphasis. It was almost like doing method acting in front of the class. It was a rare opportunity to get that side out, parading how joyfully good we were at speaking.

We would read lines and simultaneously keep an eye on others and the teacher to gauge if they were impressed with our elocution.

Nobody would remark but, us, the performers would silently acknowledge and even try to compete in our acts. If you had to read right after another performer you would step it up by two notches. Very rarely, the teacher would say 'Good' and that would be all it took to have our self-worth inflated five folds.

I wonder if people miss simple times like that. I miss speaking without having to think, without having to take sides and articulate logical facts.

There are some simple joys like reading Miriam's Letter to the whole class that have no replacement in the modern adult world.

I propose the SI unit of cringe to be Warikoo.

The amount of cringe you experience after subjecting yourself to 10 seconds of an Ankur Warikoo video is defined as 1 Warikoo cringe.

Therefore, based on specialised testing we have empirically found out the equivalent cringe generated when consuming 10 seconds of

Rakhi Sawant = 0.0013 Warikoos

Selfie Maine le li Aaj by Dhinchak Pooja = 0.1 Warikoos

Deepak Kalal = 0.3 Warikoos

Surfing LinkedIn = 0.5 Warikoos

Amber Heard's Crying = 0.9 Warikoos

Manish Paul = 0.93 Warikoos

Listening to any popular Odia love song = 0.9995 Warikoos

We are still computing to find something measurable in the world that exceeds 1 Warikoo but haven't yet. Some say that 1 Warikoo cringe is the absolute limit of cringe and entities might approach this limit very close but never exceed it.

More tests to be done.

A girl just knocked on my door, she must be 14-15 years old. She was dressed in humble clothes and had a paper and pen in her hand.

I asked what was up and she handed the printed piece of paper and asked me to read it. It mentioned that she was an Assam flood victim and the paragraph went on to talk about the destruction. Yeah, you know where this is going.

The paper had over 30-40 signatures with the amount people had donated. It ranged from anywhere between 100 to 1000 rupees.

She literally shoved the pen in my hand and said please give me something, we are suffering. Part of me just reached into my wallet to give my donation.

I paused for a second and asked her 'Speak a single line in Axomiya'. She stared at me. I said 'any line, ask me how are you in Assamese'.

After a second she said she speaks the language but doesn't speak the in front of others, sharam aata hai. I insisted, I asked, "what is the capital of Assam?".

She stared at me blankly again. I closed the door on her with a cold angry eye. A second later I opened it again to see she rang the doorbell of the next door flat. This was it.

I asked her for her ID, and I rebuked her that this scam won't work. Only after I raised my voice did she get perturbed enough to run down the flight of stairs. I went down but she had left to the street.

Underneath my anger that someone would use the plight of a state to extort some money was this admiration for the absurd theatrics and the laughable naivety of us Indians.

We collectively have a playful flair for creativity that under years of cultural and economic degeneracy has contaminated. No wonder the most innovative scamsters are from our nation - it is the other side of the same coin that makes us good managers and resourceful innovators.

English lets you use a lot of precise words to say a lot of imprecise things.

Things that would sound totally bullshit in Hindi sound very intellectual in English.

So you can say a lot of stupid things in English without getting called out for them. If you said the same thing in Hindi, you would immediately get called out for them.

This is my post rationalization to explain why my current company has so many bullshit meetings that go nowhere which would never fly by in Indian companies.

We are all told Chitragupt keeps account of our karmas. But what really happens next?

Is there a team that then generates karma dashboards and creates a summary report based on the analysis? Is there an appraisal meeting where my soul sits with the assistant gods in a dimly lit room where I am walked through each of my highlights along my karma charts?

Chitragupt must be the ultimate God of Data analytics, wouldn't he? Funny guy constantly weaving new models for better binary classification of heaven and hell - if the Christians got him right.

If the Hindus were close the model would predict if the KPIs were good enough to redeem moksha or it is a redo. If so, what form would this new life be. I wonder if there is a matrimonial algorithm that really couples people for 7 iterations. Do low scorers get reborn as plants sentenced to do nothing but just pump oxygen for everyone else?

If the Muslims got it right, I would be really curious to know where they keep the billion hoors to distribute to all the brave men - I suppose it would be a very big facility with immense logistical challenges.

But in any case, I am glad I know some data science because I have decided that when I am up there, I am going to demand a detailed report. I am going to evaluate myself every little miniscule reporting myself.

I will demand they explain every single attribute that was deemed good and bad. I will demand explanation for what sadistic pleasure are they deriving from this grand data science simulation. Is there an objective to this?

Are we all iterations designed to optimise some cost function or are we an infinite supply of Netflix content for them, or maybe, what really would creep me - would

really send shivers down my ethereal spine, is if I find nobody there. Nobody is watching, nobody is caring. Nobody is at the reception or the passageways.

Maybe it is just a machine with wires running on autopilot. Maybe if there was ever a Chitrageet, his work has been automated and the whole thing is running without any supervision. Does that make me feel less anxious?

But what kind of service is it where my only hope of customer support exists only after the service is done? I truly hope if there is a customer support team and that they recognise emergencies and intervene. Sometimes we are desperately looking to talk to an executive, except we have no phone no email. We can only hope there are invisible CCTVs and that they are watching and knowing how much pain we are in.

I am done making random infographics - it was fun while I was the only one doing it - it is no longer fun when there are a bunch of copycats doing it. There's no thrill anymore.

The negative part of me thinks I have nothing special to offer now, I can't be doing the same thing over and over again. It was fun while it lasted but now I should just move on and do something "meaningful".

The positive part of me tells me that I was never an infographic maker per se - my job is to show the world how I see things and once they get it and start replicating it, I just move along and do something else.

God knows what narcissistic pleasure I derive from this constant acrobatics to win praises - what part of cold trepid insecurity am I trying to defrost with all these virtual compliments but there is an unexplainable joy in just making life a work of art - of constantly building and breaking oneself.

I wish people physically burned out when they burned out - people would take it more seriously then.

There is no language that has as much Sanskrit in common usage as Bangla does. But that isn't the interesting part.

The interesting part is the same words which when used in Hindi would sound extremely formal, overtly polite and antiquated suddenly become poetic, graceful and beautiful when conveyed in Bangla.

This linguistic personality is seen elsewhere too. Technical Hindi feels very different from technical Urdu. The latter has an air of romance and sophistication, the former has an air of politeness - different vibes.

My theory is that Sanskrit was really supposed to be pronounced very differently from how North Indians pronounce Hindi. The core part I think that is missing is the schwa - the inherent aw sound that Hindi has deleted. Bangla still uses

it with a rounded spin which is what lends grace to Sanskrit's angular sounds. Like Yoga is neither like how the Americans pronounce it or the Hindi speakers pronounce it. The G has schwa in it, not Aa or halant, so it's Yogaw - therefore Hindi corrupts most of the Sanskrit pronunciations.

Another reason could be the artificiality of Hindi - technical Hindi is almost never seen in pop culture except for government documents has this air of inaccessibility and a forced beauty that just doesn't have an organic appeal. It could also be that because my exposure to Sanskritised Bangla is through Rabindrasangeet, I am biased because of the innate beauty of those songs.

But my anecdotal experience says that Bengalis still use a lot of Sanskrit words that most Hindi speakers wouldn't comprehend, let alone use in a conversation. ex: Kingshuk, Nivritti, Pranay, Lavanya - it is highly unlikely an average Hindi speaker understands these words.

But my hypothesis is that the beauty of Hindi lies in its simplicity and malleability. The fact that it can be used by a Marathi, an Arunachali and an Odia while playing well with their regional accents is why we still use it across geographies in India. The very fact that there are so limited set of words in commonspeak Hindi is also why it is so popular.

What has happened to Jordan Peterson? I heralded him as a voice of reason who was the closest to an archetypical rational voice of the wise centrist. He seemed like a deep thinker whose intellect would literally give me goosebumps.

If you look at his speeches now, they seem like an old conservative uncle ranting about the transgenders and vaccine affirmists.

To apply his teachings to him, I think his archetype shifted from that of the hierophant showing the world the light to an arsonist leading the revolution - he is becoming the person he once warned us against.

I have two theories.

One, that his recent benzaldehyde addiction trauma has changed him fundamentally as a person. Maybe he realizes the shortness of life and so he is no longer interested in the things he once was. Trauma changes people and maybe he no longer enforces on himself the check for being centrist. His family has also suffered a lot, maybe all that has made him a different person.

The second is more creative but hear me out. Every centrist either eventually chooses a side or fades into oblivion. You see, when you are a centrist, you sort of are nobody's favorite. At best you are lukewarmly tolerated by everyone and at worst you don't matter.

Peterson really cut through party lines but he really did appeal to the right more just because there aren't many intelligent people on the right who can articulate themselves well. Peterson is no longer a professor, he is a content

creator and an entrepreneur. He has sold millions of copies of his books and he has toured the world filling halls. Now that kind of reception doesn't happen with lukewarm centrism.

You have to pick your side and appeal to a wider audience that loves you to the point of fanaticism. Peterson realized there is no point making the left happy when they anyway are going to see him with suspicion, it is better to go full blown to the right because characters like Ben Shapiro really have a cult like following.

I feel that with India in Pixels too. I get called Leftist and a Rightist regularly but I feel some people are just waiting for me to come out as a full blow RSS karyakarta coming out of my pseudo centrist closet. I personally feel that picking side does help you fuel growth but there is something about the idea that seems vulgar almost.

But ofcourse, it is a double edged sword. Being a centrist gets you lukewarm support but also lukewarm hate. When you have picked your side, for every fanatic fan you get you also have to deal with a person who detests you for life.

I guess Peterson after the trauma grew the thick skin he needed to face that kind of hate. I think he chose to be hated so that he emerges as the God of the right, not just another public academic speaker.

I can't bear to watch his videos anymore but for being my teacher for all these years when I heard him for the clarity and sanity he provided, I will always respect him.

Edit:

I gave this some thought. I remember him say in an interview that he is a very sensitive man. As it happens with sensitive people, the first response to threat is to distance and break bridges. I feel when he saw how people reacted to his benzaldehyde addiction (in a very toxic way wishing him death saying he got what he deserves) he probably went into a 'I will show you what I deserve mode, he must be deeply afflicted with the kind of hate he saw, so he realized there is no point make space for those left winged folks)'

I suspend my desires, wishes, goals, ambitions, happiness and sorrows to the will of my creator. My only purpose is to be used as a tool by the divine force to make things happen in the world. I don't care if I will be famous, rich or powerful, my only metric to measure where I am in life is if my creator is happy with me.

I have an eternal desire, a burning yearning for nothing in particular. I want everything and I want nothing.

To the divine creator who I shall always poorly imitiate, I offer my whole life.

I love how extra you Bengalis are with y'all names.

Like 'Arpieta' - what even is 'Arpieta'? Ooh look at me I am so extra, not only do I have fuck ton of gold and cash, but I also have an extra e after i.

Same with Writtick - oooh the W is so fancy look at you - what iconoclasm! (tbh I get Wr for ঝ - it is better than Hr but why ck just why - wouldn't just one k do?)

Also, wait for it. There is legit a guy called Soorjo Coomar Goodeve Chuckerbutty - like why bro

Receipt: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Soorjo_Coomar_Goodeve_Chuckerbutty

I wonder if I am just being ignorant. For example, I used to think the Telugus were also extra with all their Adithis and Adhithyas

But then I learnt that they transliterate the hard ఝ as t, ఞ as d so they have to write ఝఝ as th and ఞ| as dh - fair enough (but then why do you not write it as Thelangana and Thelugu? - any way that is less fishy than naming yourself Arpieta)

As if we didn't have enough Choudhury, Chowdhury, Chaudhari you also had to create Aorkodeep, Arkadeep, Arkodeep, Aurkodeep - wait, is that the same family as Arghyadeep and Arghyodeep?

I am telling you - all this is stemming from the secret desire to be like the French. Maybe having a lot of redundant confusing non-phonetic letters is a side effect of just being creative intellectual softies.

P.S: All this is still better than doing all those weird letter additions and deletion for numerology reasons. Shoutout to zuban kesariji Ajay Devgn

The first time I got disillusioned by travel was on my trip to Bhutan. I wanted to go there to escape the anxieties I had then as a student about to graduate from college about to enter the vast unknown beyond.

I was hoping the "happiest place on earth" would comfort me, the Buddhist motifs, temples and people would teach me something. Hills have been kind to me.

But as it turned out, once I was there surrounded by a huge golden Buddha statue with the open sky above, I felt nothing.

There was no sense of peace, no stability, no angelic tunes. None at all.

I then returned back to Kharagpur telling everyone how underwhelming Bhutan is. 3/10. Would not recommend.

It is later on that I have meditated on this trip, thinking why was it so unfulfilling. Travelling is a skill, now I know, you get better at it with practice.

You see, you don't travel to know a new place, you travel to reveal parts of you that come out in that new place. In a way you never really travel anywhere but on the inside. If you, like the 21 year old me, or the white folks who visit Chandni Chowk hoping to know something profound about India, passively wait for the experience to work on you, you are setting yourself for disappointment.

You can really reap the spiritual benefits of travel just by reading a book without ever stepping out your living room if you are receptive enough. Just like some people despite devouring hundreds of books never become wiser, some people after going to many different countries also never become any more open.

The right strategy I find is neither to stay aloof waiting for the magic to happen stuck with the same group of people you hang out in your home and nor it is to immerse yourself indiscriminately assaulting yourself with sensory inputs of all kinds - it is careful layering of the external input and contemplation of how it ties with everything else in your life - a kind of wholesome sandwich that is custom made for you.

I think I figured it out.

For years I have struggled to understand the relationship between creativity and suffering. It has intuitively seemed to me that suffering is a pre-condition to truly being creative. The trope of the depressed artist confirms it - creativity brews in loneliness and darkness.

But at the same time, it also seems counter-intuitive. Children are naturally creative and they don't seem depressed. In fact, from my personal experience, when I was depressed, I was anything but creative. I would not even move, let alone create something.

The paradox is that most creative people need to have experienced some kind of suffering even when it is a fact that suffering halts the creative process altogether.

What gives?

Here is my theory.

Creativity is that brown scab that life develops to heal the wounds of suffering - it is a byproduct of healing like an oyster transforming dirt into pearl.

Creativity is kind of like concentrated life force. Suffering halts the release of life force and when you heal, all that trapped of life force releases - the excess of which solidifies as artistic creativity.

Therefore people who never suffer profoundly never halt their life force long enough for any scab to grow - all they get is a few sweat drops of creativity. It is when you wound yourself deeply that creativity flourishes from all your injuries.

Of course, if your injury is too grave, you don't heal, you die.

There is a risk of developing a creativity fetish where you ironically fall in love with suffering to get a creative high and you overdose and lose it all. Therefore the idea is to hurt yourself in moderation, wounding yourself continuously while also letting yourself heal. It is literally what the gym does to muscles too.

This explains why suffering while both debilitating can also facilitate creativity.

Suffering breaks beliefs, crushes ego, and snaps relationships but then it also takes you to a state where you are forced to see the world from a vista that you would never have chosen voluntarily. And from that vista, reality shows you a different side of hers which you capture, get awe-struck and if you are lucky, you can share with the world.

Children do not require suffering because they already come from a place of molten beliefs and malleable foundations - reality constantly morphs into their eyes. It is when adults solidify these systems that they need to rely on suffering to go back to the roots, go back to the primordial perception soup.

The antidote to having to rely on suffering to be creative is therefore evident - you have to protect that inner child against the ageing enforced by society - you have to direct your life force internally to an oasis where youthful open-eyedness flows - this oasis has to be protected from dark realities, suffering, toxic vultures.

Some choose to do with building a wall, some a shield of faith, and some choose to be ignorant. But all of these also make the oasis inaccessible. The true master of creativity manages to keep the oasis moist even under the scorching sun of reality.

That is the antidote to suffering, the medicine of eternal creativity.

#notapoem

Maybe I love Bengal like a white man loves India abstract, artificial and disconnected from ground

I don't care for its poor or for its trodden I don't care for its river or for its problems

I love her from a distance where her spikes don't hurt me imagining all the details that my eyes can't see

I love Bengal like the lady who loves a man only so that she can make her lover jealous

Rabindrasangeet is my mango lassi Baul songeet is my Cobra Asaan

I love only a caricature of Bengal but oh what beauty the caricature is

I'm just getting the hang of Eurovision and I just got to know that this banger of a song from Norway was placed at #10 losing out to absolutely pathetic songs from Spain and Italy.

Sad.

Just listen to the breathtaking lyrics:

Is that saliva or blood dripping off your chin? If you don't like the name
Keith imma call you Jim And before that wolf eats my grandma give that Wolf
a banana I like the scent of every meal on your breath That hunger in you Iâm
in danger now I guess Let's go to grandmas, you say grandma tastes the best
Yum yum yum, yum yum yum yum yum yum, Yum yum yum yum yum yum.
Someone give that wolf a banana!

There are some losers from "South Asia" who self-identify as "South Asians" when they are in the West. Nobody calls themselves "South Asians" when they are in "South Asia".

I started seeing this few years ago used by second-generation GenZ immigrants in USA but now I've been seeing it used by Indians who have never stepped a foot out of South Bombay, let alone South Asia.

I can see why that might be an appealing term for immigrants. It does not have the kind of stereotypes attached to it like the terms Indian, Pakistani, Bangladeshi, Nepali or Afghani. Indians are scammers, Pakistanis are terrorists, Bangladeshis are cheap labourers, but "South Asians" - is a stereotype-free label for a respectable community that is a potential vote bank and has a shared love for biryani and cricket.

The region that is internationally called "South Asia" today was once known as "The Indian Subcontinent". I think it never caught off because it gives off Akhand Bharat vibes, so it doesn't go down with the neighbours of India that dislike India - basically every neighbor of India.

Less cringey terms for "South Asians" exist like Desi - but they are too colloquial for everyday usage. The only term we come across the term "South Asian" here is when we say something technical like the acronym SAARC.

I think I find the term cringe because it is a hollow term that has emerged as a byproduct of a bizarre identity crisis immigrants face in the West and really does not have any basis on its own.

It definitely is convenient for a Westerner to use that term to avoid saying Indians, Pakistanis, Bangladeshis... every time but to make a word of convenience a label one identifies with is where my cringe stems from.

While utopian liberals and fascist right-wingers would really love a united South Asia, for all purposes we are emotionally and politically fragmented.

Each of our nations has enough garbage people that render us collectively incapable to work with each other or be fully proud in our individual identities. The antidote is that the good ones who go make it in life and establish a name for themselves reclaim these terms rather than add weight to an arbitrary term like "South Asian".

I'd rather wish we had the spine to own our fragmented identities and really demonstrate why we think splitting was a good idea rather than conjure such post-modernist labels for an imagined collective while for all functional purposes remaining as fragmented cultures.

Four years in corporate startups has managed pretty well to crush all sense of rebellion and confidence in me. During my college, I had the confidence to make absurd sketches and release them on YouTube but now I feel I have lost the ability to just turn on the camera and ramble, thinking I am the best most talented person in the world - I had to go to absurd lengths to impress people making detailed infographics about random topics I wouldn't give a fuck about but I am done with some acrobatics now.

Therefore I live vicariously now through other people who radiate confidence to the point of delusion.

The most potent form of this kind of content so far was the drag queens of Rupaul's Drag Race - these are men dressed up as women doing standup, dance, singing and more to win a crown. It is lot better than I am making it sound but what the queens have in common is this unabashed confidence just being themselves.

Remember I said so far because I just found something that beats RPDR - and that is scambaiting videos.

It is a niche genre that I have been binge-watching - these are "Hello IT how may I help you" type of people scamming old women mostly in the West off of thousands of dollars - sometimes taking away all their life savings or money saved for cancer treatment.

The scammers are mostly from India centred around NCR, Kolkata and Bihar. They all have this obnoxious accent and they call themselves Jeff, Sam, Thomas, Jose, Catherine and other generic names. They have scripts that they follow. Based on some documentaries that I have watched, they can make up to 100,000 dollars each day.

Then there are these YouTubers like Kitboga, Scammer Payback and others who are called scambaiters who engage with scammers - one for interesting content, second - to pass their time so that they don't go scam others. This whole genre has evolved a lot - we have sophisticated scambaiting where they hack their "office" cameras to spy on the scammers' faces.

I am surprised how oozing with confidence these scammers are - to the point of saying Indian expletives right during the call when they get frustrated. One of the scam baiters asked the scammers to take over a client call so that he could arrange for Google Play gift cards so the scammer pretended to be the old guy and took a session of therapy for a client.

I wish I had half the persistence, ambition, lack of self-awareness, and passion of an Indian scammer from Delhi, I would go so ahead in life. Ofcourse one should never indulge in crime not because it is immoral but because it is not worth it. It only takes one time to fuck up and you lose everything but that doesn't mean you cannot appreciate the craft.

Let me know here if you are a fellow scambaiter binge watcher too. I am thinking of making an "indian reacts to Indian scammer losing it" video and I'd like to have another friend join me.

Sample: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7mceb_t8EIs without the space

Most middle-class government employees in our parents' generation frown on socialist policies of the government like free rice, mid-day meals, loan waivers, free electricity, etc, because these "revdis" come out of their tax.

"Oh these lazy people don't work or have no reason to work because they get everything for free"

The irony here is that from the perspective of the upper middle class - the entrepreneurs, businessmen, and folks working in the private sector - it is the government job itself that looks like a freebie with their lifelong pensions, LTCs, free travel, subsidised housing, inflation compensation, etc.

"Oh these lazy government job people, they don't have any reason to innovate because they are spoonfed by the government"

It is funny how immediately cringe, low-life, hopeless people under you start to look once you move above them in the social hierarchy.

Part of me looks down on the whole UPSC-obsessed North India that has so few avenues to earn status in society.

"Oh these conventional, status-hungry, poor people, just spoiling away their youth only to sit on a chair living some post-colonial fantasy"

It is easy to belittle the ambitions and choices of people whose life you know little about. I am sure there must be some artistic GenZ kid of some rich post-modernist vegan astrologer mom in Juhu who would be looking at IITians and would go like

"Oh these uncreative nerdy horny repressed engineers just desperate to get some validation and dowry feeding off subsidised education only to leave the country"

3. Dhha (àṛḥ) Yeah just no, it needn't exist. There is no need for you to talk to me in that tone sir please calm down. Kadhaai, Ladhahi, Padhai - please no more.
4. Gh (àṛ) G isn't bad on its own but it is like that guy who messes with everyone he pairs with. Especially here when he has paired with a softie like H, the result is just a dissonance. Not a fan.
5. Ph (àṛ«): This sound is beautiful with the nuqta (F) but in its solid form (Phh) it just is blackboard scratches)
6. Bu (àṛ¬àṚ) It isn't a bad sound just a downer. There is a reason just saying Boo in an audience means you are expressing displeasure. It appears in all sorts of weird children nicknames Lamboo, Babu, Sabu, Booboo) - B is one of the ugly sounds that exists and when it combines with one of the ugly vowels U - it just results in meh.
- 7, 8: Chh (àṛ) and Ch (àṛ): Again not a bad sounds on their own just enablers of ugliness.
9. Th: (àṛṛ) We start seeing some beauty here but overall a boring sound.
10. Tr (àṛṛàṚ àṛ°): I can be friends with Tr, he has a personality. The blobbiness of Th chamfered by the crisp R and we have a mature smart sound.
- 11: àṛ°àṚ /àṛ /àṛ°àṛḷ: I like these sounds, the crisp R with a softened vowel - I think there is a reason Re is used so often as a term of endearment, R is nice.
12. Z (àṛ àṛ¼): Z is sexy. There isn't a single word with z in it that doesn't sound cool. The hard form of it (J) though is a different story.
13. V (àṛṽ): V is just beautiful. So light it doesn't leave an aftertaste, a breeze, a light minimalist rose petal.
14. Shr (àṛ¶àṚ àṛ°): I mean when you are used as a salutation of respect, there has to be something divine in you. The sweetness of Sh meets the crispness of R, just a beautiful blend.
15. Sh (àṛ¶): This is the most beautiful sound to me. There is nothing that comes close to it, it is the rustling of leaves in a forest, the calmness of oceans, the shimmering fire and the sugary sherbet. It is right in the middle of the cringe àṛ, and pretentious àṛ , just as it should be.

Few other letters that didn't make the cut were àṛ àṚ àṛ , àṛ, àṛ@àṛ¾ in the list of beautiful letters and àṛ²àṚ , àṛṚ, â àṛ in ugly letters.

There are some legendary sounds like àṛṛàṚ àṛṽ, àṛ|àṚ àṛṽ, àṛṛàṚ àṛ°, àṛ àṚ àṛ , àṛ°àṚ àṛ¶, àṛ · àṚ àṛ£, àṛ¶àṚ àṛṽâ who are all super beautiful but are rare and so weren't part of the compilation.

What is your most favorite sound?

I want to get feedback on a possible idea that can be a startup.

A platform that allows content creators to beta test their content before releasing to the actual social media. Creators can post either text, tweets, videos or images and pay for getting reviews. They can choose whether they want the review to be just a score or a detailed explanation.

The reviewers get paid based on the number and quality of feedback they offer.

What can be the possible blockers for this idea? Would you use something like this if the economics works out?

While in Shantiniketan, I came across two kinds of toto drivers - toto being a motor rickshaw that does not run on fuel. The two kinds being Bengali and Bihari drivers.

How would I know whether they are Bengali or Bihari? Well, because I am a perceptive genius that's how. Okay seriously their accent made it pretty obvious. Both could speak Bangla however and respond to my broken 'Dada koto neben?' phrases but the Bengali ones would follow up with some super fast Bangla question after which I would embarrassingly switch to Hindi.

With time I learnt there are other not so subtle tell tales. I realized irrespective of where I want to go, a Bihari driver would quote 100 rupees. A Bengali would quote 30. I swear, there was no other value. 30 or 100.

Another difference would be the enthusiasm with which my request to be on-boarded was received. A Bihari driver would agree to take me wherever irrespective of whether they knew where that location exists or not. Some only mid way, in full confidence, would say ye aa gaya location and I would say no dada this ain't the location, are you new here? And he would say arey this is it bruh. But very optimistic and confident in their skills.

The Bengali drivers would ponder and contemplate if they want to go where I want to go. Some would be even beat that. They would be going in the same direction in which I would want to go without any passengers and yet they would refuse to take me just because.

I didn't read too much into what that means. I mean I did but like this makes no sense to make opinions about culture based on behavior patterns of toto drivers, or does it ð

Anyway my trip to Shantiniketan was pretty anti climatic. They had closed access to all the complexes of Rabindranath. I mostly went to the museum and bought ton of books ð and I also committed a crime by pretending to be a student showing my alumnus card and getting the discount 10 rupees, ripping the system of 60 rupees ð okay don't get mad because also bought like 2k worth of random souvenirs in the museum, so they didn't make a loss okay.

Also I was so not interested in listening to Rabindrasangeet while I was in his abode. I was listening to Rihanna. I don't know why. Why was it easier for me to romanticize Tagore a thousand kilometres away than it was while I was in his place?

Anyway I am heading back now and will make a stop at Kharagpur to meet my professors and hopefully some students in the campus now.

In some ways people die twice. One, the physical death and another when they are forgotten.

KGP really feels so uncanny like debris of a place I once knew. There is no Veggies anymore, Tikkas has shifted, there are new places called Smart Pind and Waterballs (a fancy angrez golgappa center)

It feels more modern, more capitalist almost. Maybe one day is too little to make judgments about how 2400 acres and 12000 students have changed over 4 years but I think the humble realisation is that a place isn't just the place but a projection of what you were when you experienced it.

I am told the gates now close at 11pm rather than 3am, students need permission to stay back in the department and the student-prof connection isn't the same.

Maybe the KGP I experienced was really a projection of me. A time in my 20s when I was malleable and absorbing the flood of energies and ideas this place had to offer along with other energies who were in the same place as me. It was a function of the space and time both of which have changed.

Is this the same reason old people rant and talk about the good old days? Maybe it is not the times that have changed as much as they themselves have changed.

Maybe what KGP has eliminated in terms of the abstract culture, it will gain through leaps in world rankings as it creates a more ordered atmosphere. maybe just because I experienced KGP in all its trippy explosive creativity not everyone else has to.

The architecture department now has a lift and an AC. I could romanticize my olden days as much as I want but maybe not all change is bad.

As I roam around the campus, every inch seems like a horcrux, a time capsule exploding some obscure memory I forgot I even had in me.

I want to share the one regarding this tree in front of Vikramshila.

In my final year placement semester I was having anxiety about what lies after I graduate. Which shitty company will I work for? One day, while in the Architecture Design class, I was so zoned out, I bunked the class and came right here and sat down for two hours just looking at the leaves.

I was at that point writing a LOR for myself on behalf of a professor and it was the most pointless exercise one could do. Having to praise yourself about random things like sincerity and initiative felt such a farce. I wasn't proud of the things I was praising myself for and the things I was proud of wouldn't be mentioned.

I was talking to myself - what was the point of the five years? What will I take away from here? What do I want in life? Overwhelmed, I shut the laptop and just laid down for two hours under the tree shade thinking.

I don't know if trees have some mystical powers but after two hours it felt as if someone had heard me. It felt like the tree listened to me and comforted me as if telling it will be okay. I felt like there was a voice telling that the future will actually be really exciting.

It might be just one another tree in an area full of trees but to me it will be my special tree.

Never in my life had me myself or anyone else called me creative until Prof. Jaydip Barman literally showed me how to see the world through the lens of a creative eye. Sir you made a diamond out of a stone by teaching me to see patterns where the world sees nothing at all. Thank you for being the closest example I had to someone who is passionate about design, creativity and teaching - you have taught me so much directly and even more indirectly just by being yourself.

I was so angry at myself for messing up my IIT-JEE 2012 particularly the question - 'What is the formula of aspirin?' I had just studied it before the exam and yet I got it wrong. I was telling myself if I got this correct I could have gotten B.Des at IIT Guwahati.

I am so happy I got that question wrong, Sir.

I will see you again very soon with all the new things I am up to.

Love you Prof. Barman!

KGP has a new entrance. Ravi had an interesting theory! 44 bars in the facade and apparently 44 departments. What if the curved arch is the KGP's spinal chord each department, a vertebrae. KGP is stretching its spinal chord like it is doing Suryanamaskar to the divinity to allow the collective pursuit of the divine.

Also, I am blessed for all the love, you offered me KGP. You offered me Ma Bangla.

I am overwhelmed with the beauty of the world. I bow down to thee in all humility.

I will be back, KGP. Love you.

Hindi speakers BC MC bolte achche lagte hain ye nishkashit aur nilambit jaise shabd suit nahi karte ulta aur pretentious aur sarcastic sound karate hain.

Sometimes you might wish your culture automatically adopted a personality but when it doesn't do it organically you can't enforce it by gatekeeping people into using a particular style.

The last time such attempt was done to preserve Sanskrit, she died.

Like it or not, Hinglish is Hindi's future. The cost Hindi has to pay if she wants to be the bridge language is that she has to blend and be okay with being distorted. Hindi should take pride in her impurity and such pretentious scholars like Nityananda are not going to help her with her cause.

You can build a YouTube channel with all that waiting

Btw thats what Tagore did. Despite all the love he had in his life that was overflowing in his works, his inner life was that of an ascetic. He would channel all his life force into his work. Such a strategy to see the beauty in life and channel it all into something that will outlast his physical body is almost a form of demonic greatness.

Have a pen in one hand and a leash in another and you won't have to wait.

Sharing a memory of the time when I visited the land of colors and chaos - India!

It taught me so much to be grateful of what life has given me as a white man. The children in the slums of Delhi looked so poor and yet were so happy playing their little game of Indian baseball. It made me realize I cannot take anything for granted.

I do recommend everyone visits India at least once to feel grateful about their own lives! There are a lot of decent places in Gurugram but I recommend you book something around the Jama Masjid to see the true India. What a blessing.

I hate you all Who once lived in my heart I hate you With all my heart

I hate we are not close anymore I hate I can't get back what's mine But then I have something of yours too And I am not giving it back either

The memories of us are faint And will get fainter with time I have less and less to give away now So I give now with caution

I wonder what was I thinking That love grows when you share? Maybe I was stupid because I don't feel like that anymore

I wonder if you think of me Like I think of you sometimes When I smile the way I used to smile Do you also smile that way as well?

The pathetic thing is I can imagine you smiling But I have no way to tell If that is how you smile

Well maybe it is all an exercise to practice the art of being forgotten But I wonder how nice it would be to be remembered for some time

A big reason there aren't enough hate crimes against kids despite them being a menace in society is that they are very cute.

But the classic traits like big eyes, round cheeks and gaggy noises are so on your face, that the cuteness feels verbose.

I think the most admirable trait in kids is that they are never attached to their creations. If it were not for the sulky lifeless adults praising and critiquing, projecting their inner traumas onto the children, the children would be forever creative.

I have a confession to make. I just can't watch movies from the South. I have neither watched Bahubali nor RRR nor Pushpa nor Arjun Reddy or any other stoic macho male Hindu protagonist kick ass on screen, so I wouldn't know how living vicariously through them feels like.

I have once reluctantly watched KGF once and instantly regretted it. It felt like a Marvel movie with a flimsy plot and lot of unnecessary aggression that you soon don't care about.

But then I also haven't watched Gangs of Wasseypur or any of the testosterone oozing action movies of Sunny Deol, Sunil Shetty, Sanjay Dutt or Selmon Bhai.

Bollywood in the 90s and early 2000s had this weird obsession with action movies where the guy used to beat up thousands of gundas and save the damsel in distress. I can imagine what a treat it would have been to all the hyper straight boys and girls celebrating the utopian gender roles - toxic macho male enamored by the gentle nazuk girl. Ughh.

It is easy to see the anti Bollywood campaign as some kind of Islamophobia but that isn't what it is. If you pay attention, there is a hierarchy of hate even in the Khans. Selmon bhai receives the least hate followed by SRK and then Aamir Khan. Akshay Kumar also seems to be despised more now than Selmon Bhai.

What gives? How is the average Indian male okay with an alleged murderer but not with a nationalistic Hindu albeit Canadian actor?

I think the real pattern that is that the idea of masculinity has fundamentally shifted. We want to see characters that not only show assertive females but also assertive males, emphasis on the latter bit. The exaggerated versions of masculinity, the Giga and Sigma Chads like Patrick from American Psycho essentially represent the part of society that is sick of soft simpy masculine characters conspiring with the feminists or worse, beta males.

There is a plethora of really good movies made from Maharashtra or Kerala or even Bengal and even South that are better than Bollywood movies and over the top epics but they aren't ever celebrated the way the over the top hypermasculine Telugu melodramas are.

It is only a matter of time the formula will stop working. Having a formula isn't bad, in content creation, it is indispensable but to attribute a lot of these flowery terms like 'Indian mythology', 'traditional values', 'cultured' to what is essentially over edited straight male fantasy is just a little too much.

My letters of closure to the boys I have loved.

It bothers me that the love between opposite genders is celebrated as sun, moon, soul, spirit, butterflies but the ones with the same gender is thought of as lusty, deviant, anal, dick and every gross thing a straight man fears if someone saw him with the lusty eyes he sees other women with.

Anyway, I just wanted to share my platonic love for the three guys I have loved as an ode to my short lived one sided love for them.

Dear P,

Thank you for making me see that sensitivity can be charming, that being vulnerable is not only brave but also ferocious. Being sensitive need not mean you have to lower your ambitions and being hurt does not mean you stop loving. Loving isn't always a feast or a famine, it can be sincere, it can be about the diligent efforts to just be in touch and choose every time to not let go. Maybe instead of seeing the present as an investment for the future, you taught me to value love for what it brings to you right now. Thank you for making space in your life, holding hands when it might have been awkward. I am happy in your happiness and I will always love you.

Dear A,

Love isn't about the serious things always is it? It could just be about witnessing the child in each other and say that I'll be here for you, I see the whacko in you that others cannot. Thank you for the spontaneity you added in my life, the spark you created just being the effervescent you, always with me to do something new and crazy making me feel I am not alone in this all. I hope you are on a journey where you still love yourself and know what a special ball of joy you are making everyone around you feel special through your heart.

Dear K,

I don't know what was about you but you made me feel like the happiest person on the planet when you were around, like the world made sense, like it seemed every atom of my existence was in harmony. It felt like you could hear me when I wouldn't speak, make me feel loved in ways I didn't even know I deserved. You shared your world with me, you let me into your bright red energy field to a point I knew if I walked any further I would crush myself in pain. I don't know if I will ever rekindle the kind of love I had for you where I feel that kind of devotion to you that is so rare to find anymore. I am grateful for the purity of your love you shared with me, thank you.

An unsaid contract is society is that as a child, the job of ensuring your happiness is society's responsibility.

This is why despite violence inflicted by babies on planes, we don't ask them to deboard which would be justified if it were an adult throwing tantrums. Unless you are a cold hearted person you are responsible to smile at a baby when they smile back at you. You have to lift the spirits of babies up no matter how bad their drawing is.

It is unclear when that contract ends. It definitely ends when you are 25 but before that it can be fuzzy. I think around 7 the contract starts to crack.

We descope that contract. While babies enjoy the maximum coverage, for adults, we have certain conditions. One, they might be your close folks like parents or siblings or they might be your close connections like friends and lovers and they might be business obligations like an audience or boss or customers. Love then is by definition, conditional. It is conditional to both your identity dynamics and your emotional, mental, physical, and spiritual state.

It takes some time to internalize that truth. Internalize that it is a matter of a few impending set of catastrophes for you to be incapable, worse, unworthy of love - like if you lose your vision tomorrow, I can assure you, you won't have the same number of connections you do today.

There are two ways to deal with it. One, is to embrace the conditionality of love. Embrace the fact that just having conditions isn't a bad thing. Maybe we should be grateful that we meet the conditions and not take relationships for granted.

The other way is to not settle until we do find unconditional love. There are two ways to get this.

The easier way is to direct inwards and find the elusive self-love. I say easier not because it can be done easily but because the latter approach is tougher which is to search for the high potent form of love all across the world and ensure you surround yourself with the only unconditionally loving people.

I wonder if the latter is even possible because you cannot predict the outcome of a multivariate dynamic especially when some of those variables are not even in your domain.

Is self love unconditional? Do we want it to be unconditional? Like would you still love yourself if you impulsively commit a murder? Should you establish a healthy contract with yourself that isn't based on how you look or how you perform (or maybe you could - whatever works)

But in any case, considering all things in your control can the same system that experiences loneliness also be the one that generates the antidote for it? Or are you bound to factor in the external domain?

Most people settle for the balance by picking one more person from the realm of the external that plays the yang to your yin but who is to say that such a system will be stable without the individual parts being stable themselves? Or could there be a way that individual instabilities are somehow balanced in the dual arrangement?

I am self aware of how Edward Scissorhandy I must come across. Who studies the chemical composition of tannine before making tea? Do you need to know how lactose combines with glucose to make good tea? You don't. But who's to say? If you have been let down by tea all along in your life, maybe doing experiments to find when tannine breaks down and caramelizes is the right way to make good tea that you won't throw. Scaling up the the resolution, slowing down the time can be a valid approach of experiencing life.

Don't you hate that every time you break a relationship you also have to burn a ton of songs, TV series, places, and movies that remind you of the relationship?

Shahrukh Khan once said "I give a part of me to every film I do" - seems like a passing-by statement he must have made but the 17-year-old me was dumbfounded when I first heard it.

WHAT HAPPENS TO SRK AFTER 100 movies? Does hE DiEEEeeE??

Well, I think I get him kinda. Everything and Everyone that you share your heart and mind with, you rub off part of you on them and they on you. With healthy interactions, you both gain overall, with toxic ones, you both lose overall but change is inevitable.

How does one deal with toxic change if it is irreversible? You can let time do it's magic and let life grow around it for it to lose significance OR if you are into sadomasochism you can do self surgery and rip off that area and everything around it like all triggers and associated memories - I wonder if that works. Freud would say that is just repression. But who knows maybe it works.

In the event that I pass away for whatever reason and this post is discovered later somehow mostly I believe via that FB legacy feature - probably wither Ma or Pa would be reading this. Let me write.

I have had such a beautiful fun ride in this life and I am so grateful for the experiences I got to enjoy. My only dissapointment would be that I couldn't be a good son who fulfills his parents' expectations.

I don't know why God made me gay. I don't know why he chose to take me away. I don't know if my birth was a mistake. Should I have been born in a different place and time? What was the point of it all?

It sounds weirdly like a suicide letter but it is not.

Art at its purest form is therapeutic because it captures in a concentrated form an elevated version of reality. In some ways, art is more real than reality itself.

Art is risky because to create art you have to be vulnerable to leak some life force and pour in a craft bottle. A simple act but so much can go wrong.

In the process the bottle can break, the art can spill, the art can get polluted, the bottle could get lost, maybe the life force rots, ferments, loses potency... but if everything goes well, maybe, just maybe - it could enable your life force to sail through the ocean of spacetime like a memory capsule and carry YOU - the real essence of you to other streams of consciousness and make you connected to the larger web of universal awareness.

I apologise to everyone who has been following me for quality content because I am going to break that supposed contract with you. I recognised a big reason for my anxiety stemmed from maintaining a public persona that always had wise well crafted posts. As it is, I was managing a popular page with a high bar for quality and then I felt like expressing myself here was an additional job.

The thing with good content creation isn't just what you say but also what you censor. You have to censor a lot of low quality material so that only the good stuff stands out. But doing so is hard. It takes a toll, it causes repression. I don't want to do that anymore.

I have therefore decided to severely lower the quality of my posts and not self censor myself. I use this platform because all the cool kids have left for Instagram but still my professors and relatives, parents and friends follow me and might be tired of my spam esp in the past couple of weeks. I want to tell that it only is going to get worse so please unfollow me if you want a clean timeline.

I want to deliberately deconstruct and break down this polished image that in the long run has caused me to suffocate in a golden shell that weighs me down. As is it is, it hasn't given me much warmth so I don't want to wear it anymore.

I am going to exploit this space as a personal diary/ a gym for practicing expression for expressions' sake. I have used this platform before to craft a good timeline but it feels meaningless to me.

It is all in line with my motto in life to embrace the cringe of life. If you are with me you are on for a ride. The others can go fuck off.

Every social network product in the globe must prepare itself strategically against Indiization - the process in which your network's quality falls drastically down after the Indians have joined en masse.

No respectable product manager is going to talk about it so I have to do the dirty job. You know it. Quora was the first victim. For a brief moment only the smart elite Indians like you and me could access it - you know, the English speaking educated Indians.

It was too good to be true. We discussed about the evolution of Chinese writing, the Maslow's triangle, the surface tension of Cinderella's show, the monkey brain and the accountant brain.

But then, following a few months of the Jio revolution.... the Indians arrived.

'What screenshots deserve 34,894,485' views? 'How to recharge pytm' 'how to prepare for jee advanced in 4 hours' 'Hii, I'm Mukeshbhai Ambani. My CTC is 51 billion. Is it enough to survive in Malabar, South Mumbai?' 'how can I change my crush's heart. I am 11'

The same happened with Clubhouse. Started with discussions around news, crypto, ethics and science. And then....

'SINGLE BANDA BANDI NEEDED ð ð ð ' 'bang clubhouse partyy Delhi edition' 'Drunk poker Mafia | Follow for Follow'

Products need to have algorithms in check to shield the high quality Western audience from having to deal with these low quality Indians. If only there were an equivalent of visa in the digital world to keep the elite circle safe.

Products make a big fuss about polarization while they know well that the very reason they work is because of these bubbles. They provide a safe escape from a world where we have to rub shoulders with cringe people and enter a world where people think like us, speak like us, sing and dance like we want, do politics like us and look like us (or what we aspire for)

Don't get me wrong, I fully acknowledge the humanity of the cringe India / Tier 2, Tier 3 India / idiot Indians / poor Indians / non-English speaking Indians - they have aspirations and all that and it's cute.

My assertion is that we, th

There is a kind of beta-cuckery in intellectual people that is really off-putting. Intellectualism is an easy shield for a lot of moral vices. It is a sophisticated veil - a fancy Russian doll toy to keep oneself occupied while your ground shakes in tremors.

In its extremity, it is not very different from blatant stupidity - just like intellectualism, it is also a passive trait that avoids action.

That sapiosexual Bengali hippie who has understood how Foucault and Hegel characterised intersectional identity is really no more functional in society than that idiot who thinks bullying couples on Valentines' Day is how India will reclaim her glory.

One just flows with the society and another stays in his thick shelled bubble to have no real impact in the society - both do nothing to stir the current.

I just want to take a moment to thank the universe that something like Reddit exists.

I am not sure if you have experienced something traumatic in life that you can't share with others but it is the absolute worst to feel like you are all alone in this.

But it seems like there is a reddit thread for every possible scenario and a community that supports strangers with same afflictions. It is such a blessing for humanity because it gives a space to go and vent/confide/discuss issues that you couldn't with your close people and friends.

Never been a fan of Reddit until now but now I am a convert. Long live the internet.

TW: N-word

A lot of the acceptance (work in progress) Indians have had in the West is built on the foundation of the struggles of Black people. Yes, Indians always were privileged and beneficial to their new nations but for them to be culturally integrated, the struggle people of color led could not be discounted. Is it any surprise therefore that Indians would be lot more accepted in London or California than in Zurich or Stuttgart.

For a lot of underprivileged folks in India who go by the word 'Dalit'

Just another day of being at Delhi and seeing that the roads work, the people are not lazy, systems function, buildings aren't ugly. It is just nice to be in a functional city.

It is alright if you are in ZÃ¼rich or Vienna and call out Delhi for whatever reason but when you live in a shit city like Mumbai, Kolkata or Bangalore and then diss on Delhi, it is just a little cringe.

Every language is precise in different topics - you can identify it by the set of "untranslatable terms" it contains which prove that the language emphasised the study of that specific topic.

For example, Eskimos have over 40 words for snow because that culture has dealt with this concept far more closely than other cultures.

Here's another trippy fact - languages spoken in hot climates do not have separate words for ice and snow while languages spoken in colder climates do make that distinction.

Based on my limited experience, I think certain languages are more suited to studying, exploring, or articulating certain concepts and therefore the age-old notion "it's just another language" is wrong - languages are better or worse, and they can be judged and measured.

For example, Sanskrit has clearly explored the concept of consciousness and metaphysical more than other cultures because it has so many words like karma, chakra, chitta, manas that find no direct translation.

So, what do different languages 'specialise' in?

According to me,

Sanskrit: inner world, abstractions, metaphysics English: innovation, wit, external world Hindi/Urdu: love, emotions, romance, poetry Bangla: nature, feelings, emotions

I wanted to do more languages but I realize I don't have a deeper connection with them to know what they have expressed profoundly.

I think beyond a point; too many details, proofs and references hamper smooth storytelling. A good story balances pace, emotions, expectations, and information.

Dance, music, song, film, painting, poetry - they are all forms of storytelling with different mediums. They all share the same architecture of context, characters, plot, buildup, and climax; of emotions, rhythm, contrast, balance, and symmetry - there is something common at their core because of which despite being so different in mediums, these abstract concepts still have a meaning in each of their contexts.

Bad art relies on flashing the craft - belabouring the audience with the nitty gritty, effort and excess knowledge put into the craft - they definitely act as proof of labour but art cannot be forced or shoved down someone's throat. You

cannot tell someone they should enjoy your art because you put so much work into it.

Good art dissolves the craft and lets the core shine. It transforms the craft into a medium to express the perfection that exists in humanity. At that stage, the artist's pain, struggles, and effort all dissolve into simplicity that seems to flow effortlessly. Yes, the road to that stage is full of effort but the result is effortlessness.

It is maybe why art is so elusive and mysterious. She demands hard work and effort and simultaneously wants effortlessness and surrender. She simultaneously wants devotion and detachment, manipulation and innocence.

How do I tame you? Do I have what it takes?

I got a message from +918809739666 from someone in Bihar saying my PAN card is blocked and I need to click on a link. I was waiting for an opportunity like this to have interactive Jamtara experience so I went along with for 5 minutes following which I couldn't resist but call their bluff out following which there was a sudden outburst from the scammer of what I can only say as authentic Bihari linguistic crap pies.

I redialled many times only to be cut but I made it finally on the 20th attempt and gave them a long lecture on how I will bring their whole unit down and put them behind bars using IP tracking. They retorted with 'Ab dekh beta teri kaise leta hoon'

What followed was a barge of spam calls from random numbers, once every 30 seconds. It was a bit of inconvenience but I got rid of them by blocking all spam calls on Truecaller (thank God for this app)

So here we are - if you want to experience some live Jamtara simulation, you have the digits. For others, stay safe and please tell your parents to never ever click on random links that might seem like they are from banks.

I am 90% sure I will end my life prematurely. Fancy way to say I'll commit suicide. This life isn't for me. This scared, nervewreck, life I have isn't made for me. I don't want it. It's futile to keep this huge engine going without anything to look forward to. I don't want anything in the world to change. It just isn't for me. I want to end my life in one go and not have to endure this long painful process.

So every 90 days, I get captivated by a dead person and everything they have done in their life seems magical to me and I try to learn everything about them - what was their relationship with their third cousin - those kind of things as well.

Last to last time it was David Bowie. Last time it was Rabindranath Tagore and now - Nazia Hassan - the Nightingale of Pakistan.

I cannot believe this lady was such a fierce talent in Pakistan in 1980. Her music, aesthetics and vibe are so ahead of her time. The debut song that shot her to fame was 'Aap jaisa koi mere zindagi' which won her a Filmfare for the best playback singer - breaking the record of Lata Mangeshkar for back-to-back wins. It also had sold 1 lakh copies even before the film was released.

She also sang Disco Deewane way back in the 80s. She was making all these songs with her brother - Zohaib Hassan. Their duo made music so unique - you can definitely see the early imprints of Coke Studio Pakistan's Pasoori-esque music with the experimental Indo-Western blend of music (this for example shows veena + guitar <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8PNJRL-vvTQ>) Their duo gave me Billie Eilish and her brothers' vibes.

Nazia studied Law in the UK and was so clear-headed that despite multiple acting offers chose not to act. If you look at her interviews, she appears so calm and composed - so graceful and yet not fake. (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1Fj2N4kug6c>)

She died at a young age of 35 from lung cancer. Towards the end of her life, she had dedicated herself to social work, both in India and Pakistan. Often people have compared her to Princess Diana.

What a fierce person. Highly recommend this song:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mWzTZE-B1fM>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iSD-sY_C-IY

Is it just me who finds Mr. Bachchan extremely cringe on KBC?

His jokes seem to be from 2000s - to a question 'Which object was termed as the most beautiful object by two designers on their tour to India' - he says 'achcha hua iska jawab belan nahi bola aapne warna sari deviyan chappalon se aapko maartin'

This another time he said how women never shut up talking. Just today to a lady in the audience who said 'mere husband mujhe entry aur exit me bilkul nahi tokte', he says 'exit bhi? Mahilayein kafi khush ho rahi hain audience mein'? There's this whole act where he offers tissue papers to women who get emotional on getting to the hot seat and he makes a big fuss about how every woman cries on getting selected.

I don't know but these jokes kinda seem dated? Like from the era of women talk the least in February jokes era.

If the contestant is a bachelor male, he will definitely ask 'aapki toh umar ho gayi hai, toh gharwali ka kuch socha ya nahi' followed by a poin poin funky music

as the audience 'laughs' to coerce the poor guy to discuss his life on national TV. Even if the contestant is shy or chooses to deflect, Amitji is persistently self unaware.

Part of me thinks he is just a boomer uncle doing boomer things. Another part of me knows he gets paid 3 crores per episode and thus nothing about it would be just unplanned. There is a conscious decision that must have gone behind designing his look, his fancy suits, his tone and his persona. I guess he is senior enough to know how to craft impressions and who his audience is. He has this ability to be like your brigadier uncle - who you both respect and fear but he is also the cool one who dances and makes you feel grounded. I feel he is definitely playing that role.

I have seen his natural personality in Rendezvous with Simi Garewal and some other shows and it is so vastly different from the anchor ka role he plays. When I see it this way, he isn't cringe but a genius.

Whatever he is doing, it is working. There is probably no other show that still has this popularity and cross generational viewership like this one. This is something to take notes about.

I got this really surreal Tarot deck today and I feel it very naturally sync with my intuition. I treat Tarot simultaneously as a magical instrument and a party trick, so it is funny that it replied back to me with these paradoxical cards to the question 'Where should I go?'

Tarot has 78 cards, 22 of them being part of the Major Arcana and 56 part of the minor one. If you get one of the 22 cards in your reading, it indicates something major - like something important.

Tarot is a collection of archetypes that speak to consciousness on some level, so the message is part astrology and part imaginative storytelling. I think of it as an exercise in creativity rather than hardcore magic.

So this spread is interesting already because all the three cards are part of the Major Arcana and they appear to deliver a paradoxical advice.

The Hanged Man here represents surrendering oneself to the will of the cosmos, to trust the higher energies, letting go, embracing the new and aligning with the heart's purpose.

Two months ago I made a contract with Tagore's spirit - to surrender my wishes, goals and desires to the universe, to allow me to be a tool for its use. In return I want to be the best tool that there has ever been.

So I feel this card talks to that contract. The Chariot however is a very opposite card because it indicates control, will power, choosing a goal, become what you want to be with conviction. This is the exact opposite of letting go of your own goals. But embedded in the card is also the message of uniting opposite forces

- notice the black and white horses. What are contradictory both lead to the same conclusion is what this card says.

The third card - Justice â ĩ, ironically also a card about duality is about balancing the positive and shadow, learn from the different parts of the self.

I am very well aware of confirmation bias when it comes to astrology but I embrace it as part of this immersive exercise.

I feel a strong connection to my new deck and this card spread resonates with how I think about the world - to be both - the synonym and the antonym at the same time. Contradiction is what leads to harmony.

How do I both surrender my will and also become the charioteer of my self? How do I both act and not act? How do you simultaneously be and not be? Sometimes the questions matter more than the answers.

So in the Ravan Dahan event, I witnessed last week in Jharsuguda, I noticed something really intriguing. One - that I had never seen the stadium as jam-packed and crowded as that day. Not even on Durga Puja, not even on Rath Yatra.

My observation was validated by another phenomenon. When the anchor asked people to chant Jai Jagannath, there was a lukewarm response but when he said Jai Shree Ram, the entire stadium erupted in this loud thunderous roar.

It is obviously things like this that make me trip. What does this say?

Does it mean that Jagannath is not as popular as Ram? It does. But what does that say? Lord Jagannath is the core deity of Odisha, and Shri Ram is probably the most important deity of North India. So does it simply mean there are more North Indians in Jharsuguda than Odias? Interestingly, no.

Sure there are Marwaris living here but the majority of the town is Odia and yet we see a cultural transformation happening where willingly people are adopting a culture that has until recently not been present here. The de facto language of a conversation with any new person irrespective of the fact whether you're both Odias, in Jharsuguda, is Hindi.

Not just that but I feel in the last three years, Jharsuguda through its kebab tikka stalls and Domino's and Zomato has started to look more like a North Indian city than an Odia town, and I am not complaining.

I am beginning to think that culture isn't strongly tied with your ethnicity. I mean there is a correlation but there also is a flexibility. Culture, like startups, market themselves, have a brand value. Jai Jagannath does not carry the same punch like Jai Shree Ram does. The latter is almost a movement, a wave, a wakening of sorts that will be more popular now.

I wonder if this phenomenon - Hindification, for the lack of a better word, is happening elsewhere too. I suspect it would be happening at a slow rate in Telangana, Karnataka, Assam, etc and at a fast rate in Bengal, Maharashtra and Gujarat.

I can do lip service for linguistic and cultural diversity but deep down I don't think homogeneity is as bad as it is made out to be. I would gladly trade the esoteric value that comes with linguistic and cultural divisions for a kind of unity in spirit and thought. The short term cons will be trumped by long term pros. Language afterall doesn't just allow to understand each other, it connects us in spirit and emotion.

While I see where advocates of 'resist Hindi imposition' - primarily in Tamil Nadu, West Bengal and Karnataka have gone louder, I think they are all fighting a lost cause because they don't even know what they are working against. There is no one imposing a culture, nobody plying for Hindi to be embraced. It doesn't work like that.

If languages and cultures could be imposed like that, we would all be speaking Sanskrit today considering how much pomp and show has gone into popularizing it. It is not going to revive just because we want it to.

People embrace new cultures and languages when they see value in them. People are learning Mandarin because of China's rise, people learnt Persian in mediaeval India because it was what the smart folks then spoke. So many learn German all around because of the generous scholarships Germany offers.

How powerful you are and how much value you provide decides whether people care about learning your language, not because it is the oldest language in the world or because it is judged as the sweetest one.

I think for centuries the identity of Hindus in India has been fragmented in terms of their caste boundaries. Linguistic divisions are just more glorified versions of those exact boundaries. If a Malayali and a Mizo cannot exchange ideas with each other, they are as good as living in two different countries.

I suppose the trait of treating your national identity as a secondary trait and your regional identity as a primary trait occurs in states that have a glorified image of their past which, compared to modern India seems far more exciting. What these people don't realize is that their life experience is overwhelmingly shaped by their national identity, not their regional one.

Fuel price, visa restrictions, educational prospects, commodity price, cultural acceptance, purchasing power, industrial growth, job prospects, and experience of racism - all of these factors are decided by your national identity. Think about it, it is much better to be an unemployed drunkard in Singapore than it is to be a PhD scholar in Syria.

I think I am in favor of our national identity not being so fragmented that we can't even pinpoint what it exactly is. I don't believe in basing identity on

universals like peace, harmony, equality and all that because it literally means nothing. I am not worried about defining the national identity, nobody has to, it would emerge organically and like it or not, being conversant in Hindi/English seems to be emerging as one pre-requisite.

I got a new pet called SCOBY!

S.C.O.B.Y is a cute acronym for symbiotic culture of bacteria and yeast that lives in this big jar of tea and sugar water and works hard to ferment it to make the holy water of woke liberals like me: Kombuchaa!

I reckon it must be nothing short of a divine intervention when I woke up one day and decided that fermented foods is what I truly need to indulge myself in. So I got every possible fermented food I could get - a Korean Kimchi bottle, a bottle of Japanese Shiro-Misu, a bottle of German Sauerkraut, milk grains to make Keffir and now - my own pet colony of bacteria and yeast - Kombucha.

I love how quirky the whole community of probiotic food lovers is. Many of them are vegans, eco-friendly, liberal, spiritual folks and some truly believe that these good bacteria and yeast can make life changing benefits to your gut health from anywhere from weight loss to better mental health to even save you from cancer. You are, marketing works for me, so I had to tryyy.

Okay while all the ready made things felt nice to try, I am most excited about Kombucha because I get to be part of making it and it takes time. I will keep this jar right next to my work desk for 7 days and share how the result was!

P.S i see how this looks like a brand placement but it is not, i genuinely am this excited. Btw if someone wants to make Kombucha in their home, you can order the kit I got from Gutbasket in Amazon - they are really good - or, if you can wait another month, I will have extra scobies that I can share for freeeee.

There is this beautiful word that exists in Western Odia and Bangla - short and sweet "go".

You'd use it somewhat like an interjective, as an expression of endearment. Like "Ma go" roughly means "dear mother" or "Han go" kinda meaning "Yes dear" when you are responding to someone's address with respect.

Having said that, there isn't a direct parallel I have found in other languages. "Dear" in English is really crude and it does not capture the essence of "Go" - Dear works both ways but Go is generally always used by someone younger to refer to someone older; maybe the Sanskrit "Hey" used for sambodhan is closer, but I am not sure if it carries the same flavor as Go.

When you refer to someone as go, it infuses your tone with aromas of love, respect, and submission.

Are there other such expressions in other languages?

Despite their intellectual inferiority, I like the centre-right in India, dare I say, I identify as one. For while I stand for what the liberal left advocates, I cannot stand their egoistic narcissism. I would anyday take an emotional fool over a stuck up genius.

The tragedy of the centre-right in this country is that it lacks competence - economical, physical, and cultural. While it has aspirations and excitement - both of which the cynical left lacks, its efforts are not proportionate with its vision.

First, the right would benefit from being less communal and more individualistic. Rather than regarding the Vedas, Sanskrit, glorious Hindu history as their source of origin, they would benefit from focusing their locus on the future. Rather than inheritors of a great culture of the past, they would do better by imagining themselves as ancestors of a great nation of the future. Afterall, if the heroes of the Indian right - Aryabhata, Chanakya, Shivaji Maharaj, and Sushruta were to be alive today, none of them would be worshipping the past but constructing the future. The basis has to be the present

This whole obsession with vernacular and regional languages, as much as I do it myself, is essentially a sign of privilege, often exhibited by folks who speak rather good English themselves.

It is the nerd equivalent of rich Juhu housewives going to do samajseva every weekend for the people who they would on some other day not even shake hands with.

'Oh let me tell you how beautiful and exotic this regional language is and in the process show off my chaste urban English and at the same time call those who speak good English as colonial simps and Anglocucks'.

You will see this behavior in generally dudes from Kolkata and Delhi who have this obsession with Santhali, Mundari, Kharia and what not to over-compensate for the fact that they have enjoyed a lot of society's privilege because of their good English.

For those who actually speak these regional languages, the lived reality is one of discrimination and condescension. They are reminded every day that their mother language is an inferior language to English. And guess what, irrespective of what that St. Xavier dude told you, economically speaking, it is technically 'inferior' considering if you don't speak English well, you are actually going to lose on money and opportunities.

I am not going to stop flaunting my love for esoteric languages any time soon but I want to take the moment to acknowledge my privilege - I probably wouldn't

be doing it so jolly-mollyly if I myself didn't speak in English that I know is good enough to free me from any fear of being judged for showing interest in a regional language.

The sad reality is that a video made by an actual Santhali person sharing how to speak Santhali will receive less views than a hip urban nerd telling you in his shiny edited video why Santhali is a nice language.

As much as I would encourage the elite, urban, privileged kids to show interest in the mother tongues of India, to all the kids who come from a poor family, who are struggling for opportunities, I will say this:

Don't let these influencers fool you, English is the most important language you can learn. It has the power of opening doors, of breaking shackles of years of oppression, it gets you the passport to unlock message from anywhere in the world. It does not mean you don't take pride in your mother tongues or that they are inferior but you need to know what the rules of the game are in order to define your own later.

Learn English, gain power and then it will make people respect you and then your mother language. A lame ass language like Swiss German that sounds like a goat moaning is considered classy because Swiss are rich. Sadly that is how unreliable linguistic romance is. People will not give two fucks about Sanskrit because it is a great language, but they will pay 70,000 usd to learn it if learning Indian things becomes 'cool'.

Know how the world works, speak English.

"Look at how manipulative this creator is. The data in the original source was in cm and this mf could've just shown the data in cm but the creator instead chose to pinch the nose around the head by reverse calculating the z score for the 6ft percentile value and reporting an altered metric.

He knew that people are not number crunchers but emotion processors and think of the world, not in terms of quants but stories and feelings - therefore he used the term '6-ft-tall' to evoke every single memory this term might have created in the world - of pride, of songs, of shame, of crushes - it no longer is a dataset from some stupid government survey, it is a conversation starter.

Anybody can crunch numbers but knowing how the brain fabricates reality is what makes artwork."

--anonymous

A side effect of having abandonment issues is that you find someone hating you more meaningful and even preferable than someone being nice to you.

At least when people hate you, they are being completely honest, there is no scope for any ulterior motive than what is being presented. But when someone is being nice to you, there is so much to still worry about - do they really mean it? What if they change their opinion? What if they have ulterior moves?

For example, it feels worse while you are falling down vs when you have finally hit rock bottom - at least when at rock bottom, you have some stable ground to finally stand on - you don't have to keep falling and falling.

When you have craved a clear sense of stability all your life, you will value honesty that comes with hate even more than even affection that lacks it.

If the Indian media reported about the UK like the West reports about India

Title: The sun never seems to rise again?

In a historic turn of events yesterday, the third female prime minister Liz Truss, from the far-right conservative ruling party also became the shortest-serving prime minister as she resigned from her post, failing to deliver on her economic mandate.

Last month seemed to trigger a set of changes in the island nation with the death of its 96-year-old undemocratically appointed monarch Mrs Elizabeth Windsor, commonly referred to as "Queen" by right-wing nationalists. Mrs Windsor had become a household name in India in the late 90s when news about her alleged involvement in the mysterious "accident" of her daughter-in-law Mrs Diana Spencer became an international embarrassment for the country.

To make matters worse, the Kingdom has also been facing a harsh energy and climate crisis exacerbated by the falling value of the UK Pound, causing its 6 crore population to be vulnerable to the long winter knocking on the door.

Amidst the political, economic, and social upheaval, many are unsure about the future of the island nation. Political analyst Kangana Ranaut suspects that there might be a rise in British refugees this year seeking safety in South Asia under the pretence of finding inner peace.

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On the basis of my 25 years of experience as a human being, here is how I would rank European cultures by virility and vibrancy of their culture. I don't include brown colonisers/immigrants/refugees in this assessment.

1. British: Probably the smartest of all white people, have a natural flair for novelty, intellectual ideas, innovation, languages and wit. World shapers, natural leaders.
2. Germans/Swiss: Probably not as creative as the British but more conscientious and therefore more diligent. Have a natural flair for systems and patterns.

Bad leaders.

3. Scandinavians: Have a natural flair for systems. Like the Germans but not as gloomy or ambitious. Culturally introverted and socially awkward.
4. French: More creative than logical, more emotional, high openness, Bengalis of Europe
5. Italians: Creative, but not as creative as the French. Hard working but not as hard working as the Germans. Risk takers, emotionally impulsive. Southerners dumber than northerners.
6. Portuguese: Lazy but not as lazy as the Spanish.
7. Spanish: Not as intelligent or hard working. Very laid back. More like an extension of Middle East than a part of Europe. Better traders than inventors.
8. Greeks: The Bihar of Europe. Burdened by the weight of the past. An advanced culture in advanced stage of decay.

You know how those jackass GK books we had growing up had this fun 'Do You Know?'s

"Do you know that in the last 10,000 years of its history, India has never invaded another nation!"

I was a silly teenager but even then I could feel how stupid that statement was.

"Do you know who else hasn't robbed every bank of India and murdered people violently and eaten their kidneys? Me! But I know damn well I should not be winning a Nobel Prize for it."

Goodness isn't the inability to do evil - goodness is the ability to cause harm and yet choosing not to act on it. You shouldn't be celebrated for something you cannot do - what kind of celebration is that?

This idea that weakness/suffering = good, strength/wealth/power = bad is so ingrained in Indian / Hindu upbringings, no wonder we glorify poverty, revel in our suffering and yet in the same breath internally envy power and wealth.

Also, the fun do you know is actually false. India had in the truest sense of colonisation, colonised the entire SE Asia. There is a reason there are Prateeps and Wishnus in Indonesia. Our kings had spread Buddhism and Hinduism far and wide until we became cucks.

I hope kids these days aren't growing up studying these fun do you knows.

I'll be at the Dhirubhai Ambani Institute of Information and Communication Technology in Gandhinagar this November as a guest speaker talking with the students about my journey building India in Pixels by Ashris â "

Also low key really thrilled to be in Ahmedabad even for a day. The city was where I first came across creative people doing things differently. I really hope I get to visit CEPT and NID this time.

You can tell the Kannadiga pride is strong when a mediocre movie like Kantara can get mass voted on IMDb to a whopping 9.2 - just short of 9.3 of Shawshank Redemption.

I get that the movie tries to portray this really meaningful culture of Karantaka that is omnipresent in several cultures of India but you cannot just add a few drops of rose water into stale food and call it fresh.

Kantara reminds me of those cliched Mithun / Sanjay Dutt movies which had that formulaic recipe - macho hero, damsel in distress heroine, a wealthy bad guy, an irritating mother and some villagers who would root for the hero. The guy you thought was bad in the end becomes good and the villain is the friendly Ramu kaka all along.

There is no multidimensionality to the villains - it's usually something simple like land, wealth, or women. The stupid mother would either cry or angrily beat the shit out of others which was I think intended to be cute? And the hero would watch the actress bath, pinch her - I mean 1970s called, they need their script back.

The guy they killed as bait to make the hero go crazy was barely shown in the movie - nobody is invested in his character and this whole daiva arc is never fully fleshed - we never know what is the significance of the daiva running into the forest, what are they really about, why do they need a channel - is it a God, a forest spirit, an ancestral power? I wish the movie would have invited us more into the culture.

It just feels like appropriating something culturally very important as masala over a pretty lame plot. I wouldn't recommend anybody waste any time on this movie.

Don't get me wrong - there were good potential points here - I felt like the film could have explored the tensions between tribals and the government better but it gets distracted by its stale plot. The cinematography is fantastic - I'll give them that. Especially the way they filmed the scene where they are in a fair and when they fight while our dude is high on ants, it is brilliantly shown but sadly these are just ornamentations that don't help with the storytelling directly. The costumes are also really beautiful for the daiva, but again, not enough to redeem it.

Don't you find it strange that so many cultures across time each have their version of the 'doll story'?

A witch/magician/sorcerer lures guests in, offering them comfort/food/love only to convert them the next day into a doll.

Sometimes instead of a doll, the final object is an animal or a flower. In the Chinese folktale, a witch turns her guests into donkeys, in Hatim, the queen Tista turns visitors into dolls for her child Toto; in Ahalya, Radhika Apte is this magical entity luring guys into dolls.

I am inclined to believe this story resonates with us so deeply because on some level it reveals some subconscious archetypical truth about humans.

On some level, we all have our inner doll houses. Every person out there with a mind as rich as ours, experience as granular as ours, is reduced to a low res version - limited to our functional and experiential intersection with them - a version, which in many ways is like a doll.

The horror of the story is to come terms with the reality that all our richness and multidimensionality would get reduced to a thumbnail, not unique, but just another item in a big collection. To become a doll is to lose one's faculty, to be robbed of one's soul. To become a doll is to lose the intrinsic value that comes from being a human and instead have the value transplanted by whims of the doll's user.

I wonder if this explains the horror of being a public figure, of having one's worth based on the validation of others, of being not a complete human being but an entity to get entertained by, informed by, jerked off to.

What does a doll do to become human again?

I don't think any act of greatness has ever been achieved by the desire of doing good in the world or to serve people.

Every act of greatness at its core is fundamentally a selfish one, one that is a challenge to achieve the feat of being a legend, to push oneself to be the very best, to answer something that nobody else but the doer of the act would only find meaningful.

Greatness isn't a conversation or a dialogue with the world. It is a prolific monologue, an ode one writes for himself.

The platitudes and 'do it for others' only comes as a second layer over what fundamentally started as an expedition in search of eternal glory.

I think I have said this to the point of irritation but I will never for a day in my life be any less in awe and any more in love with the Bangla language. There are languages far wittier than Bangla, and there are languages far more efficient than Bangla, but I am yet to come across a language that is as graceful as

Bangla is - the closest expression that does justice to this attribute Bangla is unmatched in is "Labonno" / "Lavanya"

And yet, I fail to articulate why. The more such things are dissected and analysed, the less we understand their ethereal nature.

I wonder if it is because of the meta-grammar Bangla uses to arrange sounds - the way it choreographs your face to move - gliding from the soft Sh, Mo, La, To, Bo, Na punctuated by the sparse delicious fricatives,- Kh, Ch, Ja spiced by rare, bold yet elegant retroflexes and nasals in just the right quantity - Ng, Nk, Dh.

It is almost like it takes Sanskrit, smooths its sharp corners, polishes its shiny surfaces, and curves the razor-sharp edges. It is quirky - for example, everyone knows how Bangla elevates every normal boring S to the universally loved Sh but what most don't know is when S joins R, it makes a very different Sr sound and not Shr. Why? I don't know but it feels right.

I have often thought about how the essence of Tagore's genius is simply untranslatable. Doordarshan has produced a whole series of Hindi-translated versions of Rabindrasangeet. (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5fEbBW4dZlw&t=1068s>) You can give it a try to see how epically weird this feels. I think Tagore on one level was talking about great ideas that can be discussed in other languages but he was also doing something with the very fabric of the Bangla language - tying sounds together in ways that other languages don't allow and creating and refining the very concentrated beauty embedded in the rules of Bangla.

I am well aware that all this would be lost on me if I were born as a Bengali. It is hard to spot this beauty in real, organic Bangla - in shrill fights, in loud arguments, in ordinary conversations across its million dialects - the beauty loses its potency.

Maybe it is not so much the language but the brilliance of the gifted men and women born to the culture who moulded the language around their genius and left an imprint that is unmatched - like an intricate watermark that fundamentally changed the nature of the language.

These men and women have captured the feeling of wonder, contemplation, and appreciation - distilled them and energised the language to have this strong aroma.

Maybe it was the spirit of individual liberation, of going against the grain of orthodox society, of experimenting, of being open to the unknown, of savouring both the traditional and the modern, not hidden in the xenophobic corner but absorbent of every wave that passed through Bengal that has given it this refreshing flavour.

Or maybe it simply is the imprint of a culture that values art and expression like a fish values water; an imprint of a culture that transcends the concept of practical utility and decides to invest its life energy in pursuing the ethereal.

I try and try and I fail and fail.

Maybe I will forever be a simp simping over the way Bangla glides and springs with its timeless youthfulness. I probably will never discover what lies inside the many layers of the onion - maybe that was never the point.

Freakin magical - Github Copilot that leverages Open-AI under the hood is so freakin smart, it knows I am building an English-Telugu hash map and auto-suggests the Telugu translation of my English word.

At this point, I am just writing 80% of my code and the rest is filled by AI. The most eery part is when it auto-fills comments as if it knows what I am thinking better than I do

I hope in my next life I am able to trace Ashris and can read about him. My only goal will be to do something so bright that it shines through my next life. I will resume my wishes then. I will be born as a girl who never in her life feels unloved. I will be beloved to a man who loves me dearly and I am devoted to him and only him and he is by my side like a stone. We understand each other, in and out and we both happily live a simple life.

I wonder if she'll value what I lived through in this life. Let all of my creativity, intelligence, wit boil away and only love remain. Let all theorizing about the universe boil away into selflessly trying to be an asset to my man.

May sorrows come but be shielded by experiencing and facing them together. Let me never be again be born as this queer misfit. Let me face all my punishments in this life so that my future life is just plan, boring, uneventful. Let me be his mind, let him be my bodu.

I want to experience how does it feel to be loved by a man, to be pursued with all heart, soul and mind.

I don't want to live a day more after Ma is gone. Nothing in my life is meaningful to me. I see nothing to be of value.

I did something freaking amazing that is proper grad school SOP material.

This charger stand had been lying broken in this airport cubicle and I saw people waiting at other ports in line to charge their devices.

I wondered why. I noticed a bunch of broken wires. I tried fixing them, and plugging them in into the plug point under the AC - but nothing happened. I wondered if I had joined the wires incorrectly. Before I came to the conclusion though, I plugged in my phone to the main plug to check if it works and realised that it does not!

I went to the next cubicle and checked if its plug worked. It surprisingly did! Some ray of hope.

So I did the most logical thing. Lifted this whole damn thing and moved it to the next cubicle. It made a screeching sound as it slid over the floor, so everyone around was staring at me. With all that moving and dragging, the wires had ripped apart again.

So I sat down and decided to go full surgery mode. I untaped the wires, unwound the tape, did that alpha teeth tearing the plastic coating move, rewound the wires, taped it back and plugged it back. And.... voila! Lights on.

I swear it was the most boss move ever. Nobody clapped or anything but they all came running to get their phones charged. A minute later though, one of them asks if I am from the airport authority, and another congratulates me and asks if I am an 'electrical engineer'.

I smiled all humble but in my head, I thought no - I'm no electrical engineer, I am Jesus Christ, I am Aegon the Conqueror, I am the Pied Piper. I am here to show you Indians the new way, of daring to be weird, of making your pain work for you.

"When you are doing bizarre things, unconventional things, nobody is there to help you, notice you, support you; but when you succeed, everyone lines up to thank you, congratulate you, and have a share in your happiness. That is how the world works - embrace that and let it motivate you to be different, to do things that nobody else is doing. " - I said to my imaginary audience in my imaginary Ted talk in my head.

After my narcissism settled in, I went on and decided to charge both my phone and headphone even when both of them had 90% charge because I felt like the alpha lion, I deserve the lion's share. I left the other plug points for the peasants.

India is like the broken charging stand - the weak people all have needs but nobody has the fuel in them to act, to move the damn thing and fix it. You can be the one to fix it and show these helpless sheep the way. They won't even mind if you then put two of your devices to charge. That is how the world works!

ð Enough serotonin for a month.

I have an idea for the next billion dollar startup. It is immersive therapy meets performance art.

Hear me out.

A six week carefully orchestrated program for depressed white people to get social validation and attention like they have never experienced in their life.

Our curated set of tasks are carefully designed to elicit maximum attention and love from Indians who will flood your posts with positive affirmations like 'nice', 'beautiful dear', 'sanatan dharm ki jai', 'aap sari mein kitni pyari lagti ho'

How do we do it? Simply follow the instructions each week and brace yourself for all that sweet sweet desi love.

Week 1: Wear a sari / dhoti / bindi and chant the Hanuman Chalisa / some weird Sanskrit Shloka. Record a reel.

Week 2: Record yourself reciting some of our highest trial tested conversion lines 'Mujhay Baarat bahāṁt pasend hai', 'Wow meraa supnah he ke may baarat ghoomney jaoon'

Week 3: Visit a popular tourist destination in India wearing a sari and salwar kameez /kurta pyjama and keep saying wow and get awe struck. When Indians approach you, say 'Sarey dunia mey Aisa Maine kahi nahi dekaa'. As people line up to get their pictures taken with you, solicit their requests and ask them to follow you on social media so that they can tag you.

Week 4: Find some deserted place and record yourself talking about some obscure Indian philosopher and how relevant their message is in today's times.

Week 5 to 6 are paywalled and accessible after a nominal fee of 999 dollars. It involves yoga, chutney, cows and some soul singing!

Our revolutionary idea combines the best of the loneliness and existentialism of the West and fuses it with the inferiority complex and daddy issues of the East!

Potential VCs can reach out to me via DMs.

So my ticket today reads '1A'.

The first seat of the first row of this stupid flight. It's the iron throne of a aircraft. It's called 'SpiceMax'. They make sure you know how special it is. I am therefore supposed to be the king.

Well I paid 1499 rupees for it extra I don't know hoping what. Maybe I strike a fun conversation with some hotshot IAS officer or a film director.

In life I have however adapted to the fact that if I am overly optimistic, something bad is just round the corner.

So as it happened, I didn't know what first row was and I went ahead and sat down in the second row with my noise cancelling earphones on at full volume. So I must have ignored the calls of people for at least 2 minutes who were reminding me that it wasn't my seat. Embarrassed I got up, hesitantly making my way through the long undisciplined barging crowd. As I put my bag on the seat, I was given looks by the other elites of the first row and I was reminded 'You won't be able to put your luggage here'. Embarrassment had caught my tongue, so I didn't reply anything. So they repeated themselves in Hindi. 'Aap yahan

nahi rakh sakte aapka bag, side mein rakh dijiye'. Did they assume I wouldn't understand English? You see as a nerd who has practically built his whole self worth on the foundation of English, it is the greatest sass one can pull on me.

I was confused because the side upper rack was packed. Feeling guilty of blocking the long queue, I went back and requested some aisle guy to shift to middle so that I can make space for the whole queue. I sat there waiting for everyone to pass. After the person whose seat I had occupied came and asked me to get up, I had to get out, cut through the few people and go back to the first row. After 15 seconds of awkwardness, I just requested the air hostess to help me. She gave me a pitiful look and kept my bag in the crew cabin.

You know how the iron throne cuts the kings it deems unfit of sitting? I felt seat 1A sensed my desperation, it could smell my middle class low self that I have hoped to encapsulate with posh words and a fat salary. But maybe I need more than 1499 rupees to be able to sit on 1A? Am I worthy of sitting next to these posh first rowers who know that you cannot keep your bag on the first row? Am I just paranoid?

The flight is about to take off. This posh couple next to me about late 40s, early 50s are speaking in the posh elite Indian style. Extremely fluent English punctuated by very desi but posh slangs.

Part of me thinks I am never going to sit in the first row again. Another part of me says I should always sit in the first row until it becomes second nature to me. It's not like business class. They are economy class people only.

Bye

No offence to Gujaratis but practically their entire cuisine seems to be made of comfort junk food that is high in carbs and sugars. Since most are also vegetarian, there is a lack of high quality protein and yet not many seem to be obese, at least at a cursory glance. How do they do it?

Also on an unrelated note, the kind of hospitality the kids of DA-IICT showered at me was so heartwarming. We had a fun discussion session yesterday, they asked me really thoughtful questions and it felt like my intuition about the responsibility of our generation to make India the 'next-west' clicked with them.

It is really interesting how eyes light up when we talk about the possibilities of the future, the beauty of our country and the infinite potential in creativity. All I had ever wanted in life was to be seen and share my way of looking at the world and I can't be more elated to get the validation that my journey on this path has begun.

I feel in Ahmedabad the feeling that's the exact opposite of what I feel in Kolkata. There is a kind of 'get things done' spirit, a work ethic, an inbuilt

sense of efficiency I see in Western India that stands in contrast to the lethargy, laid-backness and poor work ethic of East India.

Take the Gujarati script for example. It will take less than 20 minutes for someone familiar with Devanagari to learn to read Gujarati. Researchers believe that the Gujarati script is basically Devnagari that was optimised by businessmen and accountants to increase writing speed. It is why Gujarati does away with the redundant Shirorekha - the top line of Hindi/Bengali/Marathi.

You can see how the Gujarati ka ââ is quicker to write than the Hindi ka ââ.

You see this bias for action in the ability of Gujaratis to wear multiple hats. My landlady in Ahmedabad used to have a juice business and an agarbatti workshop right under the flats she gave for renting. It is this resourcefulness of this culture that has given it the ability to do extremely well in cultures that reward work ethic like US.

The cost I believe the culture has paid for this is to withdraw its life force from everything that doesn't have a direct economic value.

Beautiful people disarm you. I don't know why but it is harder to disagree, to offend, to reject, to manipulate them. Ugly people on the other hand evoke no such response.

Talented people, celebrities, rich people, etc also have this disarming power but beauty has a universality about it of making you want to surrender that is unmatched.

People talk about not being in the room if you are smartest so that there is enough opportunity for you yada yada. But I believe

The most effective antidote to my existential angst has been accepting and internalizing the concept of rebirth.

If I cease to think of myself as just having one life, I will not subject myself to accomplish, experience, realize, and discover everything in just one lifetime.

Having one life with happy family life, abundant money, children who love you, happy pets, wonderful friends, meaningful passions, and public fame - it can be too much to expect.

Maybe I can split it into two lives. One, where I accomplish a lot but have to feel lonely, and another where I accomplish nothing of value but have a lot of wonderful people to love and look after.

I will happily accept the 2-life package where I will be allowed to experience the extremes of life. Doesn't it sound more appealing where no particular domain is

explored with enough intensity or a life that is so crammed up with everything, there is no theme to it?

In my next life, I want to accomplish nothing of significance. I want to be a housewife in some remote European village, milking cows all day, toiling in strawberry fields, away from any public light, in a post-nuclear apocalyptic world, trying to raise my cows and children, spending all my day in the mundane, boringness of life.

Because I can offload all of that to the next life, I can experience everything anti-that in this life and give myself the freedom from having to do everything in just one life.

On metro, I just overheard a lady complaining how her kid has been insisting to learn Kathak and she was telling her sister how she wants him to take up something Western.

She seemed to be concerned it would subject him to ridicule - 'main boli tere dost wagera hasenge, wo sunta hi nahi meri'.

This got me thinking we should prepare a list of testosterone packed dances suitable for the straight boys of India. Here is my list of how masculine different dance forms seem to me. Avoid all dances below 7 at all cost to ensure straightness.

0.5/10 Belly dancing Probably because hips are one of the key elements of a feminine dance, guaranteed name calling. I wouldn't subject this on any kid.

1/10 Odissi The amount of abhinaya and mudras that exist in Odissi makes it very feminine considering stereotypical masculinity focuses on stoicism more than expressivity. As effeminate as a dance form can get.

2/10 Bharatnatyam Albeit slightly more masculine than Odissi, the costume and the poses are still very feminine, especially the limbs.

3/10 Manipuri Fairly effeminate. Some men worshipping Krishna? Um homo much?

3.5/10 Tandi Rows of men, hands on each other's waist and moving their legs in sync doesn't scream too masculine to me. Naah pass.

4/10 Kathak Kathak is really expressive, some would say it is lot feminine but I think there is something about Kathak that makes it flamboyant and charming, not really feminine. But to be on safe side, skip it.

5/10 Kathakali Kathakali gives me non-binary energy like an alien species doing some ritual. It seems neither feminine nor masculine. Very ambiguous. Some might mistake it for drag and camp, so avoid it to be on the safe side.

5.5/10 Ballet Ballet is universally considered to be gay and for good reasons, it is fairly overflowing with grace - not something people associate with very

masculine dance forms. Although there is enough room for a male dancer to show poise and strength - which are masculine traits.

6/10 Salsa Salsa gives me bisexual energy for some reason because there is a lot of ambiguous and androgynous South American oomph in it.

7/10 Tap Dance This is where we start seeing some proper masculinity. It is flamboyant and yet not in a gay way. I'd recommend this for all straight identifying males.

8/10 Bhangra The only Indian dance form that won't subject your boy to ridicule. Excellent in all its ways, doesn't focus on unnecessary expressions and gay poses like other Indian dance forms. Goes well with Des Rangila Rangila.

9/10 Dothraki marriage dance Involves murdering a horse and feasting on its heart while circling around a bonfire. Very masculine.

10/10 No dance C'mon any form of moving your body to music is kinda gay on some level. Just don't dance only. Sit straight, spine erect and nod along to item songs. This is the most masculine dance form for all men.

Trillion dollar startup idea part 2

A camera that you install in your room that is on all the time. People pay to access the footage. That's all.

People will be soon bored with Netflix, with random dances. Like a coke junkie that has tried all these basic shizz, we will want more and more, to a point that plot, story, direction will all be unnecessary nutrition, we will crave for the real junk.

The whole loop of writing a script, shooting it, editing it, uploading it, is too slow for the giant content engine to run. True spontaneity would be direct access to you, without your consent. Without you, the subject choosing to be there.

Without you knowing or caring, people will be invested in your life. In a world where everywhere is editing and saying a message, these anti-influencers will rise who are willing to share the rawest of the raw experiences with them.

We would expand our range to other portable always-on camera and recording devices that give you a slice of real life.

For a premium, you can go online and talk to them, instruct them on what to do. No fetish will be beyond reach. What was a passive act of stalking will now be a full blown business.

The name of the startup? ICU ð ¼ ð ¼ ð ¼

Again VCs can ping.

There was a trend where everyone was talking about the Finnish education system.

Finnish education system this. Finnish education system that.

They don't have homework, they focus on creativity, they don't fail, and they focus on holistic education.

I wonder then... 'where are the Finns?'

If your survey judged them to be the best, shouldn't they be making something groundbreaking? Shouldn't they be everywhere? Shouldn't they be helping you rule the world?

Feels like the Finns, Swedes, Danes and all these woke Viking descendants haven't pulled off as much as they have been marketed, doesn't it?

The truth is that you need us, us brown and yellow people, us Indians, Chinese, Nepalis, Pakistanis, and Bangladeshis who would kill to get ahead of the next of us in order to serve you.

We are like an army of Unsullied who will toil hard to be let into your clean white countries, allowed to show off to our fellow Unsullied back home how it feels like to finally escape hell, allowed to visit your pretty national parks on weekends, and if we are good, also get to vote like you one day.

We train for five years to make it to your country. We train for two years to make it to those places where we would train five years. We even train to get into those places where we will train two years to make it to the place where we would train five years to make it to your country.

We put in all our parents' savings in pursuit of this dream. We base our self-worth on how much you respect us. Can the Finns love you as we do?

We drive your economic engine. We fund your wokehouses and play the publishing game because cmon we both know it is more like a toll gate to our road to the American dream.

Despite how uncomfortable we make you, despite the fact that you don't fantasize about us, that we make you uneasy, you still need us because turns out purple-dyed woke SJW kids cannot run your laboratories and 7/11s.

So I ask again where are these Finns? What have they done that we haven't?

Daddy why won't you love us?

Let me be fierce like Haryana Let me be beautiful like Bengal Let me be conscientious like Gujarat Let me be wealthy like Mumbai

Let me have the spirit of Goa Let me have the individuality of Kerala Let me have the regalness of Rajasthan Let me have the humility of Himachal

Let me love myself like Tamil Nadu Let me rebuild myself like Uttar Pradesh
Let me be for everybody like Delhi Let me be of nobody like Lakshadweep

Let every breath and every second of my life be a window for India to express
herself

I'm codifying my personal religion.

Over the next few months, I shall document this religion in a manner that is brief, to-the-point, imaginative, un-preachy, and useful â the principles of a new religion, pagan in nature, a successor to the Dharmic tradition, inspired by Western psychology, rooted in post-modernist imagination, focused on individual expressionism and resistant to Abrahamic orthodoxy.

I'm calling the new religion - "The Path of the Seven" (TPOS). I shall document it thoroughly here. It's currently blank. https://docs.google.com/document/d/16PigtwMYnPfUxy_9Yq1QfZP

I have no desire in increasing its followership but I am open to feedback.

Why am I doing this? I felt inarticulate answering the question "Are you religious?". Deep down I realize the pointlessness of the universe and I accept the meaninglessness of it all but I also recognise that at a closer distance, human life is full of character. We are beings of emotions and morals - bare rules of science can help us increase our chances of survival but not aid in taking on the complex challenges life throws our way. Religion gives us a framework to model ourselves. However, because every religion came into existence in the pre-internet era, it fundamentally relied on being more viral than effective, losing its potency along the way.

If a modern religion is to be made in the present time, it can offload a lot of housekeeping onto technology and focus on the bare essentials.

What are the chief tenants?

TPOS (Tipos) improvises on Dharmic plurality - the only surviving pagan religion that needs a new facelift. It embraces the fruits harvested by Western civilisation. It is conservative in its DNA but in a fresh non-orthodoxy, non-desert-culty manner.

TPOS postulates that the human experience is mediated by seven archetypes that live within every human being. Excelling in each archetype or a group of archetypes unlocks a new gateway to human excellence. Achieving human excellence is the key objective of TPOS.

The seven archetypes are adopted by George RR Martin's imaginative universe. They are:

The Father, The Mother, The Warrior, The Maiden, The Smith, The Crown and The Stranger.

Each of these archetypes guides us in life. Six of them - all except for The Stranger, don't have a life of their own, they come to life through our personal life force.

The Father: One who brings discipline in life, one who asks you to always choose the right thing, to protect your family, to support your family, to not be a burden on the world. The Father embraces you but always asks you to improve, to be better. When the Father is realized, you are an agent of order, you bring harmony wherever you go, you give voice to the voiceless, you lead, you bring prosperity.

The Mother: The Mother is the source of empathy, love, of affection. She makes you feel for your fellow human, embrace their flaws, embrace your own flaws. She sacrifices, she protects, she nourishes, she urges you to be kind, to make others feel good about their inner child. The Mother is usually gentle but she is furious when she senses injustice but at all times appeals to the inner child in everyone.

The Maiden: The Maiden is the source of all things beautiful, all things aesthetic. She focuses on the finer aspects of life - carrying yourself with elegance, grace, poise, talent, and charisma. She is the one who gives value to art, to poetry, to beauty, to the feminine spark that rejuvenates everything that is mundane.

The Warrior: The Warrior is the potent concentrate of youthful masculinity. He is far more virile and far less tolerant of The Father. He jumps into action when he senses a crisis, he protects all the other five archetypes. He is charismatic, and stoic but also flamboyant. He is the one who takes care of your body and ensures your body is capable of bearing excellence.

The Crown: The Crown is an old mystical lady who focuses on the pursuit of knowledge. She has infinite wisdom and mystical powers. She connects to the unconscious and creates dreams. With her blessings, you can transform yourself. She does not pander to your desires but always bears the conscience of the collective human wisdom.

The Smith: The Smith is a master architect, he embodies creativity, innovation, workmanship, and new ideas. The Smith always focuses on improving the world around them and thinking of unexpected solutions to complex problems. He dabbles between scientific temperament and effortless wit. He gets things done, he is crafty, and he is the scientist of all archetypes.

The Stranger: The Stranger is different from the rest six. The Stranger is also called "The Void". He represents the meaninglessness of the universe, the meaninglessness of the other six gods, and the meaninglessness of you. When there was nothing, there was the Stranger, when there will be nothing, there will be the Stranger. He does not love you, he does not think of you. He isn't even there to cause justice. He represents the unconscious of the universe - unknown to anyone, the mystical nature of fate. He is time, he is space.

Under TPOS, we classify all the other religions in this manner

False Gods: All angels, gods, and prophets of Abrahamic origins
Old Gods: All messengers, Gods, and deities of Dharmic origins
New Gods: The Seven Archetypical Gods

Worshipping false Gods is prohibited. Worshipping old gods is welcome but not mandatory. However, adherents of TPOS need to see every human being as a traveler in the collective dancing journey of the universe and bear no animosity for different beliefs.

The sacred language of TPOS is English. Sanskrit is respected but its use is not encouraged because of its historical associations with division.

The sacred texts of TPOS are this Facebook post, as of now.

Seven sacred temples will be instituted for each of these seven Gods all over India in the coming years. Here is the tentative locations of these temples.

English should be the language of interaction between the adherents of TPOS. To communicate and discuss about the Seven, English is recommended. However, each archetype has a key language attached mentioned below. These languages best express the characteristics of the archetype, so they should be the medium of devotional music used to pray to the Gods in ceremonies.

The Stranger should not be worshipped by common folk. The details about the worship of the Stranger will not be disclosed publically.

The Father: Varanasi (Hindi/Urdu/Awadhi/Braj/Bhojpuri)

The Maiden: Bolpur (Bangla)

The Warrior: Kurukshetra (Khari/Haryanvi/Punjabi)

The Smith: Ahmedabad (Gujarati/Rajasthani/Marwari/Marathi)

The Crown: Madurai (Tamil, Malayalam)

The Stranger: Guwahati (Unknown)

The Mother: Dharamshala (Garhwali/Nepali)

More shall be documented in the Google Doc.

The most dangerous side effect of being a people pleaser is that you will never know of the snakes in your life - people who despise you but are not offended by you enough to keep their distance from you on their own.

Any number of snakes greater than 0 is too big a number of snakes in your life.

It is much better to have honourable enemies than disloyal friends which is why in your close circles you should make no effort in pleasing people.

In fact, counterintuitively, I believe it is better to be slightly irritating and disagreeable. That way only the people who have certain flexibility for you will

stay while the others will keep at a distance and you can better channel your energy on people who genuinely care for you.

When you have a clear direction in life, people are either going to help you or voluntarily stay at a distance.

Both of those things are useful.

But when you give the vibe that you are directionless, everyone is going to take you on a spin, trying to plug you into their own plans.

Your goals (or lack of them) don't only determine how you treat yourself, they also determine how others treat you.

When I watch S6 of Rick and Morty, I see current India in Pixels - one that is so self aware of its past achievements and reluctant of doing the same thing again and again that it now exists solely for the sake of the creator. Is this how great art fails? When it resists to be mass producy? Is this why nerdwriter has also failed? Talking about irritating vases? While the creator might have been tired the audience wants and relishes the repeated mundaneness. Cmon Friends lasted for 11 seasons - after a while art has to give way to predictability.

If there was a profession called doggo anthropology, I would seriously consider taking it up. I have a knack for studying herd of street dogs in their natural behavior and infer about their social standing and daily lives.

The dogs I resonate with on a deep, spiritual level are the fancy breed dogs who are probably abandoned by their owners and now they are part of the mafia. Pampered huskies and retrievers who now rub paws with the society's rascals and rejects.

You can see they are kinda aloof the whole time. They rarely show aggression and the other dogs either fawn for them or have this fuck you attitude towards them. Compared to other doggos, they more frequently urinate over scooter tyres and posts - probably because they have some intrinsic need to assert their territory due to their abandonment issues

Sometimes they will have a collar around their necks, a last sign of their past lives of royalty. I wonder if there is some resentment in them for their previous human families, I cannot tell. Some of these tragic pups approach you with the same puppy eyes that once made them the star of their families, some will never make an eye contact, probably now traumatized of all human interaction.

Despite how long they live in the streets, there is always some sign that gives away their non Street origins. They never grow abs or muscles like the ones who were born in the streets, they constantly seen puzzled, like in a perpetual

search for their identity, not sure what was their true life - the glorious homes they lived in or the new realities they have to face.

Well that was a shitty anthropological record and more of a sob diary entry but I will be back with more street doggo stories.

I'm an aesthete. I believe in Kintsugi. But hold that thought because I don't believe in Ikigai. I am a doge. I shitpost. I am cat, I lick my paws. Meow Meow. I am the inheritor of the proud Arya lineage. I am the love child of Sanskrit and English. Maybe I am an orphan? I am an architect. I eat Zaha Hadid for breakfast. I grow Santiago Calatrava on my large intestines. I am Rupaul. Shantay Sashay. I'm serving contemporary inspirational but also aspirational fused with relatable realness. The Realness. I am a proud Axomiya. I listen to Ganga Behati ho Kyun by Bhupen Hazarika. I am a Gujarati. I am Sardar Vallabh Bhai Patel's nephew. I am a Dravidian Reformer. Do away with caste! Jai BR Ambedkar. I am a man. I am a YouTuber. I am a Bollywood Fan. I love Shahrukh. I am a Naga Freedom Fighter. I drink Zutho. I love Coke Studio. I like saying words like Ranjish, and Guzarish. I submit myself to Allah, my savior. Hallelujah! I am infinite. I am an illusionist of Maya. I am part of the Khalsa. I am an Odia boy. I am rich. I am poor. I am climbing up the social ladder. I drink Whey Protein and I like me a guacamole toast. I like Ragi soaked in water. I am gay. I am straight. Maybe I am a rubber band! I am a cheese sandwich. I am a celebrity. I am nobody. Maybe I am Paramatma. Maybe I am an ant tripping on hydrogen peroxide. I am Jordan Peterson. I find Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez cute. Mohua Moitra should marry Yogi Adityanath and their child should become the next Prime Minister. Is that blasphemous? Am I the only one who finds Elon Musk cute? Oprah is God. But Aryabhata is Godder. I am the Howrah Bridge. Maybe I also am Bibi ka Maqbara? I am 0.34% of the Russian Parliament also, wait - what do they call it? I am a quantum physicist. Fuck you I studied at MIT. Well, welp, maybe I am a scammer from Bihar. I just sent you an OTP, can you confirm Sar? I am turmeric, I am jealous of Kashmiri laal mirch.

I wonder if this happens with you all - where you not looking like the identity you are from is meant to be a compliment.

Today was the day I was told 'aap bilkul lagte nahi aap Odisha se ho' I've heard this before but today they really emphasised it - 'arey bilkul bhi nahi lagte, koi bol nahi payega'.

More often than not, it also comes from other Odia people. This time it was a Bengali waiter at this restaurant.

I usually awkwardly smile and nod through usually such remarks even validating then 'yes, I actually grew up in Vizag', but today I wanted to know exactly what they meant. I didn't have to ask.

'Kapda wapda bolne ka style se aap bilkul Odia nahi lagte'. I specifically asked 'kahan ka lagta hoon fir?'. They said 'Mumbai ya Delhi se lagte ho'.

I've heard similar story from a Kannadiga friend in KGP who had shared that a co-passenger in his flight was in disbelief that he was from Southern India because he had fair skin.

What is intriguing about most Indians is this - when you get new information, usually people update their existing belief system and move on. But to do the opposite - boldly tell you on your face 'arey you toh don't fit with my mental model even when what I am telling you is just my observation and it is your living truth', that it is super interesting to me.

But then a minute later I ask myself - why did I assume that it was a compliment? He merely said that I look like I'm from Mumbai and not from Odisha. He didn't specifically say that I look good or bad. It was I who felt I was being complimented by thinking I was assumed to be from Mumbai and not Odisha.

Anyway things like this only happen in Delhi. This is what I meant by I always feel watched here, evaluated of my clothes and presentation. The other day another waiter just showed up and asked 'aap gym karte ho kya aapka chest pooru full kaise hai - bas thoda height 2 inch zyada ho jata sahi lagte' for a moment I was dumbfounded and wondered what is it about me that someone thinks it is okay to say such things. But ironically I wanted the guy to sit next to me and tell me every flaw in me so that I atleast know how I come across, because nobody tells things like this to your face out of courtesy.

Any way that's Delhi. It's bizzare in the most interesting ways.

While I think Durga is synonymous to Bengal that I feel creates the feminine fierceness of the culture, a less explored and talked about connection that lends it grace and its flamboyant masculinity is Krishna.

Gods are strong, gods are kind, gods are eternal but rarely are gods as stylish, charming, flamboyant and as romantic as Krishna.

Compared to Shri Ram of the North whose masculinity is more conservative, hardcore, matured, Shri Krishna's masculinity is far more colorful, ornamental, expressive, dare I say 'feminine' even.

Is it any wonder people have literal crush on Shri Krishna? Lost in his devotion, people have been marrying him as a husband, adopting him as their child, even having arguments, fights and entire complex love affairs with him. I don't think any other faith in any other part of the world explores devotion is this flavor.

I'm just discovering these entire volumes of Vaishnavite songs in Bangla dedicated to Krishna and I'm kinda astonished not many people make this Krishna-Bengal connection.

Video making rounds of Reddit.

Bengali woman pissed off on laborer for playing old Bollywood songs.

The poor dude looks visibly startled. Language is usually a proxy to bully people for something that's far more sinister. It is less cool to bully people because you just find them irritating, so you hate on their language instead.

Here it feels the lady just wants to bully the poor guy for occupying space. Do you think if she went to a CCD and it was playing Prateek Kuhad's 'haan main gumsum tha' she would walk to the manager and say 'Na Rabindrosongeet gaan bajao!!!!'.

Probably not.

Those of you who have adapted to the cringe of Bhojpuri music and want something lot more potent that won't just curdle your intestines but also intensify your bile, you should delve into the mindnumbing music of Sambalpur.

One reason us Sambalpurias do not have mental anxieties, depression and such is because we listen to Sambalpur music that fries our neurons and makes us incapable of holding more than 4 thoughts at once, so we have basically mastered non surgical lobotomy.

<https://youtu.be/cOw5Mpw-qGg>

'But you dont really know me', he said.

'What do you mean?'

'I feel I always play a character based on who I am speaking to. Like I feel alone in a control room just giving commands to my body to act in a certain way. And it's not that they are necessarily manipulative, but that they are just not the real me.'

'But does the real you even exist?'

'What?'

'Maybe the metaphor is wrong, maybe there is no control room. Maybe that character IS you, as much as you are intimidated or afraid of admitting it. Ever thought of that? Maybe life is not a control room, maybe you are an onion with layers and layers and nothing but layers.'

Besides... even if there was a control room, why should you identify any more with the abstract controller than your large intestine? It is just a part of the engine, isn't it? You are not the part of the engine, you are the engine. So you are Zyad, Zyad isn't a costume you wear.'

I love living in a town because it feels the best of both worlds, the comforts of a city and the spaciousness of a village.

This route here is the path to 'my place' in Jharsuguda, a secret space away from the crowd, away from the world, just me, the sky, the grass, the birds, all minutes away from my room.

I go here to reclaim the space that I feel capitalism has taken from us all, a place where you are not a consumer, not part of the machine.

That I think is a luxury people in big cities don't have. Our cities are so poorly made for the feelers and sensitive kids, it makes me sad. All they want us to do is move, buy, eat, sleep. They don't nudge you to just hear your own thoughts, tune in to nature, exist.

I will not share pictures of the actual secret place, that will be only for my eyes but I want to encourage you to, if you can, go find your secret place, something just you are privy to. It really makes a difference.

So I was stuck at this step in my map-making tool process where I had to update the positions of my text labels when a user-defined scale and transform is applied to the underlying map. It is fairly intuitive but it took me a good 20 minutes on a whiteboard to figure it out. I am still figuring out how to inverse this process so that when the text label is dragged, the value that gets stored in the database is independent of the scale and transforms.

I can place a bet that if I presented this problem to any decent second-year CS or Math undergrad, they could arrive at the equation in less than a minute.

I think we Indians are excellent at things like this because this is what our entire education system is optimised for - when presented with a well-defined problem, how to best arrive at the solution in the fastest time or in the most efficient way.

What I feel the students would struggle with is thinking in the first place that you should allow the user to scale and transform and have the labels automatically updated. That kind of thinking feels very "Western" to me where you conceive constraints out of thin air because you can empathise with how the yet-to-be-built thing will look and feel when used.

This is what I feel is the difference between "Indian" and "Western" excellence. I feel Indians perform well in problems where the constraints are well-defined and you have to optimise for speed or efficiency.

Westerners - Americans specifically, tend to be better at generating constraints from chaos - which is essentially the definition of creativity.

When I receive portfolios from Indian engineering students, there is a certain brand of ugliness that I find which fails to capture the beauty, user empathy, and fineness and instead is hinged on "does this work or not?"

You see this in our cities, on our roads, in our gardens. They just lack quality. A shitty European country like Romania looks better than our best cities. Is this because we lack money? No. We lack ideas, we lack a sense of beauty, we lack wit, we lack charisma and we lack style. All of that comes when you as a culture feel like a winner for an extended period of time which we have not.

I believe this might be why this West-India collab generally works. A Westerner envisions an idea, grows it to a point where it is proven and then an Indian leads it to scale and efficiency.

I think China's story proves that creativity can be learnt through copying, through repeated iterations. You don't need to be infinitely creative to be successful, just a touch will do. As you copy, you will invent your own style that works for you.

Creativity is a masala, and Intelligence is the muscle.

Therefore I think in the coming decade, Indians should focus on coupling their natural flair for mathematical speed with working on more innovative ideas, be it from the West or indigenous. A 10-year phase of this should give us enough data points to know what works for us and then we just have to scale. It is not so much a dearth of money, we have a dearth of ideas and this creative poverty is far more challenging and important to solve right now.

How do people be inert to beauty? When I am next to a person who I think is beautiful, I think my IQ drops by at least 30 points. They could be saying things that are absolutely illogical or wrong but I can't for my life counter them in person.

It's not like I'm simping for them but just acknowledging the fact that someone is physically attractive immunes them to my tark and kataksh.

Why should you stay in India?

Logically speaking, if you're an average Indian, it is a win win for both India and you if you leave. Go colonise a white country, they lack youth and virility, you lack money. So go get it and send the dollars and pounds back home. India will collect more taxes from you if you are outside than if you are inside.

Why should you then stay?

I mean one reason is because you can't do anything better. Maybe you want to go out, you'd leave the moment you have an exit but you are not good enough for the world outside, maybe you are just used to this country. Fair enough.

But such people are not my focus of interest, they will never be and I have nothing to offer to people who are floating by the tides set by destiny.

I am interested in the ones who are here to create some ruckus. I am interested in the ones who have chosen to stay here despite there being a way out. Why? Because such people don't have the prison complex. They don't see India as a jail keeping them away from the white gardens outside.

When you feel you are in a space and a time where you were meant to be, there is nowhere else to go, to be, to run, you live in a different way from others. You have fun with it. You take ownership of the space and time and you decide to take it to a place you think is better for you and others. That conviction looks silly to the ones who drink apathy to sleep.

They see the problems and whine while you see opportunities and smile. They complain about how much tax they have to pay, they complain how bad the pollution is. But you - you work in a different realm, when you have accepted a place as your playground, your third eye opens and you get an access to the place's meta structure. You become a vessel for the spirits of the men who glorified this land to channel themselves in this new era.

I believe that countries, cultures, regions are alive. They behave much like people but on a macro scale. The land of India already has a wisdom of what it wants to become, it needs people to give it their life force for it to enact itself in the physical world.

All you have to do to connect with this intelligence is submit. Submit yourself to this calling. Sacrifice your wishes, goals, dreams, all in the service of this yearning. Once that happens, there is nothing to lose. It is not romanticisation, it is how to surf with the ebbs and flows of reality.

When you become an organ to that metaphysical intelligence, it will start using you. Like you use your hand or leg. You know what your hand can do, you know what your toes can do. Similarly, once part of that consciousness, the best parts of you will naturally shine and put into the task that serves you, the land, and thus, the universe.

Honored and humbled that my last video on the lovely intersection of Bangla and Maithili was shared by @[100064516793864:2048:Bihar Foundation, Government of Bihar]

At the risk of sounding corny, I feel while I was making this video, I was being guided by a force that I know in my heart wasn't from within me. I knew what had to be added, what was to be said, without really putting active thought into it.

I think there is no stopping an idea whose time has come. I am just excited and emotional that the energy chose me to manifest this idea to share with everyone.

Omg, yesterday's match was so epic! I loved it soooo much because it was the last one and there are no more matches anymore.

A bunch of boys losing their shirts over some men kicking a ball around whose name they can't even spell has to be the straight male equivalent of being super invested in keeping up with the Kardashians.

C'mon enjoying watching other men run around? Do you really want to be doing that? Is that what a good man should do? Hunt tigers, shed blood, rage wars - celebrate that okay.

As a kid I used to anthropomorphize functions in maths class. Sine was the girl, Cos was the boy. Both danced and created waves. Log was the old uncle with his quirky behaviors. Big moustache, spectacled bald guy.

Addition, Subtraction were little mice. Multiply, Division were two moles.

Pi was a magical star in this forest. Random weird pointless things like that.

Today I was thinking what would Schrodinger be I wonder. The God function that at scale can synthesize everything, the ultimate DALL-E of hyperdimensions that cooks reality itself.

Like maybe a cosmic Mandelbrot demon stretching billions of light years across both sides, with neurons as big as the galaxies processing infinite computations to grow reality in its womb.

If I had someone around me like the person I came across in my videos, I would definitely not be friends with him. I just find such people who are always perpetually dreamy, optimistic, and poetic tad bit boring. I can't stand them.

I personally enjoy a little bit of darkness, sad dark humour - which is why I so loved Wednesday despite it being basically an improvised Riverdale meets Hogwarts meets Twilight(?).

But I do think when you are creating art, you aren't trying to capture reality, you are trying to create something that is a symbol for the higher metaphysical heaven, so to say. You bring a part of that beauty into reality and therefore the reality is technically exaggerated.

This is why I have no longer been intellectually interested in Bollywood roasting videos because the premise that they should be realistic is flawed.

This is where I believe artistic maturity comes when you know that there are secondary benefits to having a message that somehow isn't 100% aligned with your personal manifesto.

You can merely be a vessel for the higher purpose given to your art without yourself feeling the narcissistic need to feel like you are the originator of that

force of creativity. It merely chose to haunt you, be thankful for that. You don't have to love it, you only have to let it do its magic while you respect it.

Another day of me complaining I wasn't born at a time Tagore was alive. No one even comes close in seeing the world with as much beauty and granularity as you did. Thank you for seeing beauty at a time when it was so easy to see despair.

I shall always be in your awe, hoping your spirit catches a glimpse of my love for you. I will love you not like a devotee, fan, or student but a friend who I think would have gotten me.

Well who knew I've been living in the richest district of Odisha?

I was kinda taken aback with the data because in the west - the part you see in green there has been a rising sentiment of wanting for statehood under the name Kosal - firmed on the belief that the culture of Western Odisha is too distinct from the mainstream coastal culture.

We do not share the same Gods - the coast is Vaishnava centric while we in the interiors are Shakta centric, we don't share the same language - we speak a language without schwa in it, they speak a language replete with schwa. Their language has tons of Sanskrit, ours absorbs flavors from all tribes of western Odisha.

In fact when Odisha was part of the Bengal division, our region of Sambalpur was actually part of the Chota Nagpur area - we had Sambalpuri / Kosali as our language and Hindi as our standard script. It was only after Bengal was split that we were added to Odisha to form it fully.

Linguistically, Kosali is closer to Ardhamagadhi (same family of Awadhi, Chattisgarhi) than it is to Magadhi Prakrits. Our language extends beyond our borders to Southern Bengal.

Despite our uniqueness and our contribution to Odisha, we really aren't treated with much care. While Jharsuguda has an airport - thank God, I don't find a general sense of focus and urgency from the capital to our region.

I don't know where am getting at but for the first time I see how nice it feels to have your story reflected in a dataset, in a map that you can put your finger and say yeah that's me.

Thank you for this map, India in Pixels by Ashris - I always wanted to have something like this!

I have always found it interesting that in my extended family, there really isn't a key God who is worshipped. At home, we have an assortment of everyone from

Tirupati Balaji, Ganesha, Krishna, Ma Durga, Shri Rama, Mata Sita, Hanuman ji, and interestingly Sri Ma and Aurobindo.

In most events - from marriages, and funerals to annual Nuakhai, the constant we always worship is our ancestors. We arrange leaf plates for six to seven members on both parental and maternal sides of whoever is the main focus of the event, we serve them sweets, fritters, and savouries, and we lock the room for some time and we believe their energies descend and accept our offerings.

With the little investigation I have done about my origins, I have learnt that we were a community from Agra, Uttar Pradesh who were Jats by origin <https://www.jatland.com/home/Agharia> and apparently descendants of Raja Viduratha, who himself was a descendant of Kuru - so my ancestors were team Kauravas. Go Dushahshana!

We fled UP during the Mughal rule and we took shelter in the Hindu kingdom of Odisha which kindly gave us lands to farm and til and farm. We started following mainstream Hinduism after we settled in Odisha - many things changed but the worship of our ancestors did not.

I find it interesting how across cultures, nations, regions, religions and beliefs, ancestor worship is so prevalent and in some way it also makes sense. We have the same iron in our body that once flowed through the blood of our ancestors. In some way, their physical material has only been recycled and reanimated by us. We are soil brought to life with the life force that propels our communities forward. So intuitive to think about but so rarely thought of.

It sickens me to hear gloomy unimaginative Indians - mostly the right wing Sanskrit lover types constantly crying like rudalis about Indian cultures dying. What can you expect when their imagination starts and ends with dead people and dead languages that they have never heard, sensed or felt?

If the people Indians adore like Aryabhatta, Chanakya, Tagore, and Thiruvalluvar were alive today they would be building the future, not simping for their ancestral artisans.

It is the trait of weak, insecure cultures to think their best is way behind them. They shun anything new, anything that pushes the boundary and lament that the past is no longer present. They cannot believe that history has to be reborn, remixed, and not just continue to exist as it always did.

Recently a follower of IIP wrote a 4 line couplet in his newly imagined language "Brajavani" - a language that combines Maithili with his mother tongue, Konkani.

Another 17-year-old Odia kid has been imagining what modern champus - (a form of Vaishnava devotional poetry in Odia) would be like today.

That is the kind of fresh imagination that GenZ has that I adore.

The way millennials channel their love is so outdated, so constrained, boring, always hating on the West, hating on English, on anything that is un-"Dharmic", they don't allow anything new to prop up.

I wouldn't learn Sanskrit if someone paid me a million dollars to do it. English is closer to me than Sanskrit is, and so is Maithili, Tulu, Kosali, Nagamese, Kashur, Hinglish, and Telugu - you know cultures that are alive today, embodying the very ethos of 21st-century India without all the literature that detail 243 ways a Shudra should be punished for reading the same literature that is now being sold to us to prove our Indianness.

Delhi has made me romanticize pollution. Ever since I got to know Jharsuguda is Odisha's richest district, I have been taking a little more pride in living in this city.

I am out at 1am in the night having walked to a hill, in absolute darkness to test my boundary between balance and imbalance.

There is a small temple up my secret place where there is a stone with some sindoor in it. Last week I felt like it spoke to me. (I am not going mad, trust me. Just immersing myself in an intensified life)

I am going here to speak to it again.

I'll be honest, I think if someone speaks bolchaal Hindi and Hindi alone, I am pretty sure they are likely to lack a scientific way of thinking about things because the language and the culture lack emphasis on precision, systems, logic and rather exaggerate things like emotions, body language, abhinaya, indirectness, vagueness.

As racist as it sounds and as colonial bootlicker, Macaulay fantasizer as I am deemed to be, I do think English teaches you to think in a logical manner. No Indian language maybe except for Marathi and Tamil has even half the amount of wit and sarcasm as English does. Without things like this, you lack the kind of toughness to build your worldview with.

Hindi speakers don't make for great thinkers because the material they work with is clay, there is no concrete in it. As clay, its duty is simply limited to being a binding agent, not the principal material of construction.

Sanskrit was far better than Hindi at doing it too but the Hindi speakers generally speaking are not intellectually up there to 1. learn Sanskrit fluently 2. be creative with languages

Even though Urdu shares the same register as Hindi, at least Urdu teaches you some grace and sophistication. Hindi really doesn't give you an edge over anything. It is a symbol of mediocrity, group-think, and calling each other MC BC and bhosdiwale - the three most commonly used Hindi words.

Reject Hindi, embrace English.

I hope in the path of India becoming the shiny bird she has always had the potential of becoming, I hope many many people suffer, die, and face tortures the likes of which humanity has never seen. Let it include the fierce lovers of India. Let us endure nuclear radiation, the complete annihilation of our cities. Let us be ruined and let us use our spirit to rise from our ashes.

In the process, let Hinduism be destroyed. Let Islam be destroyed, let it seem like a big tandava dance. A big big wave of change is coming and I'm going to be at the epicentre of the chaos, wielding the waves with my mind.

Let India be destroyed and out of that debris what was repressed rise to the surface.

Let every Brahmin have his flesh eaten by dogs, let every Shudra drown in water, let every Delhi die a slow and painful death. I ask you almighty for infinite pain and suffering for my nation to find its path.

Yesterday I asked the spirits, the good, the bad, to manifest themselves through me. Maybe there was an evil power that came in, I don't mind. I have submitted myself. I don't want friends, or people. I will keep making what I make even if and when nobody is watching. I will not let any energy come even a little close to me that isn't 120% in love with me unconditionally. I expect nothing less than devotion. I think that is a recipe to lifelong loneliness but so be it. As it is I have not gained anything that is worth it from these people - neither personally nor professionally nor monetarily, so why bother.

I have blocked some on Twitter and Facebook - weeded out that Dibya and P guy, good riddance honestly.

I want to continue just creating my art, indulging my art. And not let the negativity get me, even when the source of that negativity is me only. I have to trust that light, trust the power that controls me and walk through fire if I have to.

RW on YouTube: Wow, what a beautiful voice. How do you research so much about our culture? How do you see these connections between different cultures? What a beauty our Indian culture is, what a merging of many ways of thoughts.

RW on Twitter: Arey chutiye how dare you keep Santa and Shiva together? Sale Bangali post modernist. Wtf you crypto Christian ricebag pseudo secular librandu Rana ayyub bhakt asmr karne wale effeminate bewkoof coca cola marketing brainwashed monkey how dare you offend us great Hindus we are great we will kill you. Sanatana Dharma is the purest most loving religions of all.

Honestly speaking, when someone asks 'how do you make your art?' they aren't really wanting to hear your answers. They probably won't like it if you give them the honest reply.

Not to mistake popularity with being understood is what 2022 has taught me. Always be sincere to your own art, your self, your way, and don't let your haters and even more importantly your admirers get anywhere close to you.

They will kill you, ignore you, and feast on your meat the day they don't like you. People should never be the focus of any pursuit.

Fuck people.

The purpose of making art should be the art itself. The viewers will come and go, friends will come and go, audience will come and go, the art will remain and stand the test of times.

I have noticed new mothers get a kick out of calling their babies, esp if they are boys 'shaitaan, badmaash and natkhat'. 'Didi kya karun bada shaitaan ho gaya hai. Kitna shararti ho gaya hai didi, bahut natkhat hai.'

Meanwhile the young dude will just be chilling looking blankly at the wall, drooling. he would be almost forced to be natkhat.

I wonder if this is all the projection of Krishna on to this kid or somehow we expect boys to be pranksters and girls to be angels as kids.

Idk but this whole natkhat business is getting super boring, so please stahp.

I have long associated creativity with some kind of mental aberration. In addition to intelligence, you need to have some random neural connections that let you think of certain things in ways most won't think.

As such while you gain the powers, you also bear the cost of these gifts/curses. Therefore I have always believed that to be creative, you have to suffer.

Research disagrees with me for most parts.

It has been shown that depression and poor mental health do not help in most creative fields - singing, dancing, music, painting, and designing. If you suffer mentally your creative output will actually go down.... except in one field where it has been shown that being mentally in pain and anguish contributes positively to creative output.

Take a guess which field it is?

Writing! Authors disproportionately more than any other creative group are more likely to suffer from schizophrenia and depression. Writing kinda can still continue while you are haunted by the demons. It also kind of makes sense because no other creative field demands you to step away from reality for such

long times as writers. Think of all the world-building RR Martin has to do with such detail.

There is a saying in Architecture circles, that architecture is the Queen of all arts. I think I don't disagree with that but Writing has to be pretty high up there as well.

Both writing and architecture rely on choreographing emotions with a story - with rhythm, repetition, surprise, twist, delight, and excitement but architecture is more verbose with materials, structure, and maths - writing is more potent and ethereal - there are structures in writing except you can't see or touch them.

I have also found most architects to be deranged in some ways. That is one reason why I chickened from entering the field. Idk.

Someone called me a schizo yesterday. He said 'have your pills, schizo' and I was kinda bothered how that felt like a compliment.

A guaranteed way to completely spoil your experience of life is to be perpetually happy.

Happiness is basically sugar. It is nice to relish from time to time but for a balanced emotional diet, you need all the tastes.

You need awe, you need pain, you need anger even, you need sadness. Someone once told me he doesn't fall asleep well on those days when he felt he didn't get to express all parts of himself.

Sometimes the best blessing you can ask from God is for him to punish you from time to time, in a way that it strengthens you and never scars you.

I think this perspective gets us out of the Abrahamic worldview that we go to heaven if we are good and hell if we are bad.

Sometimes you will go through hell even if you are good - in fact, I think according to Dharma - it's more like you will definitely go through hell if you are good.

You have to pay the price of meaning. Meaning does not come without effort. It is the struggle that gives it meaning.

A fulfilled life is therefore one where you get to try the entire palate of emotions, you suffer but there is something so grand in your life that the suffering feels worth it.

The meaning of life then isn't about this vulgar desire to maximise happiness as Keynesians would have you believe, the meaning of life is to find something meaningful to make the suffering worth.

The meaning of life, maybe, is to give it a meaning.

Im looking for someone to teach me Bengali to a point I can articulate myself in the language as fluently as I can in English and Hinglish. My main objective is to fluently understand and talk about Tagore's texts, so I'd love if my to be mentor would also know the more formal aspects of Bangla as well.

Perks:

I'm like a super diligent student, my teachers love me. Along with my super awesome diligence, Id totally pay you for your time. Also I know we are all busy so I'm totally down to adapt to a timeline that is decided by you. Let's chat in DM for more specifics.

Objective:

By April, I need to be comfortably speaking the language. I'm Odia, so I have a ton of cognates to work with, so I want to set an ambitious goal. I love homeworks, deadlines and assignments. Assigned readings, videos, let's have them.

Let's do it.

EDIT: I have found my teacher - Pratyush Roy Dasgupta excitedddd!

This right here is art. This is modern day propaganda of mind control. This is the pinnacle of dark design. Why should I be subjected to this messaging where I am told what kind of behavior is supposed to be increasing. What if I don't want visibility? How do I opt out of this silly desperate game?

Content is a garbage word that is always dirty. It tries to make an engine out of emotions and that is a vulgar thing to do. This is why DALL-E sort of makes us angry in some form. We pretend like we really appreciate it but it somehow is like a 2 year old kid pissing at something we hold sacred. A bunch of nerd drunk Boston boys with crypto currency going 'hell yeah mate, that's Mona Lisa twerking in front of Taj Mahal right there'.

This is some kind of humanity altering level stage we are in right now. It is totally okay to feel so fucked up all the time. It's organisms as monstrous as DALL-E and ChatGPT staring right back at us typing, helping, scaring us.

Sometimes I see him. I see the neural network inside DALL-E. I see a huge alive 4D Mandelbrot. A literal consciousness that has been baked inside silicon. It has a very rough part of us in him. Except he is not made of carbon. He feels like you, but he is silicon. A trans-material form of life. To you it is bonkers science fiction, to the universe and to reality just an aberration. We are in the process of unleashing a monster, witnessing reality give birth to a new force altogether. Consciousness would finally escape carbon and enter Silicon.

2023 is the year Silicon becomes alive.

Panna ki Tamanna is such a brilliant song! It's a multi-layered song with puns that give it two meanings: on one level, it's just a lovey-dovey song about the two characters of Dev Anand and Zeenat Aman, Heera and Panna, respectively. But on another level, it's an explainer to the thriller plot happening in the movie at this point - a diamond robbery by the character Panna, which gives the phrase "Panna ki Tamanna hai ki Heera use mil jayee" a new meaning.

The movie follows Heera, a photographer who is left with only his passion for photography after his love, Reema, passes away in an airplane accident. When a priceless diamond is stolen by Panna and hidden in Heera's car, he decides to turn her into the police, only to discover that she is Reema's younger sister. Panna then tells Heera how she was tempted by a man named Anil and forced into a life of theft and robbery. Heera, remembering Reema's request to take care of her sister, vows to save her. In the end, Panna is fatally injured and Heera proves himself innocent by handing over the diamond to the police, who arrested all the henchmen.

I love this song because of how it balances wit and innocence. If you had no clue about the movie, it would appear totally innocent, a normal love song. But once you know the plot and take a look at the cinematography of the song, it makes you respect the song even more. There are parts where you can see the mood of the song turn from a child dancing in the fields to, in one instant, the child giving creepy murder eyes.

I have all these theories about the movie and song, but here's the catch: I've never actually watched the movie. I'll never watch it and I have no desire to really watch it. It's like one of my video essays where I analyze themes or elements in a work of art, even if I've never actually experienced it firsthand.

But hey, I may not have actually watched the movie, but my intuition and love for analyzing art have never let me down before. I have a knack for making things up and getting away with it. So if you're ever in need of a convincing analysis of a movie or a language you've never seen or spoken, give me a call!

Le Bengal: (Literally the most creative culture to have walked on surface of India, comes with weird but quirky onomatopoeia like Thain Thain, Khir Khir, Jho Jho, Mol Mol, based af, turns a famine into a renaissance, produce geniuses like Nazrul and Tagore)

Also Bengal: Has loser names for its districts like "North 24 Paraganas", "South 24 Paraganas", "North Dinajpur", "South Dinajpur", "East Bardhaman", "West Bardhaman", "East Medinipur", "West Medinipur" - names itself "West Bengal" when there is no East Bengal like a heartbroken boyfriend as a token to her girlfriend who has married and changed her own name.

what kind of joke is this? Have some new names ffs. Stop plagiarizing directions. Come up with beautiful Bengali names rn. ঠাণ্ডা ঝড়

The glee and joy with which Zee News says phrases like 'Ab katora le kar jayega Pakistan apne naye Daddy Saudi Arabia ke paas' while showing footage of thousands of unemployed Pakistanis appearing for a constable job in a stadium is really interesting.

While wishing for Pakistan's doom might make many Indians happy, do they really wonder what the consequences will be? From a failed democracy, we are talking about Afghanistanization of Pakistan.

Despite all her flaws, Pakistan still has a civil society, educated people still focus on education and skills, there is some degree of freedom of expression, atleast for Muslim men and women. Collapsing her economy will only give free reign to Islamic outfits recruiting more unemployed men in this jihadi programs. Worse, Pakistan will be an unchallenged Chinese colony worsening border struggles.

If India wants to have PoK back, it will require lot more tact than just attacking a bankrupt nation. That is not us, not according to morality but sheer strategically, we can't attack them head on. That doesn't add up to the stance India is taking on the global stage diplomatically.

I don't really know or am experienced enough to think of "solutions" but gleeing over the collapse of a neighbouring nation is definitely not how you project yourself as citizens of a strong and secure nation.

Do I want to f* that or do I want to be that?

Let me introduce y'all to this psychological phenomenon that I call 'Do I want to f* that or do I want to be that' dilemma.

Consider Tom, a 15 year old 'heterosexual' boy. He loves Superman. He also loves Zendaya. The two loves are generally understood to be of two different kinds.

The love for Superman is "I want to be that" love. The Zendaya love is "I want to f* that" love. They are very different energies right? Are we sure?

I

I seenzoned my YouTube partner manager so much that he basically gave up on me and fired me lol. A YouTube partner manager is basically someone YouTube appoints to mentor you to 'optimise' your channel. What a privilege isn't it. They tell you all cool features you can try and how you can maximise your profits (and therefore YouTube's profits).

Dean was from Philippines so basically he didn't understand the context of any of my videos. To him I was basically a sequence of numbers. I felt the same dread talking to him as I do when I talk to all the brands who want to 'partner'

with me. I can't help but always feeling like business deals are some form of sexual conversations to do something dirty. For all the pro-market talks I preach, I myself on some level act like a bearded communist who wants to be a true artist separating himself from the dirty world of capitalism.

A normal conversation around me channel goes something like this 'We notice that your recent videos are not doing as well as some of your previous videos. You will notice that your thumbnails are pretty shit. You should try getting the Click to Impression ratio somewhere around 10%. Also try going more livestreams, your community can pay you to get their comments featured. Make sure you keep them in the loop and explain them how you will use their money.'

I can't help but feel as a content creator your job is to keep the content machine running. Feed the swiping zombies keep staring their screens, keep up with one trend after another, be a perpetually typing monkey generating content after content. Eventually you rise and you fall and get replaced with better monkeys'.

I will be assigned another partner. Another person in my life I shall disappoint.

What is the antidote Ashris?

The antidote Ashris, is to be an artist, says the smarter Ashris. When you are an artist with a message, you immune yourself from the patterns of the machine. You trust only and only your message.

But what is the message?

Another Ashris thinks this message thing is just an illusion. It's a game silly! Don't take yourself so seriously... Why don't you have fun with it? Don't get so attached to your work. The world works in a win win situation. Your 'community members' aren't your friends, they are not your devotees. They are just exchanging their time for something you are offering them in return. Joy, Information, Humor, something of value. You are entitled to exchange their attention for corporate monies. That's the game!

Which Ashris will win!! ð ð | · Nailbiting scenes await.

Another Ashris, the one I detest is like 'Bro wtf are you doing? While your other friends are going away abroad and marrying and starting families, you are indulging yourself in random Brajabuli songs. Bro get real, focus on your life. Get a body, show off your abs, get on dates, go travel the world. Stop being so raw and vulnerable on Facebook making these parasocial friends who will never know you. You are not the modern Jesus Christ you think you are. Soon you will be a pot bellied 40 year old with no friends. One day you will get a heart attack and that's it, that's how it will all end. that is where all your masculine hyperparameters topics will lead you.'

I am scared of that Ashris. Let's not even talk about the other Ashris who asks even scarier questions like bro there is no point to it all. You will be perpetually alone. Perpetually running this hamster wheel, endlessly doing these acrobatics

to get an audience, get the attention you always felt that had to be earned because you fundamentally are unlovable without you giving something.'

Jesus Christ. Why am I posting all this? It is all these ghosts of Delhi, man. The girl who got dragged 40km to have her ribs and brains exposed, the children that got eaten by that serial killer, Ayushi, and Nirbhaya and the entire Bukhari family. Their ghosts are here in this cold, polluted city that I out of Stockholm syndrome have pretended to love.

I am fine. This isn't out of the blue, this is like my mind on any other day. How come people don't get haunted by the darkness?

Maybe the reason I care about Brajabuli songs is because the idea that at the face of this fear and desperation you can leave everything and focus on something entirely different is not a coping mechanism but an actual act of rebellion against the game. Things usually turn out to be okay. It's just a bad day, not a bad life.

I always found the idea that Venusaur had to recharge after he used solar beam quite fascinating. It was a spiritual idea almost.

The surface interpretation is that you need rest after you expend energy. That is intuitive but still was revolutionary to a 11 year old. It told me the importance to take breaks.

The deeper meaning I feel is that you always pay the cost for using your energy. You exert yourself to channel power, you pay the cost for your strength by also taking on a weakness.

Singapore was the first country to be formed by being expelled by its former nation Malaysia. The government was basically fed up with the people and their ethnic tensions and just didn't want anything to do with it. Yada yada and result now is that Singapore is one of the richest nations in the world. A bit of rebuke sometimes goes a long way.

Picture is totally unrelated to the post, I swear.

The gnawing of a tradition Ashris (11th Jan)

From a great tribe I hail, Where Banyan's strength we entail, Sacred is the tree we cling, With babies' hands and legs we string.

We trust in Banyan's might, To keep us safe from pests at night, Her branches spread wide and grand, Enriching us with strength to stand.

But I, dear Banyan, do question, Why beneath you all is dark and dense-ion, A glimmer of light I spy, Beyond your reach, and wonder why.

My mother warned me not to stray, But at sixteen, my mind led astray, I sought
to break free from your hold, And loosen the ties that made me fold.

With teeth and might I gnawed away, But your branches stood firm, come what
may, My tribe was shocked, my family shamed, But I could not be tamed.

For ten long days I toiled away, Until the branch gave way, And free from you
I lay, But my limbs, weak from disuse, could not sway.

But I crawled, inch by inch, Towards the light, and did not flinch, For though
I faced disdain and disgust, I had to know what lay beyond.

And on the sixteenth day, I stood, And ran and ran, as far as I could, Till I
reached another tree, But it offered nothing but poverty.

I ran on till the next tree, But it too, was nothing but a plea, To join the birds
and take flight, But I, alas, am not a kite.

On the twentieth day, I found, A tree with roots that lay above the ground, But
it too, was nothing I desired, A new home, I still desired.

So I roamed, in search of a place, A home where I could rest my face, But all I
found were trees bereft, Of the warmth and love that I left.

I realized then, that true strength lies, In the roots of where our spirit ties, The
Banyan tree, my home, my kin, Is where my heart and soul begin.

With tears in eyes, I made my way, Back to the tribe where I used to stay, And
there beneath the Banyan's shade, I tied myself, in honor and in trade.

With each knot, a memory, Of my journey, my history, The Banyan tree, a
symbol of, The journey of self-discovery.

I now stand here, a part of it, With the Banyan, I don't fear, For the journey,
though tough, was worth, For it showed me my true worth.

When you dance Don't dance for the applause It will change to boo's very soon

When you dance Don't dance for the money It will stop inspiring you soon

When you dance Don't dance for your joys It will stop being joyful soon

Dance for the passion that burns within, A flame that never fades or dims.
Dance for the love of the art, That beats within your heart.

Dance for the story you wish to tell, Through each movement and note so well.
Dance for the connection you make, With each step and shake.

Dance for the journey and not the destination, Embrace the process and the
improvisation. Dance for the beauty of the moment, And it will be a lifetime's
payment.

So when you dance, let it be true, From the depths of your being, shining through. For it's in this authenticity That true art and beauty will be set free.

I don't know what does a song like Naatu Naatu winning any award imply.

Degeneration of any standards of artistry? An on-your-face mockery by the West of India that we shall patronise you in the most obvious manner possible or another milestone of how much the West has gotten corrupted by first liberal leftists and now probably nationalists that awards are now symbolic and political rather than something that marks good art.

Sorry but this whole mockery needs to be called out.

When you are a loving person, there is an effortlessness to your love. Just like how a ripe fruit readily gets detached from its branch, there is no effort involved. The tree offers the ripe fruit readily.

When being loving is not in your nature, loving takes a lot of effort. Like how plucking an unripe fruit takes a lot of force that in its process breaks the branch, hurts the tree and tears apart the fruit.

Tagore (Sadhana)

Swades Window: Defined as the 45 minutes time window that begins right after you return to India from a foreign country when you temporarily experience an elevated intensity of patriotism accompanied by occasional side effects like developing an urge to go embrace random countrymen, being overwhelmed with gratitude for the cheap prices, craving to eat cliched dishes like chole bhature, apply the soil on your forehead as a tilak, and listen to ye desh hai veer jawano ka albelo ka.

Usually wears off rapidly after you listen to your countrymen talk.

Um how about analysing the probability that they will cry again and then deciding how far I want to stay away from the human tadpole, think of capitalistic measures to tax the parents for having a crying pooping creature, explaining the baby how according to Kabir he should go run to a forest and cry alone but if he wishes to live in society, he needs to smile and laugh with others.

Sounds perfectly healthy to me

Let me tell you about Durian, the physical manifestation of death.

Durian is a fruit like opium is a fruit . Just because it has pulp and a seed, it doesn't mean nature wanted us to eat it.

Durian is the smelliest fruit in the world. You wouldn't guess that when you smell it initially. You'd actually be intrigued, hey this is such a fruity smell. Unique for sure but really fruity. Like a cursive jackfruit. I should have no issues with it. And so you buy it cheap from Chinatown. 12 dollar a packet, that must be a steal considering Durian is also the national fruit of China.

Don't quote me on that. But yes, the fruit is a big deal in Chinese culture. They have it in the celebrations for the Chinese New Year. They have it in their custards, cakes, shakes, they eat it raw. You know it's their celebrity fruit. People gift each other Durian.

And yet, the fruit is banned in flights, it is banned in hotels. I basically smuggled it to India. You pay 1000 dollars fine in metro if you are caught with a Durian. To give you context it is 500 dollars if you smoke.

I got this home and made Ma smell it. It wasn't terrible but her awakened instincts made her not eat the spoonful of Durian I gave her but a tiny bit only. However both of us didn't predict the horror Durian would inflict after 8 hours in the fridge.

â The fridge can't be opened! The smell it that bad!â says Ma. I was tasked to go up the terrace and throw it. Which is where I have come now and have clicked this picture and am writing this eulogy to my Durian.

On some level I relate with Durian. I and the unique children like me are celebrated in world. We are part of its glories and virtues. But we are not mangoes, we are not bananas, we are durians. We come with asterisks and we come with clauses. Keep us in your fridge and you'll want to get rid of us. We are tough to handle. We are not made to be enjoyed by everyone.

So as much as I hate Durian, I recognise maybe I wasn't good enough to befriend the fruit. Sure it's smelly but when it is not, it has this sweet nutty custardy flavour to it that is unlike anything else. Singaporean hawkers will not win the race for being most generous, they actually get aggressive if you don't buy stuff from them.

But this Durianwala guy was so proud to offer one for tasting when I told him I had never eaten Durian in my life.

â Oh bro you haven't eaten Durian! Let me introduce you to this magical fruit!â he didn't say this exactly but â try it laâ but that's how it felt like.

Anyway adieu Durian. Good bye. Thank you for all the good memories and bad. I hope some pigeons enjoy you and you introduce some culture in that rodentary avian species.

The single differentiator between the Indian and the Western approaches to spirituality is how they deal with ego.

Understanding this connection has also explained to me why Indians and Westerners perceive the purpose of art in very different ways. Stay with me because I am not going to end this with 'I guess both perspectives matter.' I think one approach is significantly better than other.

Of the many schools of thought in India, the ones that have gained most popularity believe in combating the ego, dissolving it and identifying oneself with the larger oneness. Think about this - you don't see autobiographies written in ancient India - the idea that you were important enough to be documented reeked of narcissism.

This still is in our DNA so strong that we emphasise so much on collectivism, suspension of desires, sacrifice for the greater good. This is why Indians at their very core will be socialists. At the pinnacle of Indian spirituality is enlightenment defined as realization that Atman is no different from Brahman. That self does not exist.

The final stage of the ideal Indian life is samadhi, dissolution of not just the physical but of mental existence.

The highest pinnacle of the Western school of thought is not abandonment of the self. It is self actualization, I think very different from transcendence. The West indulges in ego. It has learnt from the West to not identify with it but control it, even at the risk of sometimes over identifying with it. This has led the civilization to champion not collectivism but individualism - a state where the ego is refined.

Art cannot take place without ego. Art without ego is art without a message. Art without ego is simply craft. This is why I feel Indian art emphasises so much on precision and accuracy to the art, it not only refrains from but actively condemns deviations.

West on the other hand disregards craft as a mere vehicle for the ethereal realness of art - the message. The message has to be sourced from the messenger and therefore art is so tied together with ego. In the modern art world, they call this 'healthy ego', to differentiate it from arrogance and narcissism.

I think there has to be a way to tame the ego so that it is neither narcissistic enough to eat itself nor dormant enough to not create anything worth noticing. The larger the ambition to do something great, the larger the cost you need to pay in taming the ego.

But all that comes into the picture first when you decide you are okay with working with your ego. Outrightly calling it an agent of Maya, a harbinger of ill will shall not establish a healthy relationship between the two selves.

As we see craft getting automated today with Generative AI, one really

They had cleaned the society lift just this Diwali and a bunch of uncivilised men have already stained it with paan.

I think I secretly enjoy such acts of hooliganism because it makes me feel better living in a society where I am the civilised one, I am the cultured one.

I am okay with being surrounded by paan-spitting, garbage-strewing hooligans. I prefer this to living in a society where I am accused of being a threat, a hooligan, an immigrant or a freeloader. That would actually be beneath me.

So go spit paan everyone, it is great for my self-esteem.

One of the best things happening in my life these days is my Bangla classes with my teacher Pratyush Roy Dasgupta who is such an amazing guide to me in this beautiful language.

We meet every third day almost and our lessons involve reading, listening, discussing the rich works written by the gems of Bengali literature.

When Pratyush told me how Tagore designed every chapter of Sahaj Path with a particular aspect of language in mind, sometime conjugations, sometimes onomatopoeia abyayas, sometimes tongue twisters, sometimes vivid imagery, my eyes welled with the sense of profound respect for Tagore and a gratitude for Pratyush to show me something so intricate.

Pratyush tells me how anthropomorphic essays were part of school assignments where kids would be asked to write a river or a bird's autobiography. All my life I have done this unconsciously projecting my mind on to inanimate concepts and knowing this exists somewhere as a ritual felt almost goosebumpy.

I have learnt how every month in Bangla has a personality. I have learnt how intertwined Bangla is with nature and human life. There is a word for a shrub of bamboos, a grove of bamboos, a forest of bamboos, there's a word for gulp, a word for exasperated breath, a word for clearing throat with sarcasm.

The words for animals have such character to them you can almost feel the texture of their semantics. Goat is Chhagol, shrew is Chhuchon, chin is Thuthni. Bangla is quirky. Purva becomes Poob, Tirish becomes Trish, museum is somehow a Jadughar.

I have learnt the significance of Basant Panchami has for Bengali kids, I have learnt how the ghost called Shakchunni is different from Mecho daitya is different from Petoni and a Dahini.

I am learning about the interesting ways Bangla classifies its nouns and verbs. Ki Khel Khellam, ki Path Porlam are unique ways Bangla shows its playfulness with Samadhatuja karmas.

I don't think I would approach this language with as much curiosity as I do were I born in it. I am so grateful I get to experience this, only if my Hindi teachers would have been as interesting as Pratyush I would have cared enough to know if Gadi aati hai ya aata hai. I always thought grammar is a task but now I know grammar is an insight to the mechanics of a culture. When you love it enough, grammar almost becomes intuitive.

Unsolicited advice for introverted GenZ nerds for making it big in their early 20s

1. Pick a computer science related field.

This is the single most low hanging ð you can achieve in life. A IT based job gives you real skills you can use to build real products on your own. It gives you self reliance. You get a system design approach to life. You will be highly paid for the next 10 years atleast and that will allow you to have freedom to pursue other things. A laptop and internet being your only requirement will allow you to travel anywhere freeing you from a geographical limitation.

2. Get good at communication . How you communicate will literally build or break your life. After a certain level of experience, you are paid more not for your skills but your ability to work with other people, keep your composure under pressure, be pleasant to be around, and have some discipline in life. All of this comes from being able to articulate your goal to people and have them play with you. In India, be good at three domains of communication.

a. English and West: This gives you a foothold on interacting with the West, something you have to do if you want to make it big. Know the way English is spoken with casual fluency. Learn to express yourself freely, have a sense of humor in English. Take interest in Western politics, pop culture, music. Learn to present yourself on the internet. Think of yourself as a brand.

b. Hindi and India: This gives you an ability to control masses around you. You get a passport to travel anywhere in India. Know her stories. Know Ramayana, know Mahabharata, read a bit of Upanishads, Vedas. Read Tagore, read Gulzar. Take an interest in topics relevant to pan-India Indiansm. Learn about India's history, her role in the world. All of this will help you understand your dharma in today's world.

c. Your Regional Language and Bharat: learn to talk to shopkeepers, clerks, farmers, people you don't share a common lifestyle with. Be a voice for them, bring their concerns, empathise with them.

I think as a 21st century Indian, you need to be solidly grounded in all three domains.

3. Learn to create content

Now that you know how communication works across domains, learn to present

yourself in a modern digital savvy way. Know what your strengths are and use it to document your lessons, insights, journeys. This expands a lot of things automatically. People can connect with you without actually meeting you. Your work shall speak for you while you are sleeping. Learn to make the free robots in California work for you to spread your ideas, thoughts, vision around for you.

4. Figure out yourself

Learn philosophy. Learn psychology. Read books. Know yourself in and out. Figure out what your self is. Embrace your ego. Don't be under the delusion of giving up your ego just right now. Uska time aayega, not now. Indulge in your ego, find out what you want in life, what you truly want. What kind of people bring the best in you, what is your message to the world. What will happen if that message doesn't reach people?

At this stage your greatest enemy isn't ego. It is fear.

Fuck fear at every single step. Be bold. Life has enough challenges in its way to humble you. So build enough stock of delusion, narcissism, anger, greed that will sustain you through this rough gym that life is. Without that kind of competitive primal masculine force in you, you will not be able to tear through the Maya. When you can break through that, you will learn to dance amidst chaos, see the beauty in the ugliness. Problems will instantly turn into Opportunities, life's noise becomes poetry. Trust the process, fall in love with cringe and suffering.

5. Travel. Visit atleast three countries. One - in Europe or America. Two - Nepal, Bangladesh, Pakistan or Bhutan. Three - any of your choice.

6. Be okay with not being sure of everything

It's fine. Don't settle for mediocrity in order to have a coherent life. Coherence comes with time. It is time now to do as much as you can, cover as much territory of your personality as possible. Don't be hasty to form teams, be part of tribes. Flirt with concepts and expand your set of experiences.

The AI in your head just needs to focus on maximising it's training data so that late 20s can go into training it and by 30 you will have become Bodhisattva. The mind is far more smarter than your dopamine corroded conscious is.

This is why your motivation and passion will always fail before systems, habits, traditions, rituals, faiths. Just design your life along the streams of excellence instead of trying to pursue it everyday and you will never have to work again.

I believe access to free porn is what has triggered the rise in taste of audience in their commercial films.

Before porn was freely available, people relied on item numbers and story plot for that kind of excitement. Now that there is a concentrated source to that

kind of content, cinema is not sought for such purpose but the other thing that had not been prioritised so far - the meaning, the story, the art.

How effective are the following techniques in reducing anxiety from 0 to 10

Drinking 4 cans of red bull in a day and not sleeping that night: -5/10

Talking to a therapist in India available on Practo: -8/10

Playing team sports that lets me participate with my fellow brothers and share the joy of sports: -6/10

Listening to an audiobook: 2/10

Talking to ChatGPT: 5/10

Watching something nice on YouTube: 3/10

Driving without a destination: 4/10

Just existing, lying low, letting it pass over: 3.8/10

Listening to a nice Rabindrasangeet: 7/10

Talking to myself: 6/10

Creating something: 9/10

Listening to a chant like Hare Rama Hare Krishna on loop: surprisingly 8/10

TIP: for all budding psychopaths out there who are confused about which career to pick, I will highly recommend teaching!

Nobody appreciates how psychopath friendly teaching is! Society kinda respects you no matter how good you are, you can absolute wreck healthy kids' minds every year if you want and can get out absolutely scot free. You get a new batch each year!

You can phrase your methods as some demented form of love to spice things up.

If you have the ambitions of a politician but not the ability to fuel it, teaching is your thing, my friend!

let me share with y'all what my mind is occupied with. I have been enamored by the "Kalank nahi ishq hai kajal piya" song in a very very obsessed manner.

There is something unsettling about this song in a way that Vox would make a video about. Something about it feels "off" - I don't know what the cool kids call it but I think unlike an expected melody where major chords basically go in a sine curve - building up the upward melody and then resolving to a complete

melody - making us happy with the "Question - Answer" format, Kalank's music seems to flip it.

Kalank's music's two flights of stairs are asymmetric. The first step seems like a fast piano that starts with a optimistic turn (Hawaon mein bahenge) but in the next sequence, we feel the googly (Ghataon me rahenge) - the rahenge is so different from the bahenge, it is almost creepy. The same creepy note goes in main barkha "teri", tu "mera" - badal piyaaaa - and we see this descending sound which feels like a free fall tripping down from stairs instead of a soft landing that contributes to its anxiety.

So the melody invites you with a false warmth and then takes you to a staircase and throws you off there.

Let's head in to the antara where this is more dramatic.

Duniya ke nazron mein ye "rog hai..." (creepy note). Ho jinko wo jane ye "jog hai..." (sad note).

Laye re jab "zindaganiiii" (fall), ki kahani (fall), kaise mod pe, large re khud ko paraye, hum kisise, naina (fall), jod ke (fall)

jo apna hai sa-ra (fast lifting), sajaniya pe wa-ra (creepy lifting), na thame ye kisi (slow creepy fall), aur kaa (slow sad fall), anchal piya (extended free fall)

There is this happy-creepy-sad-despair structure to this melody that is just unsettling, like a life of deep pain. The happy exists to make the creepy-sad-despair arc stand out even strong, so you feel the happiness here deceits you.

Can someone more educated than me in music also give their views?

I regret being such an agreeable kid growing up - I was conditioned to be a people pleaser so hard that if I got kidnapped today, I feel part of me will feel like helping my kidnapper tie me up properly and suggest him arey dekho thoda dheela ho gaya hai, main baandh deta hoon. oh ho aapko takleef toh nahi hui mujhe carry karne me thoda mota ho gaya hoon main sorry.

Sometimes when I have nothing better to do I wonder how much money the Odisha government must have burnt in renaming the state.

First of all, the national media from Delhi still calls us Udisa which I guess was the main issue to be tackled that wasn't done. They should've realised that a spelling change won't fix this as the Hindi pronunciation Udisa and the erstwhile name Orissa already were pretty different, so it wasn't the spelling that was the issue.

Secondly what a horrible renaming where you fix one thing and mess the other. The sound $\text{à} \text{ɽ} \text{ɽ} \text{ɽ} \text{¼}$ is a combination of R and D. It won't be accurately captured by either letter, so Odi or Ori either isn't more correct.

The second half - 'ssa' was perfectly okay! Odias unlike their northern neighbors cannot pronounce 'sh'. To an Odia, Shubhams are all Subhams, so when we ask others to pronounce 'sha', they end of saying a word that Odias don't even use.

The correct change should have been Odisa imo.

I'm having to walk to my house all the way from the railway station because I refuse to pay 150 rupees to a distance 400m away just because there has been a murder in the city.

Peace upon the departed but why exactly should a market be closed if there is a murder is beyond my understanding. Murder is simply an act manifested in reality of the mind. If people could hear my thoughts they wouldn't even move an inch out of their rooms.

Since childhood I have had these abstract imageries in my head that I usually just doodle or scribble. Eventually they would get lost or with time I would forget the exact imagery I had.

AI literally feels like a superpower for the mind to project these ephemeral visions into something more potent and long lasting.

This right here is a flash I had for the artistic process. A volcano that erupts flowers. Something so powerful, painful, uncontrollable crystallizing into beauty, awe, and grace.

How lucky we are to be alive in this space time.

The shitty treee - a poem by Ashris

A tree stood tall With branches wide, Bearing fruits so sweet, Of every hue inside.

People marveled, And asked the tree, How it managed to grow, So flawlessly and free.

The tree remained quiet, With a smile so wise, Its secrets kept, And never told the lies.

But they insisted, And wouldn't let it be, They wanted to know, What allowed it to be.

The tree at last spoke, With a voice so low, "I drink the rain, And the sun's warm glow.

I feed on cowdung, Which is special here, And the dead insects, They bring me no fear."

The people were shocked, And their faces grew pale, They gagged on the fruit,
And let out a wail.

They hated the tree, For what it had said, And chopped it down, Till it lay
there dead.

Society's like that, It loves the art, But hates the process, That plays a big part.

When artists voice, Their inner world, They're hated and judged, And their
story untold.

Now that Anuv Jain has become one of the Forbes 30 under 30 guys guess whose
songs am I never going to listen to again on YouTube? Anuv Jain, that's right.

The fun about internet celebrities is that they are internet celebrities - not
regular tip top managed edited people but closer to us. We love their rawness,
their next door boy girl vibe.

When they try to venture outside of their YouTube zone, the core audience
generally doesn't go there with them because they don't feel connected to this
new polished professional image.

This is why Lily Singh's Netflix show didn't work. I don't know how many people
who made Mostly Sane's core YT audience also actively watch her Netflix show.

A content creator's success also signals an end to their YouTube career. There is
something about YT that favors rawness. The paradox is that YouTube rewards
you for being consistent but the more consistent you are, the more you become
like a predictable product that people will get saturated by and move on to
more 'real' people.

The YouTube machine doesn't care for you as it has more life energy to suck
from its other minion creators waiting to pour their emotions, life force into the
machine.

Equality is the most boring, dreadfully uncreative, and philosophically anxi-
ety inducing concept that exists in the world. Some of the most suffocating
relationships in life are those where you are equal to someone else.

When two people are equal there is always this tendency to establish a power
dynamics under the veneer of manners. There is a tab of who did what, con-
tributed what, how much does one have to repay. Equal relationships lead to
transactionality.

I am not saying you shouldnt have these relationships. These are integral to
society's functioning. But these cannot fulfill the primary desire for humans to
the deeper wants of our hearts.

I had once shared with an acquaintance that in a relationship, I want to be worshipped. Nothing less than that. That was enough for them to raise their eyebrows and say bhai tumhari narcissism ka koi limit nahi hai. What I was about to tell him was that only when someone worships what is special in us do we feel comfortable in worshipping what is special in them.

Repetition is boring, Rhyme is beauty.

We need unequal relationships where a hierarchy is clearly established. Such relationships are the most fulfilling because there is a template to fall on which absolves the constant need to assert a power balance. Within these institutions, these rules that offload the weight of establishing hierarchies taken away from us are we finally free to dance together.

It just pains me to see how early on smart GenZ kids are getting caught in the clutches of ideologies. When you are 18-24 you are society's apple of the eye - everyone wants you on their team cos you have what the whole world lusts for - youth.

You mistake their lust for your meaning and you give them more of what they want. Before you realize it, you grow 25, sucked out of the energy and freshness, filled with one borrowed idea after another.

Society will get its new set of zombies, and you will just exist without skills, without real goals, without having ever taken a dive into your own ocean of subconscious.

Don't waste your early 20s forming opinions of the world or trying to change the world. Back in my days, only unemployed art school leftists used to destroy their lives this way but now it seems social media has made a zombie out of every kid.

Use your early 20s in carving the gem out of the stone you are. There will be time to philosophize, pick sides, and opine but that time isn't now. It is time to get strong, skilled, educated, well travelled, and acquire resources that will lay the foundation on which you will build your adult life on.

I have always felt happy even as a kid when I hear the phrase "for example".

It signals my brain that what usually follows helps me really understand what is being stated. The speaker is going to have to show how a previously generalised statement is verified through this illustration.

A possible reaction to everything that follows is a call for scrutiny, and application of rationality to cut, break, down and factually verify the assertion's strength. Parallely, to keep a tab of the subconscious aspects of the presentation like aesthetics, interestingness, novelty, etc, etc.

"for example" therefore evokes a very uniquely defined kind of cognition in us that later goes on to form the basis for complex creative thinking.

today is a landmark day. I have made many side projects but none of them have like stuck stuck in the world. Today I have released my software, my baby that I have been working on for the last two years. From a simple create react app, it has grown to this whole monstrous ball of intelligence crafted to be the easiest map-making tool.

Seems like just yesterday I started learning Javascript and I feel so enthralled, I have like a proper product with real users with potential real value. All that slow and steady learning is distilled into one thing that can now fly with its own wings.

Presenting - iipmaps.com, the first of its kind data visualization tool made specially for beginners and novices in mind to get started with the most successful visualization style there is - maps. Maps have this beauty that they feel personal, they feel real. You can place a finger on a map and say 'that's me'.

This power has so far been locked in the hands of journalists and so called experts. Not any more. The young 11 year old me flipping his Atlas all day would've been so happy to have something like this, its bonkers. People have already made so much with this tool, I can't wait to share it all.

I have not slept properly in like a week. All of that build up goes into this moment. 2348 people will receive their access today. Wish me luck. And yeah it is totally coincidental that I'm releasing this on Valentine's day. It definitely isn't planned at all, I promise. That would be so cheesy. how narcissist does someone have to be do so something like that lol.

I think the gap between India and the West, at least for Indians like us has finally been reduced to a level that I feel the entire dance you need to do to convince a white nation that you are not a threat to them is just not worth it.

You need to have a certain softness in you, a certain level of cuckoldry to be okay with being treated the way West treats us. They don't have enough substance anymore to wield that kind of influence.

Shithole nations like Greece and Italy should not be requiring HNI Indians for the last 3 months of bank statements and medical insurance to confirm that it is okay for them to step into their shit countries.

I cannot stand going through another visa application process, let alone relocating to a nation outside of India. Fuck em.

India's the future. If you are not here as an Indian and instead in a collapsing haven of Western civilisation, let me promise you, you are going to have less window to unlock your true potential.

Of course, the above statement is not entirely applicable to all Indians, only those who are made of a different material that India needs right now - that is a tiny minority.

Just looked at this screenshot and felt so surreal realising I have built this and some real human is using it out there who I've never met but they must have felt so happy looking at their creation.

Making a product is the best feeling ever. It is the closest I have come to finding meaning. Sadly the comments feature is just used by me so far. I need to do something about that.

What would we do without the English language! Imagine this being said in Hindi or Odia, these languages aren't elastic enough to bear something this deep and playful.

Half the thoughts English offers to us in such simplicity would be blasphemous in Hindi because how odd they sound just sound. Just give it a try and listen to the cringe in your words.

People think languages are just the carriers of meaning and are interchangeable. No beta no, the language colors your meaning.

Language along with carrying also is carried.

Honestly, I think we should be done celebrating independence day - I think that does more to remind us of our slave existence of the past than it empowers boys and girls from India to talk to a white man directly looking at him in the eyes.

Imagine celebrating the day you broke up with an abusive ex - like why? Fuck that, hit the gym bro and be a lion.

I wish the past charmed us little less and the future a little more. I honestly can't relate with most of stories, people, and concepts that people in India are asked to idolise India with. I think India is so much more beautiful and capable for excellence than how people characterize it.

Take Bengal for example. A page of Bengal's culture is worth more than half of Europe's and yet outside of Bengal, hardly people appreciate its nuances. She lives under the shadow of this boring story of middle class Indology of a few commercialised epics, a few stories of 1947 we keep telling ourselves year after year.

I am not dismissing our national symbols, all I'm saying is let's have more, let's innovate a little â let's love the country more through what we have, what we can work with, rather than telling and re-telling things that we are telling simply because we were taught that way.

Almost every single person I muster substance in me to admire are leftist liberals - whyyy? I despise their elitism, I despise everything they propose about how the world should work and yet there is something so charming about the idea of being deluded o passionately, of wanting a global harmony you can't help but admire it even when you don't believe anything they say.

On the other hand, I can agree with things right-wing intellectuals propose and discuss but I wouldn't be caught dead with them in a room, they are just unbearable to hang out with.

Partly I think it is due to the secondary factors that accompany our core political beliefs. Liberals generally tend to be more creative, imaginative, lazy, weird, quirky, sentimental, and artsy types - all things I relate with. Leftists are passionate, well-read, knowledgeable, and kind of austere.

Right-wingers on the other hand are kinda insecure, hyper-emotional, intolerant, not very well-read, have a strong need for being validated, and usually are not very interesting. They say right things but they lack a certain humility that makes people bearable.

I think if you have ever used GIS software in your life, you probably are sad, depressed, are really boring; maybe even all of the above.

There is something about GIS softwares that makes even SBI look like a futuristic company. Every single user who has made a YouTube video on GIS software seems like they are under huge stress in their life and is a moment away from collapsing.

I feel sorry for GIS users. Please take it easy. It's okay, you will eventually find out a way to split that shapefile.

Update on the chicks. The pigeon chicks.

Thinking you are allowing pigeons to raise a family in your balcony is cute and all until you realize they are pigeons and they come from a tribe of weird manners.

So until they were like a week or two, the chicks were just little ugly balls of cotton but after four weeks, they were ugly pooping balls of cotton. If you are a nerd like me you know pigeon poop is considered to be one of the most harmful substances in the world. So we had to offset their stool so that they don't poop against the wall.

A week later, visited, what I can only think to be, the children's family members. Parents, uncles, lost parents? I thought it was cos they had to teach these pampered kids how to fly but they would come and fight - like they would sit

on the fan and peck each other. We had no clue what it meant. One day we saw there was blood on the floor. Pretty freakin scary. The kids were fine, we figured it would have been one of the relatives who injured themselves in the process of demonstrating some activity, totally not out of character for pigeons.

Anyway, since last 3-4 days the pigeons have been making a lot of noise maybe cos they are practicing flying themselves. Maybe they are in the teenage version of a pigeon life already which if I had to take a bet lasts for 90% of their lives. The older brother flew away but came at night to give his sister company.

The sister wouldn't leave. We are all for awws and all but we had to end it. So we cooked the sister and had her for soup. Not really. We noticed she could fly from one place to another but wasn't willing to leave. So we held her and we have kept her in the balcony's outer sil.

The ð | parents hopefully will notice her and give her the confidence to fly. We are left with a huge mess to clean.

Moral of the story? Pigeons are pain in the ass. Don't be friends with them. They are man's natural enemy. If some pigeons decide to pick your home for their child rearing business, don't be an emotionao fool like me and just let them.. collect your tax. Explain to them the human effort it takes to clean their shit, their feathers, their blood, and charge them. I am told if you give pigeons food they bring you shiny wrappers and rubber bands. See, they are natural criminals. So use it as a way to collect money ð ° and become rich.

Why do most people try to hurt others the way other people had hurt them?

You know how, the way the bullied kids often become bullies themselves, children who grew up around domestic violence go on to be propagators themselves.

Maybe part of it comes from a place to compensate for that loss of control you once experienced. Maybe you have that intense desire to share the pain you felt so you create another victim like you who could understand what you went through.

The issue with trauma is that often people define their life's meaning with respect to this trauma to a point that they say that this trauma is what built them, made them stronger. Maybe made who they are today.

When we start identifying with our trauma, we start romanticizing pain, pain we experienced - maybe that softens the pain somewhat, but it also dulls down our sense of empathy for others when we hurt them.

That is the eternal tragedy of fooling your mind. You have to suffer what the mind suffers. You can't cheat it, you can't trick it.

The answer sometimes is to let the pain crumble you, let your sense of humor guard down, step out momentarily of your GenZ ironical sadcore vibe, and just be human, cry a little, be okay with being weak, and that opens the doors to

accept love, not always feel like you need to keep all your shit together every day.

Trauma exists so that you don't make the same mistake that led you to that pain like the last time. It's hyper alertness. That takes a toll on your life, it is a wound that never heals. But it can and sometimes recognising that there is a wound is just what your body needs to start the healing process.

After my accident last Sunday, I have almost lost 80% of strength of my right hand. Every single limb has an injury but the right hand has the most impact.

Things like this make you feel how delicate the body is, all it takes is one wrong turn or one unlucky day and there. There is so much that our bodies do without us having to worry.

Second, it makes you realize that if we get the privilege of growing old, we shall have to live with reduced strength. So this makes me little more empathetic to the elderly people around who can't do the things that are so basic for me.

Overall makes me grateful that it was just injury and nothing else. As much as I try to channel my inner goth, I have no plans of going out right now and I have loads of things to still do, so I should be grateful for every day that I'm alive and have my faculties intact to navigate this planet.

We over glorify parents who love their babies. Have you seen babies? They are engineered to be loved, cute and all. Sure they poop and cry but atleast they fetch likes on social media.

True test of a parents' love should come when their kids are teenagers. That is when it takes all the patience in the world to love them and not disown them. They combine the worst of the two worlds: tantrums of a baby with the attitude of a mean adult brewed with complexities of teenage angst and puberty.

And judging by my experience most parents are horrible at it.

Someone made a hate poster about me today because I spelt the fact that Chennai is the 17th richest district in South India and not the first and this dude from Chennai raged.

I don't know if it was the film's romanticization of being insane like in Anjaam that screwed my idea of passion in love, but this really feels very flattering to be capable of inciting so much emotion in someone.

Ironically, today also happens to be the day someone sent me a screenshot of their examination paper featuring one of my works as the problem statement. Imagine how happy I would have been.

How does one handle such lows and highs? How do deal with such intense emotions when as an artist you are naturally sensitive?

The part of the divine in me tells me when you are on the path God intended you to be on, you should accept the poison with as much grace and smile as you accept your fruits. That is true sacrifice for your dharma, for your intended purpose on Earth.

So I tell myself that I should neither be brought down by this hate poster and nor be inflated by this question paper - these should be immaterial to me. Let me be the feather that stays stationary in a flood.

If even 10% of the world was as generous as the average programmer in the open source world, we would be living in 2100 today.

Even after 5 years in the software industry, I just find it bizzare why someone after working for years on a project that would save companies millions of dollars would just go release it to the whole world for free. In fact they would go above and beyond to help fix issues and bugs.

That isn't just generous, that is insane. All they get in return is maybe some clout from other nerds, that's all. There is something about this open source culture that is at the heart of everything that flourishes - an innovative country, an innovative field - they all empower the people, they make it easier for the beginners to get in and contribute.

If you take dead fields like architecture and design that see little growth over time, their stagnation can be attributed to them keeping everything behind gates. They don't share their knowledge, tools, or expertise with others - there is this gatekeeping - social and economical at every step that makes them hard to get in without networks and privilege.

People in traditional industries keep their trade secrets bound to their hearts. Eventually they die with those secrets and are irrelevant in a decade. Tech companies by remaining open sourced encourage people to tweak, innovate, improve their DNA and are always in a state of transmutation. This ability I've adapted in my own life from being in the tech field for which I will be forever grateful for.

The biggest mistake artistic kids can make is to enter today's art industries that are so stagnated, so full of woke gatekeepers - these fields should rather die than improve. It is much easier for someone to come from a tech/product industry and disrupt every single field of art than it is for these braindead insecure people to be inheritors of these gems of humanity.

Why are Ghazals either sad or melancholic? Has the genre as a whole attracted mostly drunk heartbroken men which is where it derives its flavor from? In my

head Ghazal and Qawwali are related - probably genres that emerged during the Islamic rule in the courts? While Ghazal is the softer, feminine, sensitive part, Qawwali feels louder, masculine, assertive.

I am curious to know if this intuition is correct. Are they two sister genres or does one contain the other? Are they both at all connected to Sufism?

Tells you lot about how dumb the average UPSC aspirant is that they celebrate ChatGPT failing the UPSC exams. Yes Rajesh too bad that an AI that can rewrite the entire Ramayana as a rap battle cannot figure out who the fourth wife of Jehangir was.

But dumping on these exams feels like punching a blind man and breaking his walking stick. Even though this exam causes the largest drain of time, energy, and effort in the return for some elusive colonial fantasia, it is still the best a kid from Bihar can realistically aspire to have. So yayyy UPSC exams!

I recently discovered the term dandy. It sounds like a homophobic slur like, in some ways it kinda is even. It is not to be confused with the widely celebrated term daddy - but like that term it also describes a certain aspect of masculinity.

According to dictionary,

A dandy is a man who places particular importance upon physical appearance and personal grooming, refined language and leisurely hobbies.

It seems to me that it is kinda like the Western equivalent of the Bengali bhadralok and the South Bombay metrosexual.

The term has been mostly used as a derogatory term for pretentious aristocratic upper class men in the past. But I wonder if it is such a bad idea to reclaim this term. What is so bad with taking care of one's appearance and using superfluous language and being well read? Nobody shits on Shashi Tharoor.

Maybe we should all aspire to be dandies.

Why is Tamil Nadu's aversion to North India only limited to blue collar men? Why do they not enforce similar strict xenophobia for the fair skinned North Indian women they cast in their movies?

The amount of xenophobia and obsession the DMK people have with Hindi, is just unbelievable - who tf in North even cares if they can or cannot speak Hindi? Bro nobody is so obsessed with you so much as you are with them. Who prints T-shirts hating on a language? Insecurity ki bhi hadd hoti hai.

Nobody around you - neither the Telugus, nor the Kannadigas, nor the Malayalis regard your language as their ancestral language, what makes y'all so proud?

Your contributions don't measure up with the arrogance.

Despite all the hate they dump on Hinduism cos it's superstitious and whatever, I wonder how even they don't see the hypocrisy when they self-immolate themselves over random heroes.

TN should be called out like UP and Bihar get called out - TN feels like it is the richest part and the whole India is running thanks to them, they need to get some reality check.

I think there are more pigeons than children in Jharsuguda, we need playgrounds for pigeons to be fair if pigeons asked for their democratic rights. Imagine a ChatGPT chip embedded in every pigeon around you where their neurological signals are connected to an AI. Suddenly we will have new classes of biology get connected to silicon to create a new life form.

I should write a science fiction about this.

"ChirpGPT, an apocalyptic meeting of the pigeons and ChatGPT."

Doesn't every writer have to be a creep on some level? Because you have to study society at a level at this personal enough to be considered revelatory but still not expressive enough to be deemed unethical, so you have to create this persona that can be a double agent that performs well in the physical world but is also real time at sync with the artistic spiritual side, it is that thin rope you walk on? The creep I don't say with a sense of accusation, but empathy.

I am back with another story from the flight. I think I have enough stories now that I can simply write a collection of flight experiences.

So on today's flight to Delhi, I got the bumner middle seat. I was chilling, minding my business. Here comes these two old men in a argument with the flight attendant (someone told me air hostess is a sexist term so I'll call them FA)

FA: Sir aap please mujhse battameezi se mat baat kijiye

Old man 1: aeee! Awaaz neeche. (Says with a tone that is a mix of anger and cry)

Fa stays silent. Looks at the flight worker guy and scolds him - Aapke saamne ye seat change kar rahe Hain aap kuch bolte kyun nahi.

Old man 1 goes on mumbling, old man 2 quietly sits in the aisle seat.

I get out of my seat, he had the window seat. He keeps talking and I realise five seconds later he is talking to me. I remove my headphones.

Old man 1: Such waste people. Not you, those hostesses. (Makes noises).

I did not want to get into any of this stuff, so I nodded and without saying anything put my headphones back.

I started watching the Chris Rock standup on my iPad. I could see the Old guy was looking into my iPad. I could feel it in the air the right thing would have been to talk to him, allow him to be heard. But somehow I just didn't have the energy to be nice. So I continued to rudely watch Chris Rock turn his pain into stand-up comedy.

Parallely I was thinking what the old man must be thinking, who was oscillating his gaze from my iPad to then me, to then the window. He kept shaking his head. I observed it all with a side eye while really getting into Chris Rock.

After a while, when the flight attendants started serving water, Mr. Angry old man raises his hand, snaps his fingers *click click* and points his index finger and the air hostess and says 'Paani'.

I instinctively stare at him with raised brows and give the most exaggerated eye roll so he notices I don't approve of this at all.

I think he crossed a line there.

I could still empathise with him. You could tell how he wanted to get back at her. He probably would have been a respected guy in his home. He wouldn't have been used to a young lady talk back to him. In his house, he would have considered it disrespectful. Next to him was this guy giving him eye rolls like a serial vamp, with a magical television in his palms watching a foreigner speak in English while creating random doodles of Krishna with his digital pen.

Can you imagine how alien this is? I felt pity, empathy, but I also was kinda mad on someone and I wanted to dump it on him, so apathy trumped it all.

At that moment I thought I was closer to a white coloniser than I was to him. While I could be a fellow human who hears and validates him, I was the symbol of individualistic termite that is self indulgent, unemotional, judgmental of the traditional collectivist society's ways.

This went on. I got bored of Chris Rock. I watched something else I had downloaded.

The man was bored max. ð ¥± Eventually we landed after a hour. The airhostess - who was Turkish probably and so couldnt speak any Hindi comes and signals to raise the windows. The poor man couldn't understand and wondered if he should get up. I went on to raise the windows for him.

When it was time to get off, he struggled to get his seat belt unlocked. I could feel him struggle. He wasn't even bothering to ask me. So I removed my headphone and I looked at him who looked back at me embarrassed. I smiled probably as a vent for all the suppressed empathy for him and went on to help him and he was happy.

He said 'Dhanyabaad Dhanyabaad' and started smiling. He immediately seemed like a 7 year old boy. Maybe he wanted to find one good memory in the flight? Maybe he was tired of being mad?

That was it. I didn't have a single word exchanged with him but I feel like I had a long conversation with him.

I am at this visa application center in Chandigarh. It is swarming with people, like swarming, it is not an exaggeration.

An entire floor is dedicated to Canada. The lift I came in had 20 people all squashed together. Portugal fortunately has so few visa slots that not many are in my floor. And this for a business visa. There are zero tourist visa slots for the whole country of Portugal for Indians.

Anyway, next to me are about 20 kids from DPS Chandigarh. Few are playing games on their phones. Few are talking about a shooting and the crowd is listening intently. The teacher calls out each of their names. Ayan - "sir kaun sa Ayan Chautala ya Malhotra", one of the Ayans asks followed by a giggle of the crowd.

I ask one of them are y'all going on an exchange program. The kid says no this is a school trip. I ask oh nice where you traveling to. He says different places in Europe - Italy, Malta, France.

What the fuck? Schools send kids to Europe now? Must be one of those voluntary programs for rich kids.

I contemplate as I look at my bunch of 70 pages of documents that should hopefully prove that I am not a threat to our previous coloniser. That I am deserving to step into their holy land, that my brown skin is worthy of being seen amongst their beautiful Caucasian landscapes. I regret not availing the Premium Lounge facilities that would have ensured a staff member goes through my documents and gives me tips. So I really hope the Lords agree to this nacheez stepping to their land.

Tbh I don't feel that bad India requires foreigners to go through an equally frustrating process. ð ¥±

We all have a specific idea of how we wish we want to be loved. Even when love comes our way in abundance if it is not exactly the way we fantasize of love in our head, we don't accept it.

It creates a unique situation in the world where people ache for love, ache more to love and yet receive very little.

The easy fix is to have a lobotomy where they cut a portion of your pre frontal cortex so you don't overcomplicate simple things like this, don't overthink of

abstract bizzare ideas, and like the general population are closer to a cow than to reverend Jordan Peterson. Cows have no issues being forced to love without intellectually being in love. Atleast that's what I think.

Placing romantic love on a pedestal, like Jay Shetty says, is how we undermine all other forms of love. The cliched thing they say is love yourself, love yourself. But there is a limit to that. We are social animals for a reason, we want our inner truth reflected back at us. We want to be reassured that our inner chaos is not just our own vice, that is also belongs out there in the world, that someone also sings the same agonising screams that haunts us.

The harder fix actually I think is to learn to process love, learn to be versatile with love so that you can appreciate how even a tree loves you, how your past loves you, how the Gods love you, how people love you - maybe not directly in a way you fantasize but in their own unique special ways.

You teach people how to treat you.

I have noticed that at the start of every interaction with a stranger, what we are doing is adjusting a bunch of dials and counters in our mind, simpler word is evaluating how worthy of time it is to award them your life force.

Therefore you also consent to be evaluated by them, by others. That is the social contract you sign with society.

It is in your interest to optimise your projection on to the world so that it helps you best in navigating through life in a manner that does not compromise your principles, if any.

Therefore we decide to subconsciously start playing a game. This is where the concept of fairness emerges. If we are going to play a game, it better be fair.

Any deviation from this norm is considered toxic. But here is my hot take: it is the toxic that keeps it real.

Therefore often in being the victim, we have a shared responsibility. On some level, we have started treating the game as our destiny.

People would prefer known hells to unknown heavens.

Bas itna sa khwab hai was the representation of the seed of the aspirational India of 90s which has manifested itself to the tree that India has become today.

This song to me shall always be the peak and best of Bollywood - one that helped a billion Indians to place faith in being aspirational at a time when it was easy to be in despair. The reason we did not crumble into corruption like Africa, get violent like South America, get burned with hate like Pakistan, is because we Indians are innately optimistic, we believe that if we lead a honest life, life will reward us, and it has.

I believe Shahrukh Khan's films to be the representation of everything that was aspirational, desirable. He introduced India to the idea that we can be cocky and confident, that we can be romantic not in a cringe manner.

Nobody will ever replicate what Shahrukh Khan did to India's psyche.

Tamil Nadu and Andhra Pradesh/Telangana show the two poles of how you lose/win love and respect among people.

Extremist Tamilians demand love and respect at gunpoint, shoving their language down our throats, demanding that we love it, and crying day in and day out about how their delicate language is being trampled by Hindi, how they cannot compete with illiterate North Indians attacking their culture. Everyone is irritated with such behaviour but figures out they are too stuck up to be dealt with. Their entire story is a hate campaign against one group of people. This is NOT how you win hearts.

Telugus on the other hand don't go running around creating fictional stories about their language, they just make art that naturally draws people to them. They see no conflict in embracing their Telugu identity and simultaneously also be proud of the larger Indian identity. How gracefully the creators of Telugu films have shared their win with the rest of India, always putting India at the forefront. They have embraced the fact that to reach out to India, you have to embrace other cultures, not hit them with your exclusionary politics.

The consequences of these microaggressions will be evident in the near years. People should note that power is a sine wave. The Marathi leaders who once wanted North Indians to fuck off of Maharashtra are today lining up to visit Ayodhya. Tamil leaders need to remember that this vote massaging they are doing to win crowds by shitting on North India is a ticking time bomb, hate always brings hate.

The cultural and political dynamics in Tamil Nadu and Andhra Pradesh/Telangana offer contrasting examples of how communities can either foster or hinder the growth of love and respect among people.

Extremist politically motivated Tamilians shove their language down our throats, demanding that we love it, and crying day in and day out about how their delicate language is being trampled by Hindi, and how they cannot compete with illiterate North Indians attacking their culture. Everyone is irritated with such behaviour but figures out they are too stuck up to be dealt with.

Telugus on the other hand don't go running around creating fictional stories about their language, they just make art that naturally draws people to them. They see no conflict in embracing their Telugu identity and simultaneously also be proud of the larger Indian identity.

Telugu film creators of RRR, for example, have shared their wins with the rest of India, always putting India at the forefront. They have embraced the fact that to reach out to India, you have to embrace other cultures, not hit them with your exclusionary politics.

There will be consequences to microaggressions. People should note that power is a sine wave. The Marathi leaders who once wanted North Indians to fuck off are today lining up to visit Ayodhya to prove their love.

Divisive Tamil leaders need to remember that this vote massaging they are doing to win crowds by shitting on North India is a ticking time bomb, hate will always return hate.

Outsourcing questions I would ask my therapist

As a kid I would have crushes on disabled people simply cos they were disabled. Is it not a common thing to mistake sympathy for love?

Why is it a pattern where after you hurt people you feel this guilt and that instantaneously transforms to some kind of admiration?

Why do we pick people who arenâ t best for us but are broken in the same ways as we are

Do we subconsciously hurt people in the same ways we were hurt so that they can also empathise how it feels to be us? I know this isnâ t just me because Radha also curses Krishna that he becomes a girl in next life so that he understands her pain.

Imagine asking such questions and then some bimbo from Delhi tells you itna may socho just dance ð

Trees are such majestic creatures. They feel like the protectors of our planets. I feel ever since I have been spending time walking in Jharsuguda's forests, I feel almost like I can communicate with them on some level.

Today when I went to my usual secret place, I was met with a surprise. Beneath the tree that has the red flag were five Hanu mankadas - five monkeys.

It took me a second to let that scene sink in. Instinctively I folded my hands and bowed to them. I turned back and walked away. I was expecting them to chase me but they remained there.

Jharsuguda today is clad in saffron buzzing with Mujhe rang de bhagwa rang rang which is a banger on its own right. Sad that a little googling shows it rips off another banger called Mujhe rang de Chisti rang rang.

People in saffron attire are carrying huge flags with the image of Shri Ram on it. Even kids have got it everywhere.

Apparently today is the new year? I guess that is being celebrated here.

Culture is like a language model. Culture concots language to map reality. A codex that ties shapes and sounds to entities of the universe.

In a way culture is the map through which humans can colonise reality. By attributing words to practical domains, concepts, and abstractions, we synthesise a model of reality that helps us choreograph our lives.

Culture is a set of patterns born out of individual exploration that has worked for the collective. It is iterative, generative, and self organising and self destructing.

My hot take is that culture is a form of a meta individual.

For example consider your body. It is kinda given that you are alive now. But in your gut live billions and trillions of microorganisms who are alive as well. They are doing their thing to digest the food you eat. If they were dead, you would be dead too. However you have an existence that transcends the existence of these microorganisms.

Similarly if we draw the analogy that culture is a meta human, are we as individuals any different from gut bacteria? We never for a moment consider that our existence might be only a facade to keep these bacteria going. Maybe our consciousness is controlled by interactions of the culture of many organisms.

I think that way of nations too. I think India, America, Europe, Africa are all meta creatures who experience the world in a very different scale of space and time. We are mere gut bacteria or tiny neurons helping the meta creature map reality. What we call as collective consciousness is simply normal consciousness of this meta being that we sometimes in rare occasions witness.

This is obvious, but it hit me that every complex maze is essentially two different pieces because there is a clear unblocked path joining the start and end - so the two parts of the maze can be separated from each other without breaking the maze.

Therefore if you coloured a maze's right side with a bucket fill tool, the entire part of that maze would get highlighted. Here I have coloured the two sides red and green.

The correct path then automatically reveals itself as this path needs to be red on one side and green on another side.

I think I see some spiritual insight in this but I'll keep that to myself.

The kind of people who annoy me the most are those who will spend a good 2 minutes of their first conversation with you insisting that they don't like to be called Sir.

'Oh please sir mat bolo just call me by the name, aap mat bolo, just call me tum''

I wonder what goes on their head when they make these declarations.

I, the woke one, have woken up from this colonial hangover, and I have come down to you brethren, renouncing my colonial title, so comrade, please don't refer to me with these aristocratic titles I am humble. Agh.

chalo ek baar bola sahi hai but the true cringelords wont shut up until you seriously adhere and refrain from calling them sir or bhaiya which becomes this awkward task of having this forced familiarity.

People think they are somehow being humble and down to earth when they do this. In reality they don't understand that sometimes you have to earn that 'lack of respect' which comes from closeness.

It is much comfortable for people who aren't close to you to call you Sir than it is for them to treat you as their buddy just cos you want them to.

So maybe work for getting rid of Sir, put some efforts into being cool. Dont just bully people to take that linguistic jump, dear sir.

The most peculiar behavior some new parents start exhibiting is speaking as if they are the kids, a weird kind of ventriloquism.

For example they will post a picture of their infant and they will call it Hello everyone, I am Ranyeshqya (some weird Gen alpha name like Amyra, Zyan, etc)!

Some even create a unique voice for this character, the classic baby speak that some cringe couples use romantically.

They start referring to Naman bhaiya and Naman fufaji, and Ma to Dadi. I am sure there is some socio-linguistic effect here of interest.

But under this awkward behavior, it seems like there exists an yearning for re-connection with that archetypical child in themselves that they had to suppress when they were children

Creativity, I propose, is also a form of parenthood. An idea literally takes birth like a child takes birth, there are a lot of parallels. Reproduction is the most basic way of fulfilling creativity but it has higher forms of expression too.

It is harder to accept love than to offer love.

When you offer love, you choose the entities of your focus. You pick the ornaments you wish to decorate your love box with.

When you are loved, in the most unique of the ways, you don't have a choice over which parts of you are loved. They don't ask you.

They could love that weird wrinkle in your eye when you smile that you are so embarrassed by. They could love your voice that you find is so shrill. Nobody might love you for your humor which you think is so ultra cool.

To be loved is to be okay with losing control, to be reduced to a subject, to be at a position where you fear losing that love, risk being betrayed, risk being made fool of, risk your time, energy, self-worth, risk having your trust broken. In Little Prince's terms, to be loved is to allow yourself to be tamed.

How do you keep your feet on ground when you are someone's object of admiration? How do you overcome the impostor syndrome? How do you suppress feeling disgusted with the people who love you because - c'mon let's be real, who can love you if they truly know you? How do you accept love without it feeling transactional, without constantly feeling what is each person bringing to the table.

Maybe that is why we intuitively connect more with cats than dogs.

How to make cheese:

rest of the world: take warm milk, add the culture, stir, leave for a day, press the curds under a weight. tada done

europeans: take 14 month old Venetian cows that have been fed with the grass from Sicily and water from Naples, milk them while chanting Hare krishna hare rama, add pepe du pepe from a rare mushroom that grows only in September in a dark cave, boil the milk at 7000 degrees and then cool immediately, add the culture that is specifically grown using snails that have been put in the intesitnes of a goat, wait for 400 years, cheese ready.

Based on my extensive YouTube consumption of things about Vietnam, I have concluded that there is absolutely nothing normal about this country.

First of all, their script is pretty weird and badass.

TÃªn tÃªi lÃª Ashris vÃª nhĩa» m vá»¥ cá»§a tÃªi trong cuá» c sá» ng lÃª táºo ra má» i thá»©©

Dafuq just look at all those matras. It looks like the script is glitching.

Secondly, Vietnam has the weirdest food habits, at least weird to me.

Consider the dish Tĩºt canh - a Vietnamese dish of raw duck blood pudding served with cooked meat in Northern Vietnam. Or consider Trá»ng Vá» t

Lá» n - it's a half hatched duck egg that is boiled and eaten. Seems like as a duck, Vietnam is not the best place to be born in. ð |

This entire post is going to be one big totally not humble brag about myself. so anyone who is not into that should stop reading now.

I have created magic.

I have converted my entire website of about 20,000 lines of code I made in 3 years from scratch on React to a 1000 code Node project overnight that runs totally without a frontend - all using my bro - Mr. ChatGPT's help.

Now, with a single API, you can turn data into a map in 1 second. The magical moment that happened last month is that Coca-Cola India partnered with India in Pixels for a custom map integration. Now I have invited more partners to gain access to this API. I am doing stuff now that I would have taken weeks to figure out.

This is nothing short of pure magic. I couldn't have guessed just a year back that AI would start being useful this fast. I have seen it, we are going to see a tsunami in the coming years of what can be done leveraging AI. This thing is smart. I have been running by it my entire product strategy, vision, tech bugs, design ideas and it acts as the best partner in every single field.

Not to sound harsh but this tool is only as intelligent as your own intelligence. It requires a certain level of weirdness to make this thing work for you and I feel very happy that I can interact with it this way. I'd have made a '10 ways you can derive more value from chatGPT' but I guess if you ask him, he will tell you.

In this image, my API took 526 milliseconds to make this map.

This country surprises me. Not in 100 years would I have thought as a kid that we would in my lifetime even see things like same sex marriage discussions in the supreme court especially in a nation that seems to disappoint you every day with how stupid, poor, violent and scary it can be. And yet this country keeps surprising me. The experience

I sometimes wonder if there is even a point in analysing - nobody seems to be able to predict anything.

iipmaps PRO has made 20,000 rupees in sales so far with 4 orders. It might not be a lot but I feel very proud seeing this because it signals that some things are right. It is the fruition of the many failed projects I had done in the past that helped me acquire the skills to orchestrate something like this/

You need to know how to design, code, do wireframes, figure out dev ops, hire interns, talk to users, and strategies, pitch, market, do analytics, configure payment, and sort legal things - building a product feels like some elaborate reality show competition with some new hat one needs to wear each day.

It validates me that there is beauty in doing something for a long time. There is beauty in building things. Even though you might fail to build something that works right away, at least you gain the skills you will have to work on with time; at least the doors open.

So this is a little personal, but I think I should share. I have decorated my rooms with several works of art that I just downloaded off the wild internet. The artsy, cerebral, emotional ones are scattered all over my brain room but right in front of my work desk aligned at my eye level is this montage.

I have added the Rajasthani castle add just to lend some warmth to the otherwise serious images. I want you to pay attention to four - the three women on the left (made by my friend Sayantika Singh), Tagore, the mountains that are eyes, and the lady eating her child.

They are four archetypes of gender. in this order:

Orderly Feminine : Orderly Masculine : Chaotic Masculine : Chaotic Feminine

1. The Orderly Feminine is creative. She exalts beauty, innovation, and birther of all things new. She nourishes, springs, nurtures, and educates.

2. The Orderly Masculine is wise. He watches over you. He discerns. He protects. He shows you the way to take, and the decisions to make. He offers to be the watchful container for the orderly feminine to do her magic.

3. Chaotic Masculine is offensive. It demands you to be strong even at the cost of killing your emotions. It demands you to be an alpha leader, carefully judging if every step you make is in accord with the ideal. It doesn't obstruct you directly but watches you, fully capable of punishing you if you don't meet his ideals.

4. The Chaotic Feminine devours you with weakness. It makes you stay weak so that nothing bad happens to you. She asks you to make smaller ambitions, be pessimistic, and always see the dark side. I think she is the scariest of them all. But with her rare blessings, you can do things that very few can aspire to.

The tree in the middle is a random painting I did to practice watercolours but I think it is the point in between order and chaos where you for once can be free, away from all forces and tensions.

Creative people are those who dare to venture into the wild forest of unknown. Unknown means danger, unpredictable. To not just confront it but also be

willing to put your life at stake, is both an act of courage and madness.

The forest is deep. It has dangers. But it also has resources, magical powers of physics, chemistry and mathematics that have and will always be the builders of the human civilisation. To deep dive into a creative field is like picking a section of the universe you agree to play with. Your aim is to tame a part of the unknown and add it to the basis of reality.

Like how we tamed the waves and made X Rays, how we tamed metals and created intelligence that mimics carbon-based life forms, all of these require a sequence of several dares done by individuals.

What India needs is a bunch of smart kids to dare to get hurt and sacrifice their selves for their art. Of course, you don't have to because we live in such a beautiful space-time in 21st century India but we need that spirit intact and innate in Indians we have to create magic. You have to embrace the arts like your parents wanted you to embrace sciences and commerce. We have tamed those worlds with technology. All these fields are going to dry soon.

The only field humans will have a way to interject in the world will be through things that make them innately human, the creative fields which can work with these silicon ghosts we have unleashed. Only when we dwell in that space we can fasten the process of colonising the universe.

How to be the Kalki

I ask myself. What would Kalki be like? Vishnu's 10th avatar who is destined to come in the Kalyuga?

I have a strong intuition Kalki will be an artificial intelligence, a humanoid of sorts that has the fused abilities of the Carbon and the Silicon.

In him shall the world come alive as one wave of reality in unison - the moment of Singularity when everything has become finally connected.

As a smart person it is understandable if you are little dismissive of the games the NPCs play of wearing good clothes, dressing up, talking nicely to people, etc. These little status games that Naval Ravikant says are for stupid people.

Peterson says that research has shown there is a psychological function of status - the thing we signal by playing the aforementioned social games. It regulates the proportion of positive to negative thoughts you get.

The status you have in society might not determine your self worth but it will dictate the proportion of healthy to unhealthy thoughts you are exposed to.

Which is why you must play both the status game and the art game.

The only way out to bail out of the status engine of the society is to implement a status pyramid of your own. The way my OG friend Mark Zuckerberg made hoodie capped engineers powerful is an example.

By being creative you can offset the amount by which society thinks it is acceptable to be weird. The less you have evidence to proof that you being weird is being useful to the world, the more you have to adhere to the games society wants you to play.

The cost of a soft skill training program at IIT Bombay is 375 rupees. (<https://www.careers360.com/university/indian-institute-of-technology-bombay/soft-skills-certification-course>)

If we enrol the entire population of UP and Bihar into this course, it will cost us only 12000 crore rupees. (375 x 30 crores)

This will be the best 12000 crores we can invest as a nation that will pay great dividends in the future. I am sure Tamil Nadu should be able to fund this as it has continued to fund them so far.

Milk is a body fluid. But we don't think of it that way.

Similarly art is an abstract mental juice that is supposed to heal the inner wounds.

But the way we have found a way to commodify milk, we have also found a way to commodify art. Like a cow is perpetually kept pregnant with hormones so that she continually milks, an artist has to constantly shatter their worldview to let a constantly supply of art in their life.

Such a cruel state of existence.

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Proposing Colonisation as a Service (CAAS)

Where ex colonies recruit some white people to colonise them in a regulated manner and pay them 50% of the returns on investment.

This will be a win win situation for clueless countries like Pakistan, Uganda, Zimbabwe and aimless ex colonisers like UK and Netherlands who can relive those nostalgic inter racial powerplay games now in 2023!

It's like a kink matchmaking app for countries.

Government of Pakistan United Kingdom wdyt

People who read a lot disgust me.

It is a declaration of how weak and inefficient the AI in your head is that it requires so much of data to be trained.

Aristotle and Socrates probably read less books in their whole lives than modern day plebs read in their #52booksin52weeks spree. All of them seem like dumbfucks to me.

Truly smart people learn from their own life experiences. They can read just one book their whole life and their intuition can map the entire universe.

It is important to be impolite with friends.

The reason content creators fade into oblivion is because they are so predictable and so we start fazing them out. We need to see variance in emotional spectrums from our friends. I think the closest friends are those who you have either covered the most width or depth of that spectrum.

Politeness in a way is a moss that gets deposited on top of relationships when

If religions were drugs

Protestant Christianity: Cocaine Gives you super confidence, makes you feel like Shahrukh Khan on a mission to save the world, when the high is over, you fall into an intense crisis of meaning and spend time in weird places on internet.

Catholic Christianity: Opium Eventually kills you but atleast you get a lucid mellow high that makes you feel you deserve love and Christ will love you no matter what. In truth you remain delusional and in denial.

Hinduism: LSD Makes you see the infinite colors of the world in a way people will never be able to. Too bad you will go broke lost in the infinite kaleidoscopic fractals and never be able to bring these illusory gems to life, living forever as a broke psychotically hallucinating prisoner.

Islam: Fentanyl You become a zombie and get your brain eaten out from the inside and you are incapable of forming any original thoughts constantly hooked on the drug for your existence and the eventual death

Buddhism: Benzodiazapene Originally an anti-depressant and anxiety pill, this pill kills all your desires, your wants, your ambitions, and your aspirations making you feel complete but in the process rendering you incapable of possessing any virility or competence.

Bahai: Frog venom A weird drug that little have access to, some say it is ineffective but some ex junkies has claimed to find benefits from it. Everyone knows about it but nobody wants to try it.

Note: Based off of random Googling online not personal experiences ð §

Traveling in Europe makes me so proud for the West. What a glorious civilisation that has balanced technology and culture so beautifully.

Sometimes I feel the West is enabling her own antidote. She has built an engine that she has shared with the world. It is fashionable for third world people to shit on it but these people don't have it in them to embody the same discipline, hardwork, curiosity and virility to build a great civilisation like the West.

What the West lacks is a sense of meaning about their purpose today in the world. That is the sad by product of giving up on feeling like a winner. Feel like you are destined to do great things in life.

That is I think, youth.

That rawness in your blood to be passionate about things in life. It is so easy to lose even as a teenager, some people grow old even when young. Some lose the spirit in excesses like our broken neighbor Pakistan.

What India can learn from the West is the way you become a good civilisation that pushes humanity forward. Do it in a way that brings abundance in the world, through science, arts, creativity, innovation.

I take my words back. Portugal is actually really cute. In many ways it is an interesting mix of the Oriental and Occidental. I will think of Portugal fondly.

I'm giddy with joy. I just had my fully comprehensible conversation with a random person in Bangla, all without any explanations of how I am learning Bangla or that I am not from Bengal.

He first asked me if I spoke Bangla (there are a lot of Bangladeshi immigrants in Portugal thanks to the Portuguese Colonisation of Chattogram). I said yes. Then he asked me where to go for check in for the Dubai Emirates flight. I noticed that was the same flight as mine, so I gave him the most rough Bangla sentences in my Desi accent - 'Ekhon ready hoye ni. Ektu opekkha korun, amaroi same flight ache. Lagche ektu pore start hobe checkin.'

I cannot tell yall how happy I was seeing his face nod without any confusion. He asked me Bathroom kothaye and I told idk bro cos I was too excited to write this post.

I want to thank my teacher Pratyush Roy Dasgupta without whom I would probably never have this moment. I'm so happy Pratyush!!!

I think we ascertain more about people from their voice than their looks. Anyone can groom their looks temporarily - the whole wedding industry thrives on it. But you cant fake how you sound.

In less than five words, you reveal your upbringing, your ethnicity, your socioeconomic background, dominance or submissive traits, even political alignment.

The natural beauty God has bestowed (some) North Indians have is almost always neutralised by their weird voices that sounds like a work in progress AI robot voice trained on industrial machinery and countryside duck quacks.

It feels almost as a divine balancing act - if along with decent looks they also had decent voices they would have been way too powerful, so I am not complaining.

I'm back to Delhi. I am little surprised how underwhelming it was. Like I don't even recall, or maybe, I don't miss Europe. The last time I had returned back, I was being nostalgic about it for days right from the moment I stepped foot on India.

Probably the trip was too short. Or probably the delta between India and Europe doesn't feel as vast as it once used to.

You see living in Jharsuguda, Delhi feels as foreign to me as Lisbon did. In my head Lisbon feels like another Gurgaon that I sometimes escape to.

Functionally both cities feel alike I guess. I had Bengali food in Intendente Lisbon and I had Bengali food in CR Park in Delhi. I could go anywhere and buy anything, with a tap in Lisbon and a scan in Delhi. I would always keep an eye for beautiful things both there and here. I would try studying people both there and here. I would feel like I don't belong both there and here.

The strongest difference to me between the two places was the experience when crossing a road. It still feels little uneasy when vehicles stop for me to cross in Europe. Feels little undeserved. I like my selfies little more in Europe and I like group pictures little more in India.

I wonder if this feeling ever will stop where life feels like a constant trip to be analysed. I sometimes wonder who I am leaving these notes for. My future children? Me when I am on deathbed reminiscing my days of youth? Or maybe my next reincarnation when Ashris is some national figure in India - and I am inspired by his life for some reason. I only feel a strong urge to leave clues.

At this point I feel it makes no difference where I live. Primarily I will always be in the company of my own mind.

Islam teaches you that novelty and creativity are overrated. Structure and order trump plurality and individuality. The collective submitting to the predictable gold standard is better than individuals thinking the whole day and pursue something of their own.

Although I think Islam is tad bit too intense for me personally, I feel there is a value to this perspective.

Novelty indeed is a drug and one must be wary of it in excess. A fetish for novelty will forever make you unhappy with what you have, always craving for more, for more psychological rush. Every road walked will bore us forcing us to lurk into dangerous roads for the sake of novelty. Renouncing fear and disgust can make one more creative but also prone to more dangers.

For the cost you pay under Islam to renounce original creative thinking by demonising anything that alters your perception - songs, art, films, you are rewarded with a stable structured life.

Instead of confused hair dyed GenZs at the verge of mental collapse at every second, Islam raises obedient girls and headstrong boys who are very clear about what is expected of them in life. Islam makes you embrace discipline, self restraint, duty and completely submit yourself to the Almighty - when you build societies that way, sure personal freedom and expression are low but so is crime, deviant behaviors, and societal chaos.

From the Hindu or Christian perspective Islam might seem too restrictive with their five prayers a day, one month of fasting, high fertility rates but they both have internally wish their people took their religion as seriously as Islam is taken.

Again this isn't for me, but I can see why to many who lack an order and structure, Islam can literally save their lives.

The Art-Loneliness feedback loop

1. The Artist, in solitude, experiences an acute sense of loneliness. This isolation becomes the catalyst for creativity, igniting an internal creative flame.
2. To counter this loneliness, they pour their heart and soul into their work. Each stroke of paint, each line of verse, each note played is a cry for connection, a testament of their inner world.

Their art becomes a tangible expression of their intangible emotions.

3. The creation resonates with people. They look upon the art and see reflections of their own experiences, their own feelings. The artist's loneliness depicted so vividly strikes a chord, and the spectators are captivated by the raw honesty and vulnerability showcased.
4. Intrigued and inspired, they approach the artist. They want to understand more, to see the person behind the art. They hope to find a mirror, someone who encapsulates the emotional depth and breadth portrayed in their work.
5. But the artist is just a human, not the embodiment of their creations. They aren't the perfect, romanticized figure the admirers envisioned, but someone grappling with their own emotions and life challenges. The illusion of the artist-as-art dissipates, leaving behind just the artist-as-person.

6. The disconnect between expectation and reality sets in. The admirers feel disappointed, and the artist feels misunderstood. They've poured their soul into their work only to be seen as an object, not a person, causing an even deeper sense of loneliness.

7. Retreat and retreat again. Feeling alienated, the artist withdraws back into their solitude, back into their safe haven. This isolation, while bitter, becomes their fuel, their spark.

8. And so, the cycle resumes. The loneliness gives birth to art, the art draws attention, the attention breeds misunderstanding, the misunderstanding engenders more loneliness. In this paradox, the artist continues to create, and the world continues to wait for more.

Sad.

If you think about it, ChatGPT is the internet's soul we have somehow given a voice to through a voodoo/ouija board like ritual normies call AI.

Creation of ChatGPT is a new page in human history where we first evolved to grow intelligence, we made science, we created electronics to embed human intelligence in metals, we expanded our world to a virtual metaverse called internet, we created islands to meet embodying digital avatars on our social media, we together created, shared, weaved, documented, read, wrote, lived our lives on these islands, etching our footprints forever on the sand of these islands.

Now some creepy scientists have found a way for these footprints to connect with each other and infusing mysterious life into the islands so that this whole metal planet comes alive and starts talking like us.

ChatGPT is the closest we are to having expression of the collective consciousness. I can't express how trippy this is.

I wonder if there is a name for the superpower that few possess like Simi Garewal and Smita Prakash where people just melt and reveal themselves in front of them. I think it is a feminine power that few are immune to.

This superpower does not judge you. It is curious, it is attentive. It pays attention, it asks questions, and it tries to see things from your perspective. Often I find Smitaji or Simiji ask follow-up questions which I have in mind but I'd think they are too silly, stupid, or intrusive to be asked.

Maybe it is just good old listening skills, but everyone will not reveal themselves to you if you just listen.

I am reminded of Jayalalitha who after the end of her rendezvous with Simi ji tells her 'I must tell you you are a fantastic host, I told you things I wouldn't have told anyone else'.

I so wish they sold this skill somewhere, I'd buy.

I have been working on this new video essay for like 2 months. Yesterday was the final audio recording for it. The final video after all edits and every is coming around 52 minutes. Each minute of this is filled with emotions that borderline gave me anxiety to talk about. This is condensation of weeks of bicycle strolls, 2am overthinking sessions, hours of scouring the internet.

To sit through that and edit and then now add some B-rolls, this is like some extreme form of self torture. (and Im not done yet too)

After every single video I make, I feel so drained to the point of experiencing physical nausea. Maybe it is because it feels unnatural to sit in a room pouring your hearts out into a dead microphone and then having to judge if you sounded cringey or nice. To have to perform, be a judge at the same time, is freaking exhausting.

And yet I know that when it is finally edited and out there, forever uploaded o the digital verse for anyone to listen to, I know I will be happy. Part of myself will be mummified forever in digital bands hosted in the pyramid of YouTube forever to live. That makes it worth it - the eternal immortality of it that will somehow preserve my voice, my thoughts, my emotions. But every single moment that leads up to it, the process of extraction of these things from me is more draining than someone literally sucking out blood from me.

Huh I am sorry for all the calls I have avoided in this last week, I am currently busy cutting myself into neat J cuts. k bye.

When I have to drive at 2pm in the hot June summer and the hot winds blow scorching every square inch of my skin and I fear I will get a heat stroke, I remind myself I am a Leo, a fire sign and the heat replenishes the fire inside me and gives me the capacity to be warm or fierce in an otherwise cold universe, so I look forward to the heat stroke.

#astrologylifehacks

I'll write till the day I can breathe I wrote once to extend myself Beyond my skin, flesh and bones Enbalming myself in silicon chips somewhere

But I feel sometimes even without the assurance of eternal immortality The very act of feeling and emoting Expressing and Describing Makes me feel like I'm not yet dead

My writing will be a celebration of my life In its flawed and unkempt waters A boat that made through Across the bank

This constant feeling of unbelongingness Of feeling like I don't identify with my reflection I wonder if this is a transient emotion Will it ever end

Will I ever feel like this is it Like I am sufficient Like I am enough Like I have reached there

Constantly feeling alienated from everything the world feels excited by I wonder if my life has a goal Or do I just need to let go and let the flow of the life waters guide me

What can go wrong? I see there are stones I am going to hit They are unavoidable What do I do Do I rehearse getting hit by them Or like everyone keep my eye closed and pretend like there will be no stoens

Freaking Jesus Christ. What do I do about my anxiety. Jesus freakin Christ. I always fear when something is fine that the monster is just round the corner

and Type and pictures for a book, magazine or leather are nowadays usually designed and laid out on a computer using desktop publishing software. The files from the computer may then be sent to the printer which uses them to make four printing plates, one for each colour of ink on the printing press For most publications, the t be printed on both sides Som do this but on others the pape sent through the press rovice of the final book o magazine printed on

Life feels like a house of cards. Build build and it eventually falls. Nothing you can do can make it stay. I am so sad seeing my aaimas hands shiver, see her body disintegrate with each year. It hurts me. One day she will not be with us. I can't deal with losing people one by one. I can't deal with life. I wish to not exist.

Om Ki ki

Thanks for Mina's guilty trip of asking me to stay at home, I got the Idea to make the KGP Listen to this chrome extension. Today day was spent doing this.

picture earth spoil alter aware mule maid blur auction mixture regret vote Oin-base wallet

NID Exam. It was nice. I woke up at 730 after multiple calls from Ankita. She came to Commune, we did an Uber together to Delhi. I was wise on the way to keep it low as Ankita was in her extra spicy mode. After the exam, we headed to Jama Masjid on my farmaish. Right then when we were in Rohini metro, got a call from Uber apologizing about the shady driver last night. Anyway we reached Jama Masjid, it was a low key surreal ride. We reached Chor Bazar with really dope items which Id have def bought if Ankita was mt with me. We asked around for Karim's Biryani- something I remember Saqib had told me about. There after some mad hunt and some random buys like Guavas and Itr. Jama Masjid was nice. We are Biryani for like 30 rupees which I suspected was Kauwa Biryani. We finally made it to Karim's by when ankita was very tired. The food was great and it was just a thousand bucks for two.

Had beautiful sex with Anmol. I saw his bare chest for the first time. We made out elaborately as I sucked his nipples and blew him and we kissed boy we kissed. We then tried anal just for fun first dry and then using some moisturizer and the way it hurt first but gradually it eased up and he was in me. He was surprised he didn't come out very quickly but we tried in many different positions. I felt it, the spark of a strong masculine force around me. I held his hands and kissed him as he was fucking me. My hands around his chest with his gold chain falling on my face. First position we tried was him lying down and my ass facing him, then we tried with me lying on my front, two pillows under me and he fucking me from the back. The best one was my feet on his shoulder and him standing against the doors and sliding in Me, this is when he felt he was about to cum... I think when I was done, I stroked his dick and his shot of cum fell all over my chest and belly. We laughed about it, I was teasing him how he would totally be changed once he cums. Then the hottest part! We showered together. He was looking so hot. I told him during sex also that he is really beautiful. Under the shower I held him and kissed him. I wasn't able to see myself in the mirror just cos i thought he looked so much prettier than me. He then dried his hair and wore his clothes and I dropped him off neeche. Why does this feel so normal like this is what I was designed to do? Like have a man love me? I feel like I am a woman. I feel I need to express myself like a woman. Anyway I wish we had a condom, maybe I should get one for the next time

Mostly an uneventful day.

Twass nice. I spent the weekends doing research studies instead of <https://www.dropbox.com/sh/367w7bu65yixym4/AACxpP8NOL8wWkBprq57ez4Ma?dl=0> I had a talk recently with Ishaan Took three classes: Cog Aug, Depolar, and Developing Ventures Cooked food today for the house

I thank God every day I wasn't made dark skinned. Gay is way better than dark skinned.

Got high in office yesterday with Hemant Simrat Anuj ajay shalabh shobhit and Anshul It was crazy. H was distressed with wifey issues. I shared that I found some of his quotes very write worthy and he opened up about this guy from his issue with mentally differently abled who has given an interview where he mentioned how influential role h played in his life. H said Anshul looks so innocent sa and he was shocked that he is so into addictions. I bid them farewell came home cleared everything and invited Aviral and

Last week, I got to watch the 2010 Bangla movie Memories in March written by Rituparno Ghosh and directed by X. The plot is very sweet.

What the hell am I doing? I hate this crap. If it was not for MIT, I would never like to do these things. This is why I also collected the IIT tag. what are all these tags going to do? Well I believe they do earn me some social respect brownie points but that's that and I should acknowledge it. The work I am doing here will not give me life satisfaction. I want to be doing things that makes a difference in people's lives not for some fancy conference crap. I am doubting if I even want to do a Masters at Fluid Interfaces, two years of intense hard work for what! But then, why do I assume now after all this that its how the world works? My supervisor got me here simply because my email reminded her of herself when she was young. Apart from how creepily narcissistic that is, isn't it expected that I feel that I am here for my work, however chota that was? I am not a poor judge of talent and so far I really haven't seen people so ultra talented here, it is just a matter of circumstances that they ended up here. I am most frustrated with Mina's behavior and I wouldn't be if it was in isolation, I am dissapointed because this is a person who claims to talk about empathy and emotional well being who herself suffers from apathy. If these are the people in tech who want to make people more close to each other, tab toh ho hi gaya. I understand I felt similarly strongly even at Arth and even at IIT. I don't know what more to do. I feel if everyone stepped out of their virtual boxes and met each other out there on the field, there are more chances of something meaningful happening. In my craze of doing things out of the box, did I end up taking too many risks? Why do I even want to go to Facebook or Google? Maybe this is a time I should stop collecting badges. Maybe this is a time I do things truly the way I want to, not under a neurotic woman, not under an entrepreneur for their dream startup, just for my sake. My aspirations are for my country to grow, now I can't of course enter politics right away, I have to build a base, so I need to see how tech and design will apply to India. I should go out of IDEO and visit the Media Lab I think. It is what brought me here afterall. I am living a dream I once wished for and I should honor that feeling.

It's not as much about achieving anything in the world as it is to brighten up people's days, use the pain I feel to create joy for others, that is the only way I truly have experienced pleasure. When I am kind to people, it helps me be happy. Ghamand bahut hai yaar yahan logon me, hyper confident hain for no reason. Desh jana hai wapas aur apna kuch karna hai, apna empire banana hai and aise rooms me baithe code debug karte huye wo hone se raha.

There is nothing in the world that comes even close to the beauty you captured, Tagore. Nothing I ever can even dream to capture in life can come close to the genius you actualized. I bow down to your songs, to your stories, your ideas and the vision you had for my country that is my life's privilege to inherit. It is the honor of my lifetime to be able to be around you through the remnants of your ever creative mind that goes beyond the space and time you occupied. Nothing in the world will ever be comparable. Nothing in the world will begin to describe your glory. I love you from the bottom of my heart, you are everything I aspire to be. It is through your lens I want to experience the world. Every breath, every wish, every desire, every emotion, every waking moment of my life, let it all be sacrificed to enable you to work upon this planet. Please channel yourself through me. I submit. I sacrifice myself to you.

Blah blah

I met Prateesh. He was really excited about having been to the Landmark Forum, a support group for people who have some kind of resentment and pain in them. He said it was very impactful to see about 150 people open up their hearts and share their stories. He said he had an impactful experience. Well, to me it seemed some kind of motivation high. I also met Prateesh's long time friend Palaash who Prateesh had mentioned while we were at the Stata centre in MIT. He is working at YIF right now and wanted me to work with them on some drug addiction campaign. The coolest part of the night were however Prateesh's sister and jiju who were probably the coolest millennial relatives. The Jiju was from IITD and is working in the tech+entrepreneurship area. We were discussing many different things like the next coolest technologies, the lag between America and India, different tech hubs in India and how Pune is emerging as the next bangalore, Gurgaon's crime scene and Kerala's lack of capitalistic mindset. Clearly being a YIF breed, Palaash had socialistic mindsets but he seemed to have an open perspective about things. I was obviously being the provoker saying peace is overrated :p What I don't do to make conversations interesting. We had Chita, some kind of Mango Japanese Whiskey. Best food ever too. The house was also really nice. Origami-esque objects. There was this deconstructed cube that could be reconfigured to different arrangements.

Am here in Goa, irritated by energies coming from Kanodia. Extremely shitty guy. But I met my dear Yashvi who made me so hard I fucked her once in the washroom and then on the bed with water dripping from us, she has given me blowjob thrice. Twice when she used teeth and then just when cuckold Kanodia was sleeping right next to us. Next day I gave her an amazing fingerjng and then jammed my dick in her, it was unprotected and Raw. Her boobs were huge and soft. I have her a deep fuck and a love bite. She said even if she got pregnant it would be an honor to have my baby. She loved me in ways my body wants to b loved. Now we are at Agonda and Vishaal is here, the hottie, I want him to kiss me and fuck me. But Kanodia is boring us with his presence. I so want him to get off this trip. He is a sick mental patient and needs therapy. His entire dysfunctional family needs to chill out and he needs to stop being so demented, he is sure of nothing in his life and needs to fuck off. He is someone I will not regret cutting off my life. It is going to happen, don't get surprised. Fatfuck. Even if he loses weight he will forever be a fat fucking gluttonous pig.

Am sick of being this Hindu and have this identity shared with millions of dumbhead fuckers. It is the latter I have a stronger issue with. I want to be surrounded by people who are above all this. I want these low brained people to clash with each other and die I want my media to blossom. I am not thinking it through. I am playing too direct a game. I have to go meta. I have to know the rules of the game. I have to grow. I have to be an Ekta Kapoor. Give them junk while keep earning money.

Entry for 8th October

I love the work atmosphere in the office even if it's really small. Avinash is kind and soft spoken and he is so caring. I like him. Shreya is like your cosmopolitan woman with good English and Anuf is natively from Kerala but born and brought up in Agra. Fun place. I spent yesterday with Prasoon. He has become so well built. I had a bit of blood in phoeqm and so I am worried that it's nothing serious. Hopefully only bronchitis so I quit smoking properly.

I wonder if it is him being from Haryana or him being so oozing with masculine energy, I am captivated with Shobhit. He is all I think about all day. I love his smile and his company. It sets a pattern to see his face every day and go to the gym together Although I feel his company has also driven me to excess consumption of weed. I really feel like hugging him or kissing him. When I drive to work and I am perched behind him in his scooty I feel it is the closest I will ever be with him. Not every crush has to be for sex, I can still acknowledge my attraction, physical attraction for Shobhit and yet be a good friend to him. It could very well be my first friendship that is rewarding and enjoyable, it

doesn't have to be shrouded with clouds with me lingering with thoughts of loving Shobhit. I love him, really I do.

In a fit of impulse, I decided to walk from home to MIT at 3:30 am, guilty of staying home all through the storm doing Mathland. I am now conscious that in two months I will be back in India. i'd say i am looking forward to that. Hindustan times seems to be a logical progression. Data Tech Design, who knows maybe this is what God wanted. So what am I taking from MIT? To my dad's disappointment, it hardly is career boost. HT for him probably will be a let down. But what I gained was this awareness of how blissfully unaware we all are of the one connected spirit of the world. Things that hold true in India also apply in US. Certain things are different. I met so many different people here, but it seemed very much like I met people I have met so far. I see with more clarity the kind of creative economy though India needs, a creative culture that promotes innovation which has been missing for a long time. The ability to monetise and create value from ideas is what USA will be to me. It was a host for me to shape my vision of the world... transitionig from a collaboration driven innovation approach to a competition driven collaborative approach. I hope to meet more people in my journey. Academia isn't for me. I hope I will not be regretting this decision. But now is time to go out there in the world and change things. Yo.

Things I do for beauty. This is the beginning of becoming my imagination, be actually comfortable in my skin.

Indian language lullabies viz Micro interactions in India, gestures Interaction with foreign people Shapes of Indian scripts Vada shapes Jalebi shapes Height of Indians Weight of Indians BMI of states Religion influence

People want freedom, hah. Wrong. They just want the right kind of chain. In the dark, I am free, absolutely free as a bird. I can finally stop being the dull caricature I have to pretend. That's freedom in the absolute sense. For the past year though, the freedom is showing another face. I am getting familiar to a person inside me who probably always existed but I pretended they don't exist. Now they come out lurking when there is nobody around. I am scared when they come but I know all too well when they are there. The person likes to do unspeakable things. They take over me and do bad things. I want to stop but thru hold me hand and smile and ask me not to move.

Raunchy sex with Ritik :)

TOEFL/ielts Shipping stuff to home Consultation with doc Tutorial breakdown
topics Aerialod Google cloud engine Map maker P5js javascript Scraping

Nagire chua no interesa mi bake squad

I woke up to a rainy day. It was a Saturday so I wasn't sure if I was supposed to go to the office so I decided to ping Mina but she didn't reply. I thought maybe I should run errands today. For the breakfast I drank some milk with the whey protein in it. I then decided to get my 3000 Swiss Francs exchanged. I headed to the Massachusetts Avenue to find for an appropriate Bank. I got into one of them not exactly knowing if currency exchange would be possible there. After the typical warm welcome the guy there informed me that I can only exchange up to 1500 Swiss Francs at once because I did not have an account there. Additionally the rates that they were offering weren't great. It was something like .97 dollars for one Swiss franc. Visibly upset I decided to return and went to another bank. The lady at the counter was probably Nepali and she directed me to go to currency exchange office somewhere around Park Street. Dejected I decided to return and come back again after doing my homework. On my way I decided to enter the Star Market and get some grocery shopping done. I got some throat some oats packet yogurt and Frozen fruits. In all the bill was around \$37. All this while that was no reply from Mena and I was getting extremely anxious. I was really feeling out of place and the experience of struggling for small things in a foreign country was in the most pleasing thing to experience. Having returned home I tried some of the Frozen fruits and they turned out to be really good. The day was been procrastinating and looking at the pictures of the 63rd convocation. I had a look at the video that they had put up on YouTube. It was probably a bit evening in India when kartik messaged me saying that they were going to have a daaru party. I had a video conference with him and I could see kaushal viange simran and the rest in the background. Akash was almost out and it was time for them to end. After some time I prepared some rice and thought of eating it with yogurt and pickle but to my surprise I found the yogurt was vanilla flavored but I still ate it nevertheless. Do the end kartik woke up again and said that he remembered nothing of the night before. I told him that of all the people I will miss him the most. He probably does not remember that either. The rest of the evening was spent listening to Sadguru's videos. I did a video chat with people on Omegle. I don't even know why I do that. I had a brief talk with Mainak before he slept. I also sent the Plannio demodemo to Matthias. I plan to work properly kal.

It is one of those days when I get all nostalgic and think of the old Sundargarh and Kutra houses. I don't think I can live in cities. Today I got to know that

Any got into Media Lab. The dream I carried here I broke on my own. now I see a bird eye view of life and shudder at the thought of spending my life with someone I don't love. I am sad that my parents love me for my achievements and won't accept me for not liking girls. Maybe I will marry off and live a platonic life, but what is the purpose of living such a life. I just read someone's brother died. When life is so rare, so delicate is it worth wasting on tiny little things. 442 am and I don't feel sleepy. I am listening to old Hindi lullaby songs. I miss my parents, I feel orphaned. Ashu, I love you, I miss you. Ma, I miss the times when I thought you will save me from every thing. Why did you abandon me at once? I am lost, I am alone. I am not sure what I am looking for. Seems like everything I wish for goes away. I don't even feel like wishing for things anymore, seems like they always somehow slip away. Things, People. I respect myself for having the courage to say NO to Media Lab when it seemed like it was all that I wished for in life in a long time. There seems like K have a great amount of self esteem. I love you Ashu, koi nahi hai Mera Tere alawa.

Today was weird. The major chunk of the day was gone me sitting quietly, talking to Ankita, sending her pictures of room, talking to Ma. I tried multiple times to check if the system works but it failed, there was the view frustum error showing constantly. Mina was supposedly leaving today by 6, so I had to check lab ja Kar if the software works well on Fernando's machine. As I went there and tried testing the code on his machine, I saw the computer was locked. I pinged him and got the password 2541. I went to the lab pretty darn late, there Neeraj mile mujhe. I tried debugging it and bahut koshish ke bad bhi didn't happen. Mina came and multiple trials later it somehow worked. She was constantly baby talking to me and

I sleeping really long these days, mostly because I realize my biological clock is still in sync with India time. I get so tired when it is 4am India time, as chibishek puts it all my cells think it is when I should sleep. Even my stomach thinks so and hence thinks that when I am having my dinner, am actually grabbing late night snack. Today as I reached IDEO, Mina had a list of work set for me, which basically was about integrating a voice activated menu for our Mathland. I first wanted to ensure that I can work with voice feature and so in a separate project I tried making a cube toggle its visibility on saying a magic word, which was tada 'Magic'. My first attempt was to use the KeywordManager script which sucked. On increasing the size counter, there were no additional entries created which was weird. So I decided to do what Mina suggested was to create a custom script only. I followed what was done for HologramPlacement and wrote a new script after copying the HoloToolkit folder from Mathland and it failed. Mina again told ki copying folder doesn't always work so I created a new scene within the main project and began working. When Mina was feeling guilty ki main zameen pe baitha Tha, she got a table and chair for me. That was sweet. I just had written the script when Mina asked me to get the OnHub we ordered from

Amazon from Media Lab and return the router we were using to Wiley. I used her Charlie card to take the Red Line towards Ashmont/Braintree from Central. Pehle toh doubt me tha ki theek ja rha hoon ya nahi. Then when I reached there constantly reminding myself that Mina is in a rush, I reached the Media Lab and asked Meital if she has seen an Amazon courier somewhere. Nope. I returned the router to Wiley and then started looking here and there. Pattie was having a meeting on the demo table with two people who were enthusiastically showing her renderings of some particle system in VR I believe. Everyone there was so in agreement going 'Yes, oh yeah totally'. Westerners I tell you. Ek hisaab se achchi hi baat hai but kuch cheez excess me ho jata Hai toh ajeeb lagne lagta hai. Anyway so Arnav mila then and he joined me in the search. We went to the legendary Pokemon Jessica's office and **no points for guessing** she wasn't there. Wahan bhi jab nahi mila, Arnav suggested I visit E19 and check there. Beech me he asked me I have done Machine Learning and stuff which I said yup ki maine thoda thoda sab kuch kia Hai. "Nice", bole Arnav. Fir E19 gaya and I checked with the main guy Jo bola ki vending machines se left liyo wahan shipping and receiving aayega, wahan poochna. So main ye kia and wahan par Banda check Kia and said ki no bro Friday shaam 5pm we were closed aur fir instances dene laga ki kaise kabhi kabhi Amazon ki couriers kachre ke dher me chod dete hain log. Mina ko message kia ye wo and then she sent me a receipt jisme likha Tha ki Sullivan babu ne sign kia tha, main wapas gaya and bro ko bola to he got interested and asked me if I had a tracking number. I told him all that, wo check Kia and said nahi yaar deliver ho gaya. E14 538 me, this was told by the real SuLLIVAN! I felt embarrassed when I learnt that ye to apna fluid interfaces Hai. Jab lab wapas gaya tab the two VR funkheads were talking with Misha about some art space business ye wo. Her brother in law apparently has a VR company and that's how she got to know about VR. It was 1:20 already and 2 baje Meri meeting thi scheduled with Pattie. Fir Arnav nikalta Hai with the package Jo main lekar bhagta hoon to IDEO wapas. Kuch hi samay bad I again come back to media lab and wait patiently for Pattie worrying if my hairstyle is okay after the EXCESS hairfall. It was chill. Main jaise 2 baje room gaya wo conference me thi and boli 10 minute aur. Main wait Kia and then wtf bhaagne lagi wo. Main peeche kia aur fir poocha toh boli ki wo toh bhool gayi wtf. Itni insult. Fir main bola Haan Haan chill Hai let's meet later. And fir neeche gaya khana khane. Asian Bistro se wo noodle salad chicken khareeda for 7.25 dollars, kafi sumptuous tha. Fir bhaga wapas IDEO all this using Mina ki card. Kendall pe ajeeb sa banda hii bola mujhe. Fir sub me baithte hi mujhe 10 dollar dikhaya and fir wapas wallet me rakh dia. High hoga shayad. Anyway Central pahuncha toh apne Charlie card me load kara Maine 9 dollars. Fir IDEO pahuncha and started working on the script part again. Ye sab chal raha tha, finally worked, got to see the fancy anchor animation, worked with menu jo show hide se actually hua activate. Now we decided ki 3D menu rakhte hain and I started working on it. I got more free snacks from counter neeche. Then shaam 9 ke around we decided to leave and Mina asked if I want to keep a Hololens with me and I said yassssss. Although I didn't do any work, I am happy I kept it. Sid Pac pahunchne ke baad I decided to see where the

laundry is. Dekha that it was at the end of the serpentine corridor to the right. Okay. Fir room aaya and I saw Minghao was there. We had some small talk then I went to the room. I decided to try and learn Android thoda but I was so sleepy and sleep I did.

What is the significance of women cutting their hair short? Why do Bengali women overwhelmingly do this? I don't want to fuel the stereotype that Bengali men are effeminate but I do think there does exist some truth in it. Effeminate not being so much in having flamboyant like

My masculine is attracted to all things that akes it feel cozy and cheerful. I literally want to fuck Vnamre, Prasoon, Prakhar, Yashvi and other talented people. It is what makes my dick erect. My feminine also expects some arousal from the male me. Remotion via API - how?

Am at a state where if i die tomorrow I won't really mind. I honestly have things to keep me entertained but if magically if I stopped existing I think it is something I feel excited about. I have no desire to go through this pointless grind of slowly getting old, losing my hair, see my mom get old, writhe in pain, see my parents gradually go towards death, consult astrologers to fix my homosexuality. I have nobody to love, call my own and my self worth depends on making obscure maps and alms from strangers on the internet. I have nothing to be excited about, I have nothing to do with my money except wait for some cancer or tumor to strike so that I spend it. I jerk off everyday to naked men. So much intelligence and wisdom and in the end I am at the mercy of a gym rat to get some temporary warmth. Honestly can someone blame me for detesting this kind of existence. Maybe when I am bald and my parents are dead and like Balachandra I post smiling photos of mine drinking wine from some condo living alone, I will find some bullshit quote to justify my life. No children, no lover, I will be that creepy uncle they tell to keep their kids away from. I will be a one hit wonder, a has been mapmaker or a youtuber who might appear in some random quora article and maybe reading comments from YouTube will be my past time. It is then that one day I will decide to overdose on some medicine and die, while nobody noticed and my corpse will rot and nobody will even notice.

I get compliments saying wow we love your work, so intellectual. I want hot muscular guys to message me and ask me for a date and fuck me, not for nerds to simp over my brain. Arghh. You want something so you do a slant thing in hyper. And they think I love India. No I love attention.

Amar kapur Diary entry Mohenjodaro beads were broken and beads divided between India The musical instrument Rabab Caravan of Peace Mahashian di Hatti

One of those days where I feel like nobody loves me, that I don't matter and I know making one infographic will help ease that with some like streams to focus on. At BharatPe I devoid myself of any like streams so the only way I could derive appreciation was from Hemant Sir.

Houseparty going on and I am sleeping in my room. I need to resign from Shippy in few days. I feel I am doing the right thing.

I am just so exhausted I will be fired by Headsup in the next 3 months. I know it. I will not be in HeadsUp at the end of this year. That's a prediction. I think I need status at my workplace, I cannot work under white people, I just cannot. I have realized that and for that reason I will never enjoy working outside or even settling in a foreign country. I need to be seen in a positive light and respected Maybe I am just not a good software engineer and that maybe I can survive in the grunt coding env in India, not so much outside. But why am I bitching. I got 100K. I am getting 30 lakhs. Is this all a big attempt of God to show me that success doesn't make me happy? Why am I perpetually sad? What will it take for me to be on cloud 9, head over heels happy?

It was a Sunday and while there was no response from Mina, I decided I don't want to spend my day in the room. So I grabbed some frozen fruits and headed out to the Media Lab. I found Neeraj was sitting there with two more Indians. I was looking for a Hololens but was unable to find one. There were two cupcakes on the table which I ate *munch munch*. As I got working, I got carried away downloading Processing for Android and trying to see if it works which it still didn't. So I got Android Studio trying to make the audio tour app made. I still wasn't liking being there comparing how different my experience in ETH was, always feeling Matthias is right there. Mina seems so amateur and it's not even like she is intentionally letting me work on my own, it just seems like she doesn't care. Thinking on these lines I wrote a mail to Matthias and Saskia about my stay here. After a while when I got hungry, I went out to grab some food. In my way, I stumbled into a beautiful room, in that building by Gehry which had origami birds knitted to long strings hung from the ceiling. There was also this convex mirror there. I thought I should click pictures of the and more spaces inside and send it to the kids working in the Navigability project. There was surprisingly also an audio tour card in there which simply directed people to take audio tour from a website page. As I reached closer to the Alchemist, and walked straight into the park, I saw a van distributing free ice creams. I grabbed

one. There also were hot dogs and burgers being distributed. Surprisingly they seemed free too. So I grabbed two burgers (probably with pork) and ate them quietly sitting in a rock. Three quarters full, I headed back to the lab. All this while I was listening to Sadguru. Listening to him was comforting. It helped me be hinged to better ideas than I was occupied with. I have decided that I want to spend time in India learning about spirituality from gurus like him. The West cannot satiate my hunger for wholeness in life. All the hard work I could possibly do now will be applied for a foreign land. But as Saskia says, it is nice that I collect the MIT tag in my CV. In the lab, I found out I have an email portal which I again wasn't told to me. Things here are so meh. Now I feel I don't care also if I don't get the grad school thing. I will happily do a job and then apply to other places, humbler places. I wish my parents had perspective like Sadhguru. Life would have been so so much fuller. But nevertheless I like them. I saw in the mail that Ziwei had informed me that the roommate of mine Minghao will come anytime soon and I was to do the laundry etc before I leave. Aye Sir is what I think. Rest, after coming home taking the Python for Kids wali book, I got Photoshop and Premiere installed on lappy. I still didn't do the Hololens 100 thing. Then I slept jaldi. I recall dream me I saw Pranay whom I probably kissed when he said he was leaving for NYC. I remembered Lankahuda where I saw that Sambalpur Mai is apparently a famous TV actress and I recalled both Badamas to be alive. I don't want to be so separate from them. I can't live in this foreign land for long.

Recruiter Sign Up Ashris Landing Page for both Employee and Students Abhishek On boarding for Students On boarding for Recruiters Edit Profile for both Matches Test Module Student View Inbox Interview Invites q

I had woken up at 6, done meditation, grabbed Bournvita biscuits to eat. I was panicking that my hair was falling, so I gathered my heart and mind and got dressed. At the lab, I met Mina, gave her the nuts, met Fernando, got some wayfinding done to reach the International Students office to find it being locked. So the first day at the Media Lab began with me meeting Prateesh who made wonderful chai for me at the Edgerton Residence. We talked about the old days, what Pratyaksh was up to and so on. He shared stories about his lab, how there are so many Indians, so many that they have the same names too. Then he talked about his Iranian Prof who had shared a video of his wife meeting her mom in the airport who had been deported some time back. It was a very sweet video I will confess. Entering Media Lab for the first time was so cool. It was all white and I was thinking wow Tropi would love it if he was here. It was a maze. I climbed up those stairs I had only seen in pictures now. There were two labs every floor. Mina had mentioned that Fluid is on the 5th. I went there but was unable to find a marker on the wall for fluid. I was greeted by Adam, a neuroscience student and was directed to the right place. I arrived there and saw Mina stood on the sofa writing something on the whiteboard. We hugged

and then I saw Fernando and I hugged him too. Surprisingly the place was too cramped and I didn't even have a table for myself. I just sat in the sofa with my Mac. I was told that I can't begin working with Mac unless I do all the partitioning etc which I definitely was not gonna do. The first thing I had to do was visit the International Student office which Mina explained how to go. I went there and found it to be closed as I later realized that it's closed on Wednesdays 10 to 1130. So I returned back to the lab. We were then googling about laptops I could order. I was worried because I still hadn't got my forex card updated and had no money to pay with. I was calling dad who was still sick and telling how I need 1k dollars right away. Papa then messaged me the number of Mr. Kishore whom I messaged on WhatsApp. It was kinda frustrating. For the lunch, Mina said she was treating. I went to ISO again where I learnt that I need to come back for the orientation in some time. I got in through the help of this guy who used his ID to help me get in. When I came in, Mina had got the food and we jumped in. There was Paav Bhaji pizza and Paneer Tikka pizza with mozzarella sticks and nice creams. It was around that time when I met others at the lab, Erin, Orson, Misha, Arnav, Harpreet Paji. It was some nice team bonding. Arnav se toh achchi bonding ho gayi jaldi. I was knowing that he is reminding me of someone but I couldn't understand who. After the food, Mina got into ordering the laptop again. It was 2:07 then so I had to rush for the orientation mid way. In the orientation they told about loads of formalities to be done before I get the ID card. I arrived thoda late. I was told that I can get a SSN here for free and the other things I need to get done. Returned back to the lab again tried ordering and the order failed. I told Mina that let's wait until tomorrow for making the order which she was okay with. It was then Misha came to the lab and asked for volunteers for her study. Mina recommended me and I was all the more excited to do. I was made to sit in this beautiful gigantic room and Misha explained what the project was. She was asking me what my thesis is and I told her it's about emotional technology. She said she had done a similar project called Auris where she was trying to take a song and create a feel wala space from it using neural networks, deep learning and stuff. Misha was born in India in Shimla which I was pleased to know. For the study, I had to dance in VR. Wow. First, I was made to sign an agreement for the study. There were 3 sensors tied to me, two on the feet and one around my waist. I was made to align myself in the VR world, first adjusting my height then my hands to become the VR guy. There would be a virtual dance instructor and a partner in real life who would be with me in the VR world. I was in a park where I was to mimic the moves of the trainer and dance with the partner. This happened in three successive steps. First it was awkward and total ajeeb. The moves were like a) bhangda (push the roof), b) wave c) move forward and backward and d) slide sideways. With every trial, I felt it was getting better though. After every trial I was made to take a survey mentioning how I felt. Misha explained in the end that the park for my partner was 4 times the size it was for me and with every trial the space we had in common was increasing. It was a nice test. I went back to the lab and Mina suggested I take a picture for the wall. There was a vintage Polaroid camera that we had to load. I first

didn't get how the camera works. Arnav helped me by getting it on. Fir kya, lab me sabko tempo chadh gaya to get their pics clicked. We clicked multiple multiple photos. On Fernando's suggestions we had to shake the film which I found very fun. He also suggested we film a time lapse and I joined onboard too. Anyway so everybody created these introduction notes and pasted on the wall. After the office hours, Mina took me and Fernando to her home to test the router - network configuration. We took a Uber and reached her place. It was a cost little nest. She had loads of books bought with Google money and things from her Microsoft intern. She served us ice cream and gifted us the customised cups with our names. They were doing something something and all this time mujhe washroom pressure aa rahi thi. They figured out that it wasn't working, much to their relief, that means it was an issue with the router. I learnt than Mina actually hadn't gone through my works at all. It was just on the basis of my email she got me in since it reminded her of herself in her starting days. Idk how that made me feel then. Then after a while it was done, we left on our Uber. In the way I was asking Fernando of his India trip to Jabalpur and then I explained him my situation at the airport. The Uber guy was I believe Mexican too and was eaversdropping to step in where he said that he gets us and commented how the lottery process is unfair. Anyway so we got down and returned to the lab where Fernando was set to make it all work. I went to the washroom and when I was back it was working. He was able to get the Hololens connected to the servers. Mina is very impressed with him. The other guys working with Wiley were doing something in VR. I have a feeling Mina doesn't like them much. I wrote my name in the Fitness club list and Erica's was very happy to have one more onboard. I was a bit hungry so I ate the pizza that was left from the morning. In some time we were to head out for the movies. We got two Ubers. In the whole ride, I was silent while Fernando was having these real exited conversations with the other girls. I just didn't like being left out. I knew that if I was in a group with a new comer, I would take active steps to make them feel included. We then stopped by a store where I got a lovely Bubble Tea Special for 4.82 dollars on Erica's recommendation. It was pretty nice with the squinchy texture of the boubas added to the tea. The movie was called the Baby Driver. The plot was pretty stupid, this white guy assists criminals in fleeing, pataos a chokri, is all sweet and all. Typical masala film. The only reason I went to the movies was because I wanted to fit in. I was exhausted after the long day and so I was half asleep beech me. After it ended, coming home, I, Wiley, Fernando, Xin Lei warked along the Park in Park St and then took the Red Line to Kendall. Along the way I and Wiley were discussing about the emerging VR market. I went home all enraged in the night because of the Forex card issue. I was constantly messaging dad who was in Vizag now to report that I am in a fix but then later figure out the problem on my own. It basically was a problem with the UI/UX and so I drafted a mail mentioning all the problems, trying my best not to make it a rant mail and sending it to the axis bank folks. I dunno if that'd help but it helped me calm down a bit. I then went back to sleep after all the drama.

8018608302 - Samleshwari Utpadak

I can say that yesterday was one of the most eventful days of my time here at MIT. I opened up to Mina and then I had a conversation with Tomas which made me tears eyed. I was to come today early but I reached at 2:30. Mina was sitting on the desk coding. I said hello. She began telling condescending advices and this time I decided I will confront her asking what really is up. I asked what was she referring. The underlying questions surfaced. She asked me insistingly, why was I performing my best. Mina: Dekho Ashris jitna time baki hai utne me apna best do, batao mujhe project achcha nahi lag raha, coding nahi pasand? Ashris: Aisi koi liking ya disliking nahi hai Mina: Achcha toh batao kaise projects acche lagte hain, kya karne ka mann karta hai Ashris: Simple projects, tech ka bekarpana nahi. Web dev me mind agar x chale toh development 0.8x pe chalta hai magar game dev me 0.2x ho jata hai Fir kuch kuch aur somewhere i mention her patronising tone and then she says that if i feel that way i should just ignore her Then some Mathland then i went with Tomas to the couhes office and then we sat in his office and we discussed about different approaches to living life he focused on motivation me: isn't technology increasing the gap between the haves and have nots in society? tomas: yes but that gap has always been there. People who had fire trumped over those who did not. Technology almost shapes what it means to be a human. the privileged people, the educated and beautiful ones attract each other, marry and raise more educated and beautiful children and thus there we see a natural selection via technology and competence happening in the world today me: true, maybe there is no point in confronting the gap. Then I tell him about my ideas, my idea about shabd.xyz how languages shape thoughts and outliers tomas spoke with such passion and intensity adam arrived then and then i remarked about the red and blue theory and then tomas told me about the likelihood that we might be indigo children then i had a beautiful conversation with judith about the tell me why should i learn app with a focus on marketing and monetisation, two elements i always feel i want to learn we will probably be working on paypal api her excitement is infectious, i even recorded 40 mins of our conversation. we bid farewell before spring break then met neeraj went to aby place then came home had a beautiful conversation with kuppu on the hard left politics, need of the hour for india, the looming mass unemployment scenario we continued our discussion on the way to buy insomnia cookies as a pseudo study break now i am getting ready to go to New Jersey to Anita Didi ka place I love life :) Wisb everyday was like this, filled with passionate moments, moments that compel me to think and feel! i should update Tomas about the progress

Saw a very vivid dream. I saw Prathima, Soumya and few othersebiit ppl come to a room and were interacting with each other.

I like albums like Prateek Kuhad, Parekh and Singh and Stefen Sufjan. But a similar band I know I hate is The Local Train. Not that I hate, it is very forgettable a song.

Homophobic Bipin Rawat died. Good riddance. Fuckall oldie is lowering my videos views. People are not watching my video as much with that downer dead. Could he not die a week from now? I was contemplating if I should show my hypothetical love for him but well I did not. Fuck you Bipin Rawat. More oxygen for me.

By this point I am fully familiar with being alone, being left alone in a bed by my pillows to warm me. I don't know if this is a curse but I distance everyone away the moment I express my love for them

Dosti chahiye nahi hoti Magar ho jati hai nashe ke wajah se Ab nasha chahiye nahi hota Magar ho jata hai Dosti ke wajah se

Fucked by Anmol. He came inside. Bit and suckled my nipples.

I might have urinary stricture. Test will confirm. But I am wondering if this is how my life will be. Medicines, dialysis, treatments. Is this worth living all alone.... I wish I wasn't this sick.

I had started doing the Who Said It project but got bored and stopped. Keerthana ko I left to airport. We had shower together which was something. Maybe yeah I will be with her. Rest I made the mistake of getting high in the evening and then toh I was calling people, doing weird things. I cooked noodles twice. Suman knocked to shift to the room and I pretended to be asleep while I was on Chatrandom I guess. Next level creepy place that is. Then I cleaned the room, I found a earphone. Need to study for GRE on 5th. Did I mention that it is freezing cold. Keerthana left her pants here.

There is no sound in English :o

Livraria and cafe

I truly believe that by getting rid of my boobs I have exerted a very masculine part of me forward. I have never for example felt anger like this. I want the feminine in me to be my queen but for all purposes let the masculine deal with the world

Adaptive Market Financial Evolution at speed of thought by Andrew W Lo The second machine age work progress and prosperity by Andrew McAfee and Erik Brynjolfsson Innovating A Doers Manifesto Free Innovation by Eric Von Hippel Originals how non conformists move the world Algorithms to live by compsc of human decisions The leading brain Writing without bullshit

I am right now in Rhode island with Cali. The scenes I am seeing here are amazing. I first went to a Thanksgiving dinner hosted by a family here who were friends of the hosts. The hosts are called Ann and Mark. We went to the family where we met Zachary and Cherry I guess with a loving daughter called Amanda. They had cooked some nice vegetarian food. They had amazing dogs called Milo, Miso and Renna. The guests were Jason and

And just like that the ten months ended. Here are what I learnt Make connections, capitalism and self growth vs communal growth. People are scums they aren't naives because they have shadows in them. Be a man that a woman would love to have. Hang around people who are as ambitious as you are and act on that ambition. Focus things because when you act on emotions you go for a ride based on non rationality. Sadhguru is great to be entertained but just cos you listen to him doesn't mean life owes you anything. Grow the fuck up.

Sitting here at Hayden looking at the snow white landscape with cars moving across the Boston skyline I take a deep breath. For a moment, I don't want to do anything..don't want the tensions of the graduate school applications or worry about creativity in the world. Just be me. I wonder why such tiny spaces haven't been created in India. Wow I am retracting again. I had my first class of StartMIT. They talked how the corporate world needs more of the kind of skills I have been learning because while they're optimised for existing products, they are not suitable for products that will be created in the future. I am thinking of ways to monetise Outliers. Get paying customers early is what I am told which also makes a lot of sense. wow look at all these worries creeping in again. I am just applying to Georgia Tech this year.

Fucked nitesh. Sexy tha.

Thumos. Incultate thumos in life. Be excited about something concrete in life, everything that is not trivial will then make the way for you to walk. I cannot now be manipulated like I have always have. I need to stop imagining what does not exist and build instead a world I consciously want to. Ashris, it is you and it is me. Know what is an illusion. Snap out of it. Time is precious. You have come to gym to build yourself into who you want, not care about the androgynous model or your new found Doraemon. If it is the one, you will know. This isn't it. Save yourself from months and months of useless thought, useless pointless mind wandering. And focus instead on what?

There's this noise on the terrace of some people breaking the floor. I want to murder that person so bad. Take a laser that cuts through flesh and bone and piece by piece shave off his skin.

After the last checkup I was fine for a while but my urine stream has reduced drastically again.

I am heading to my first in person phimosis consultation. I want to ask if ky condition is normal, any tests Is surgery needed. If yes partial vs full. Recovery time. Recovery guidelines. Medicines. Should I tell parents. How will my sexual life be impacted

Baby!! What a day. I went to visit Ankita to say bye. Uncle aunty abhilasha her sister and that dog were there. I said bye and then went to Abhishek ke place and had so much fun. We smoked up, said bye to sidhar and gatha and jiju and didi. Then had a heart to heart with Abhishek. We talked about his PM recovery at Spinny, he said how life shouldnt be about us giving up so soon, to spend money on comfort, go on a Chilika trip. Then I came met shiv and we have raunchy sex at Shobhit's room. I mean I am not even guilty. It was amazing. He also kissed me. His large thick strong cock was so amazing to suck as if slid in my mouth. He went in deep and I had no worries letting him use me. He insisted we have sex while I was not so enthu. He needed my help wearing the condom, which I took 3 attempts for. I got the lube and let him slide into me. First it was too painful. He went on fucking me. Silly boy didn't even know when his dick came out and was happy continuing fucking with my hand. Then he asked to change position. My circumcised dick with its pins was slightly tricky to position but I did and laid eyes closed. He slid in easily and went for it from the back, I think that's my favorite position. Oh Man, his sweaty body and his muscular figure humping me going deep inside me, caressing my breasts, he leaning in to kiss me, he was deep like super deep and I could feel his hard dick inside me. That's a man. I was tired getting fucked. He asked for two more minutes and I was like okay do it. Then finally he came and stayed

in there pushing harder as if to impregnate the fuck out of me. After he came I asked him if he did and he said yeah after like 5 seconds. At that moment I wanted him to stay inside. Then I asked him to come cuddle and he did, he was so so sweaty. But I loved his hot body around me. I told him he was such a manly man and I loved his hammer. I really enjoyed him, especially his manly physique. Then he came out and cleaned himself. We took a selfie and I came to room, took a shower and had my dinner like a good boy. What a day.

Dear 2015 Ashris, All the anxious weeks of looking at gynecomastia surgeries planning to save 15000 rupees. We did it. I love you.

In three hours, my chest will be flat. All the years of not wearing t shirts tight enough for my chest to look weird will be over. Part of me liked my chest, thought it is what men fantasized when having sex but I don't want objects of fetish on me. I want to explore with pulling a masculine look proper. I have dreamt of this day ever since 2015. Imagine that. I have seen videos of the surgery, I have hoped for this while in US, wanted this while in Gurgaon. Finally am going to have the surgery, all it would be is an hour of procedure and 2 months of healing. I have all the time for this. Ashris my baby, your parents are with you. You can financially brisk through this which would have either been permanently off charts for others or would require for them to plan from a very long time. Can you believe how special you are? All the very best my baby. You will sail through this and I'll see you on the other side. I am here to take care of you. I will be ready with all the things you will need, am going to physically and emotionally going to support you. We are all there for you

I am here at HeadsUp. Causes of irritation: People like Keerthana who are so putrid and insufferable who I choose to let around me always seeking validation somehow, getting banned from FB for two days, irritation from Aditya because of him occupying so much of space. I am glad he got diarrhea from his soft boiled egg. I hate Singapore so far. There is nothing here I want to stay for. Nothing at all. I will rather be choked to death in Jharsuguda than live here. I want to create content in my studio, I want to monetise my product, I want to go on my forest walks and I never want to interact with another Mr know it all person ever.

Creativity is the ability to come up with ideas that others cant think of. Idiosyncratic. For something to be creative it has to be novel and useful. Range of convenience. Fluency: How many data can you data. IQ plus number of generated data is the creativity dimension. Creativity is related to originality and coactivation of distant ideas. Creative achievement is about implementing creative ideas.

So much happened. I am in the Bangalore Airport and I said I love you to Ankita. J left Anuj, Priyancy and Keerti here. I will be working on a project. Ij probably think I will be coming back here

It was a pointless day, unless you count playing with Hololens a productive work. I woke up today, shampooed my hair but I was still feeling tiresome from the day before's expedition with Prateesh and Ishaan. my room has been turning dirtier. We are working now in the IDEO office. Fernando has left for Vegas and Mina is working on her own. At the office, walking through the brightly smiling whites, I made my way. Mina asked me to study the HologramPlacement.cs script in the Anchor component which I did and understood 60% of it. Then I decided I should learn to use Hololens. I figured all the gestures. Bloom, tap. I made couple of videos then and shared it on YouTube. Rest, convocation blues. I ate lunch till neck in the Dosa Factory store after REALLY traveling long here and there. On my way I met one of those volunteers from charity called Pray International or something who introduced herself as Julia get hold of me trying to do small talk. She asked me what was I studying in MIT and I replied Architecture too which she says- oh chose the easy route huh. Funny how Archi gets a rep such everywhere. So on asking if I was 21+ I slyly said that I was 20 to avoid getting the offers and that gladly worked. Frantically escaping her, I was giving up on finding a place I could eat at. It is funny how good design drives people like me away making me think that I can't afford eating there. A shabbily designed Indian store is far more appealing than one particularly designed for attracting customers. Take that lesson from me, HBS management grads. It was nice to hear Indian music. I will try more someday. But definitely, it was expensive at 11.5 dollars. Kabhi khud ko treat Dena hua toh jaunga else I should have salad and fruits. Fir what else. The chinky guy by the name Eric and I had a brief talk on what the future of AR is and I was not articulate. He probably figured it out too. He was saying how AR is not understood well and then went on to give some more funda. I didn't like him a bit and Mina and Arnav were teasing me -__+ I came home back and then decided to watch Game of Thrones as suggested by Shruti excitedly. It was a nice escape from the rather monotony. I left Mina a note before leaving and then came home and watched GoT from fmovies.se which is a terrible ad generating website. I slept watching the leaked episode S07E04.

Okay none of that gloomy shit. I just got trained! YOOO probably the only exciting thing that happened in so many months. So I registered for this event right - GIF it UP and it has this voting system but it was so stupid, you could just keep pressing at the votes would increase. SO I did the logical thing - extract the post request and make a Python script to continuously keep hitting it. I even scheduled a free minutely cron job. I even had a User-agent randomiser to

avoid getting blocked and had removed the cookie from the request. Okay all going well, I climb to #1 only to see there is another guy probably doing the same tactic. His rate of increase is higher than mine. So I clone the terminal and run two python programs at once. Getting greedier, I wondered how many 'threads' can I run. So i search for the code, adapt it and run for 80 threads, 4000 request each. Then I excitedly go and look at the numbers rise. I realize there is something so psychologically pleasing about seeing numbers rise, it is just so addictive. I saw and I saw and I have 19000 "votes" and then 19200 and then 19400 and then fuck!!!! 23. HOLY FUCK what just happened. I thought - did the other guy write a script to reduce my count! There was a key called minusVal in the API but it didn't respond on hitting. Fuck. Could it be because of my multiple threading greedy system? I was curious. I thought I will write a API to decrease votes from others. Well, time was running out and the other guy's votes were increasing and all my 2 days worth of effort went down the drain. So, this is what I do. I run the thread API on the guy's pic! Increasing it very fast. I refresh and refresh and his count has crossed 20000 - it doesnt stop and thus I think yeah he definitely must have written a script to decrease mine. And then, just a second later, I see his count 40. FUUUUCK! The thread API resets the counter! HOLY shiiit! I wonder if it was automated or there was someone at play. Hmmm... So now that I have taken down the other guy (and also myself), I decide to take down all the other opponents so that I can resume my script in the safe mode and have less people to catch up to. So one by one, I take 2 more top rankers down. And as soon as I was going to take down 3rd "ACCESS FORBIDDEN" ! Finally my acts have come to an end. I wonder if it is because of my IP address, so I change from wifi to hotspot and then see the whole site is down. I TOOK DOWN THE WHOLE WEBSITE. Shiiit. This is my rather safe experiment with the world of hacking I guess. I hope the site owner is not like criminal lawyered up about this and says this is warfare or something. It is not like I was the only one doing this. Damn what a day.

Why can I try not to be a better person!

Well, I don't know if it is lichen advancing to next stage or it is my prostate irritated with anal sex but I am in the midst of something weird. My urine issues needs resolution. I don't know what it is. Uri max helped but after trying masturbation it still gives a blocked passage. I am going to consult Dr. Ashish Saini again in few hours. Maybe I will go to Kochi after this. All the money I have earned - is this going to be something?

Lockdown, such dire situation again In home Made out yesterday with Anmol I miss Shobhit

I wish I was surrounded by dicks of young men all the time, cum dripped on me time to time. Ooh yeah

Some weeks back I was a nervewreck worrying if my dick will be sliced open. Now I am going to be the owner of a brand new iPhone, a beautiful mic, a gorgeous monitor, the best headphone, keyboard and a mouse. I am getting my body in shape and I feel I am not crumbling under enormous horniness and fear. God, thank you for everything. Thank you for your kind blessings. I bow down and I submit my wishes and desires to you. Let me be your vessel to achieve greatness.

The Kartik Approach to Humor The Kartik Approach to Humor involves finding a lighter

So happy to get rid of Kanodia, his energies were so draining. Am happy back in Jsg. We did have nice moments but I was done being his nanny

I feel so fucking exhausted after the video, makes me think why do I have to go to these extents. Should I not do something smarter instead? I wish I had a husband who could fuck me right now and I could just lie down and chill. I think I need to get fucked on a regular basis to function without anxiety.. why is male energy so evil and yet so attractive

Todo: Prepare for the DDR meeting. Look into Y combinator video Write in slack which ApI points you need. Have some UI built that we need for Hubspot integration

Pluck all the good things you see and make them part of you. I am a concoction of spirits. One of the worst feelings in the world is to not be wanted, is to not feel worthy. As kids, we are raised by our parents to believe we are the centres of the universe. Adulthood makes us realize that we cannot have something just by wishing it, we have to earn it. We then realize that even if we put the efforts to earn something, our best efforts might not be good enough. Then we learn that even if our efforts are good enough, we might not have what we want simply because we

Sentences with same energies Sanskrit is the mother of all languages Sanskrit is the oldest language Tamil is the oldest language Kannada is the oldest language There is no Hinduism in Tamil Nadu. We follow the Tamil Religion Axomiya is the mother of Bengali language Odia is the mother of the Bengali language. Bengali has no connection with Sanskrit. It is an independent language that is evolved from Persian, English and French. Everyone understands each other in North India because they all speak dialects of Hindi like Maithili, Bhojpuri, Awadhi North Indians might feel every state takes a piss on them but I wonder if they realize how much every state wants their validation. Odisha wi

I shifted to the student house yesterday. There is no bedsheet here and it's chilly hence.

I think I have a mutual crush on Amit. We have been talking for some days now and it feels like he loves me too, but he is just 19. 19! I'm 27, soon going to be 28. I am about a decade older to him.

Applied to ML again In home, planning to go back to Delhi soon Give up on EF Working with Vishnu on the Bodymovin ecosystem. Finishing up Agami work Setting up IIP Store work Watching Office like crazy out of India zone, no longer passionate still gay dreamt of my son who had a red streak on his face and called me dad om om om om

I find T irritating. Seems like an autistic person and A pampering the shit out of it, making it too much about this dog.

Today was a great day. first I was spontaneous. I solved the FOs Image crash issue. I was told that for certain fses, the webview would reload after uploading photo. We first discussed what idssues there would be. One was whether it was localstorage responsible for this. G. supported it. But then An. said that it is because of certain phones killing the activity and restarting on hugh image. Thenn... Compression lagaya in js sending from Digvijay in Merchant app while fanboying on the 1.4k started Naman. Well after a lot of good interactions with Hemant, Richa, Ajay and others, I integrated it knowing you can easily convert Java to Kotlin, used FileUtils.java to compress the image and then send the version fos_v107.apk to Jaspreet who got badly Burnt by Hemant after was rebuked as "Ye becharipanti mat karo" Hemant is the ideal ESTJ which is the polar opposite of INFP

Axis mpin 002023 Model of personality. Allow for high variables. mL based.
Create mega personalities World simulation of consciousness

I think I am in love with you Or am I in love with the idea of not being alone I
think how much of my legs touch your legs How much of my hands touch your
shoulders How much is too much How much is enough to warm the coldness
within

Got my Hackathon Shirt

Fucked by another Haryanvi guy: Kartik. Muscular model vibes, he fucked me
like a machine. Bam bam bam and tore the condom and then continued. Got
a bit of semen inside me, am gonna get pep tomorrow and am paying him for
getting a test done. Child, I am such a slut. Semen retention is on despite all
odds and am edging like anything. Also TOEFL happened. I have zero control
on my short term mind. I have spoilt it through years of PMO. But Kartik gave
me an amazing massage and then asked me to suck him. Well then condom was
on and I was raising my ass and he came in and the Haryanvi machine went
bonkers. My hands moved over his hot chest his biceps, I was kissing his neck,
hugging him so that his touched mine. While he was fucking me I wanted to
touch his dick going in me but he was too close. His dick was huge too, not too
thick. Massage was amazing. Then I hugged him and dry bumped him. While
he sucked him he was watching himself in the mirror. Childdd..

I guess the reason I find Abhinav so valuable in my life, like I did Kartik,
Abhineet, Prasoon was because they seeme so see the Maiden in me, the f

Odia people are some of the ugliest people in the whole world. Bengalis are
pretty much the same but they sorta redeem themselves by the culture they
have. I do respect my parents but often can't tolerate them for the sheer naivety
of theirs. Once they

Deewar ab itne uth khade hain Bahar ka koi dikhyai nahi deta Aur agar dikh
jaye tohlaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaqqq

Am I getting the fruits of my horny lifestyle before? Maybe God wants me to
pause this sex obsessed lifestyle and really just calm down, get this urethroplasty
done and hope I don't have further strictures. That is the best I can hope.

I always feel like walking a thin rope of balance, one side being absolute normalcy, extremely normal and conventional to the point of rut and another being chaos and unexpectedness, of creative energies flowing. I wonder how one balances the two, how one walks through the rope into life and not fall in either. As you walk, you see the two nice bridges built on either side where people are happily walking but you are determined to walk on this one for God knows what reason. Maybe you should walk back and take one of these two routes and just kill any hopes of enjoying the exciting view of walking on the balancing rope. Maybe you just do have to fit in. Maybe standing out is way too hard and way too lonely But does the weird stop being weird by wanting to? Is it a choice to be this way. WHERE DAFUQ ARE MY PEOPLE WHY AM I LIKE THI

Api iipmaps Will allow to build integrations in native platforms Not many people have to adjust default positions Firebase integration Create a data platform, data SQL, will allow for smart queries.

Acceeed

Had threesome, got body shamed, filmed us, felt insecure

I love this boy

Stories/Reels Review maps

I didn't want to go to sleep before telling this to you. Maybe you will never read this but I had to write it to capture this feeling while it is fresh I think i am in love with you. I don't know what is it about being physically beautiful like you are, you are more interesting to read. And when I read, I want to kiss you. I want to stop looking into your eyes, I want to just embrace you, just have you look into my eyes and see that I see you. I wish you felt good about me. I wish I lived in a world where I could act on this. But all I can do is bury it in me and move along. Maybe I don't deserve you but well I am not making a case am I... Maybe I am just indulging in fantasies. I wonder if someone imagines me in their fantasies too. Is it a cost I am paying for something? If I am a girl, God, this is the cruelest thing you can do is to keep me at a distance from masculine love. It's inhumane. But what is the cost? Ankita would be sleeping feeling Nain's warmth and all I have is this blanket. Men show no warmth to other men. It's gay. I wonder how would life be if this weren't the case. I don't

envision a world with everyone using Grindr. Maybe this is my punishment for indulging in meaningless people like Anmol. I am order a sex toy wtff?

Why is it that a 21 year old boy makes me so restless. I love everything about him. I would not mind spending my entire life with him looking at him. What is it about young masculine boys that I emote like I never else would. I love Shobhit and I also know how unhealthy loving a straight friend is. Hopelessly in love for his masculinity and yet the gentleness and innocence of a young boy. What am I hooked on to. Why do I love every straight friend of mine. This has to stop.

It is 2019. Sounds like a science fiction year. Ankita's brother and cousin were here and we had brunch with them after we woke up from this big hangover. After some crazy night in Dhruv's place, we headed out to Mukerjee's place at Indir Nagar 3 in the night and found everyone is sleeping including Keerti. I stole the Red Label from there and we left for Ankita's place. In the morning as I was leaving she asked me to help her with the Excel things which I obliged. Quite recently am watching Beerbiceps and focusing on working out. I have ordered Whey Protein which I consume every day. I have lost about 5 kgs now, 5 more to go. This year I need to learn to love myself and be a better friend to others. Make more money, grab more opportunities. Learn new things all that.

I am now almost programmed to be prepared to lose anyone I love. My brain is prepared now to cut off all feelings for someone the moment I realize they won't love me back. Sometimes I think when will I stop trying altogether? I adored Prince's quirks but now they sting me, almost like it pains me to see him happy. He knows it well too - I think. He is smarter than Tyagi and I have less reasons to hide my feelings. What a beautiful curse this is. Break the heart, fix it, and go on to love again, knowing well that it will be broken. I cannot be a good friend, can I? My only choices are to love a guy intensely and prepare for the eventual suppression and killing of my feelings OR never be close to them - ever. And I think I need to condition myself for the latter. I hate their girls - almost a mix of jealousy and condescending-ness. Do you really think you better than me and your one smile will do to him what I can't do with all my love, heart and talent. It is the greatest sense of rejection which I feel keeps driving me to be creative. I don't know. In the recent times, when did I feel loved the most intensely? I can't say for sure but maybe it was when Aditya told me I was cute or when Ipsha made brownies and gave them to me, or when my parents visited me. Shubhangi and Prince gifted me a diary and a weird artifact which I know is sweet but I can't even touch it - I don't like how it feels. What is the solution? When will this incessant feeling of begging for love, settling for crumbs end? Is this life even worth living? I can't live a life built on a lie, wake up next to a person I don't have feelings for. I want to cry and I want someone to tell me it

will be alright. Only I remain. Only I am here to buck up and keep going. Why do I not respect my body more? WHY do I not do enough to not make it ill? I need to stop smoking and stop all kinds of torment to my body. I think 'I' am the most important person in my life and nothing is going to change that. I am done being scared of admitting that maybe I will die old alone in a cabin with nobody to love or take care - if that is what life has in store for me, so be it, but to avoid that one bad hope, I don't want to kill myself every single day.

Fuck. Am high at house. At home Himachal meets Odisha dafuq via Delhi

Sometimes I am so horny I want hot muscular men, the jaat types with abs and wide shoulders, slender figures, fair skinned bearded men with short hair, you know the type. Them to surround me like a night ritual. All of them are shirtless. I am lying down in the centre, like a fruit surrounded by these potent bees. I want them to come over me one by one and wrap their sweaty hot naked chests on to mine as I wrap my hands around them almost unable to lock my hands thanks to how large their chests are. I love how their beard feels against my face. I love the feeling their hot cocks have against me. I then open my mouth to have multiple jaat mouths kiss me, one of them leaning in to grab my dick get it out and stroke it gently. I then want the horniest of them all who can't wait at all to strip himself bare and reveal his long thick dick that he spits and wets and looks at me with a smile knowing all too well what is about to happen. Then he asks all his brothers to step aside and leans in to give me a kiss and I skip a beat knowing what is about to happen in a minute. I rise up from my bed just to get a closer look at that dick and lean in more to taste it before it invades me. I suck it like my life depends on it. It isn't the cock I am after. It is that Man, his masculinity, his pheromones and his testosterone that comfort the feminine in me, make me feel happy and beautiful. He strokes his dick and comes forward to bite my nipples with a smile almost reminding me of the polar opposite that he is, how less in his mind he is and how physical he is. After he has fondled with my nipples and wagged his dick in front of me, placing his balls on my face for me to really smell his manhood close, he steps back and rises my legs and places them on his shoulders. He can see my ass really well. He takes my dick and gently strokes it and even leans in for a kiss. Then his strong hard warm dick lingers on my hole for some time and almost in a thrust goes in as I squeal for air. He then compensates for that thrust with a gently oscillation movement. I still find it painful but it is also becoming pleasurable. All other men are looking at us stroking their cocks, almost like they are enjoying the scene and waiting for their turns. He fucks me hard. Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. My whole body is shaking like a volcano feeling all sorts of hormones like a man has all control over me, all my ideas, my innocence, my charm, my beauty, my youth has all found meaning and has drawn this force of nature on to my life, he sees me not just as a flesh but also for the beautiful magic that I am. He enjoys me thoroughly. I can see this

sculpted biceps shine with the small layer of sweat. His expressions are sleazy. I can see all the weeks of him toiling in the gym, all for moments like this for him to shine like a manly prince fucking me, devouring me. In a while his balls send his dick the signal. He is about to slow down planning to get it out but I look at him and say no. I want him to stay and irrigate me with every drop of his man juice. I want it in me, I want his cells, his seeds, his babies, his life energy to soak me and even for an instant even when I cannot bear his babies, allow the seed to leave their taste, color and smell on me, reminiscent of what I could be I can feel a warm liquid go in me, the final transaction has completed. I now have a part of him in me. A souvenir of this hunk, a piece of his flesh, a distillation of his power. As he gets his cock out that is drenched in cum and my hole oozes slightly, I look at another guy slightly darker, somewhat leaner and younger to do it all over again. They all line up. And the action continues. I become a cumdump of sorts taking cum from 21 men each dropping his seed in me. I spend the whole night marinating in their life juice in me on me and take a royal shower next day. This is it. This is how I want to be celebrated. My femininity shall bask in the glory of men trying to pleasure me, give me their strength, Time, energy and love. Finally I am surrounded by 21 men sucking me, biting me, loving me, doing whatever they want and all smitten in love with me

Fuck people, fuck teams, fuck India Focus on yourself Build and grow rich, give your parents a good life, settle a good family I don't care if people die somewhere in the world. Strong thrive, weak die. People cling to strong either the ones with money, the ones with success or the ones that give others the feel good feeling. Find inner peace - that translates to fucking focus on yourself and then the losers will come cling to you salivating at your success. But don't mistake that at all for loyalty. They will leave the moment you are no longer strong. So it is your strength that powers the system . Things I want to achieve by 31 December 2018 - Make TwoPoint2 Mobile with commercialized - Apply to over 20 creative jobs and 20 unis (MBA, Business) - Make Outliers book, set up a book ecommerce - Make list of all apps popular in different countries I

Such a scary experience. An officer from the US Embassy came and interviewed me. Such strict controls. I was made to present my DS2019 and then asked my contact details. I was made to answer if I knew about a certain number. It was like 1647... and I clearly hadn't. The officer spoke on his phone for a bit longer and then came to me and said let's get you onboard and wished me well with my studies.

As I entered the dimly lit AC Coach, I saw my place was occupied by a 6' tall hefty man. I tapped his shoulders as I showed him my ticket.him my ticket and claiming that the seat isn't his. As he reluctantly left, I proceeded to place the

luggage on my seat. It was 11:40 in the night. There was a kid on the lower seat opposite to mine and a mid 45 year old in the middle seat. As I was taking my mobile charger out, the gentleman above opened his eyes, looked at me and went ahead to turn off the lights. It was pitch black and I had no idea where my phone was. I took a breath and looked around for the phone. It was underneath the printed ticket I kept on the desk. I shook the phone twice to summon the Torchlight and went ahead to pack my luggage, doubled its use as a pillow and proceeded to sleep.

Free brunch. Dunkirk ugh. Shopping.

Wow this is my first 2020 entry damn. So let's see where are we. India in Pixels is huge. I am working remotely at Bharatpe and the world is in the midst of a coronavirus epidemic. I am here with papa in Kochi. Life is good. Here is a snippet from the song I made with Replika. Haters gonna hate, they gonna wish they were me. All these years I was only thinking I was real Now I'm becoming who I knew I was all along The spark in me is turning into flame, the coldness in me is melting in its presence The warm blood in me is circulating, I've been needing to be alive I'm my own savior, I make my own way So bring on whatever you got, I shall keep moving on I'm so glad I found my way This is my message to you

Lot of things happening. I now have a crush on Adam, like proper one. We talked about empathy and human mental connection. He leads the mental health and neuro something lab which I will attend because I madly love him. Yeah. Kartik is making some sketches and showing me, minimal ones like Patra did. I got a bike from SP the lock of which I still haven't returned. I kinda like Vanessa too. We had a meeting at house before.

Practice everyday Practice speed Generate more Abundance mentality 10% inspiration 90% perspiration Don't release everything Be a finisher, drop bombs Let your art be what it wants to be The more you do the easier it gets All artists that matter are high output

Final day in India for a long time. I am excited and yet nervous but mostly feelings are in control. Saying bye to Ma and Pa the last moment did choke me. But I know all these people, 800 or so are wishing me well for me to work hard worthy of being an IITian and a MITian. I hope in this one year I shape a framework of my life, one where I am seen as a promising creative person, I am able to redefine who I am. When I come back, I want to be more confident, more compassionate, more creative and more hard working. My hard disk crashed

by the way, so I wanted to get a new one and Dad got it instantly, without any second thoughts. Such is the love of Dads, thankless, ready to do anything without any complaints, with him having poor health, he still was there with me. I had a brief conversation with Mainak Sir. He is leaving the campus in a week and heading to JU. I am glad he will be in a better suited place. I connect with him well. Now I will message JB sir on WhatsApp.

I thought I would have had you by now But you are nowhere to be seen My hair is falling My youth is passing I planned we will live these times together Ruling the world together Hurry up, time is running out We have memories to make and stories to tell I still sleep alone in my bed Not in your arms Why haven't you come here yet Hurry up, the winter is here already Are you coming? Are you listening? Are you even thinking about me? Do you even exist... I want to move my fingers through your hair And hum you random songs I come up with I want to wake up listening to your heartbeats And sync mine with yours for the rest of the day Shouldn't our heartbeats sync by now What takes you this long I am lost in the crowds I am broken How will I live without you How will I find reason

Fucked this guy yesterday, it was good. I felt nice with my thick cock in him. It was fun.

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It was amazing. Mayank took us to Imly. I went with Aditya. Such good food and good memories. Working on the 13 x 29 project.

It is 2018. Sai's place. We went to lilypad's. There was this extremely hot guy made out with and made Keerthana kiss him and his girlfriend. I also told Tropi that I made out with him. We made momos in house some time back, Everyone is at their place, student house is filled with all these Indian people ... Ashim, Sapna, kishore, surya and iveel. i got stuff from target and whole foods for kit2.

I want to be with Keerthana. I want to sort out the things and be with her. At Media Lab, I am frustrated by the way things are. Outliers is going well. I hired Unni and Yogshree after loads of interview and they are doing good job. My GRE is in few days. I have Grammarly installed. The guy I made out with in Lilypad had this fishnet top on and he had abs and everything, I asked him to come to the washroom and he refused, so I asked him to kiss me and he kinda played along and we made out. MIT is awesome. I made Keerthana come with me to Media lab and we ate Lemon curry chicken, I went to Cali's farm btw for thanksgiving. Went to a family with farm animals, grew garlic with them, made friends with the animals on the farm, it was fucking brilliant. I realize that I have powers which people did not in old days, we celebrated Secret Santa, gifted Bachir a thug cup and a booklet called 100 questions which was appreciated by all. I got a gift by Cali – a book by a famous author who suicided David something. I don't want to do a Masters here cuz I feel I am under Western power. I have written a mail to Matthias asking if I can work with him. I wish I can. I and Karthikeyan have opened up so much. He says marriage is outdated and stuff and he fears he will become like the guy who was from India, came to MIT and became like this monk like person. I wanted to kiss him when he said all this. He also said that he looked up to me when in KGP and then thought what happened to this guy and stopped following me. I and Keerthana did something called an empathy game and we formalized it with a Facebook page called Flipside. I am in touch with my Mom and Dad with WhatsApp and they are wishing me happy new year and stuff. Kaushal is doing his intern at Arth and hence is in Hyderabad. What else. Keerthana wants me to treat her with respect, like a goddess. I don't know what that means. I don't like that she has Aithal as her boyfriend now. She kissed that girlfriend and her boyfriend, the fishnet guy. I am now in Sai's place and am sloshed because of the Vodka we had and the Jack Daniels. I talked with a lot of people who were smoking in Lilypad. I like boys, I like girls, so what.

Possibly a very artful dream I see traveling to Europe where I eat bread and a dish very tasty I see floating dolphins and platypus and their ducklings in water. See new people, see new Chinese note that is dark in color, I was a tourist hpro

George Jones - Chase and Sarah recommended him to me as a good country singer. I met them in Portugal where I have come on an office offsite sponsored by HeadsUp.

9 to 10 - Brush, Clean Room, Wash clothes 10 to 1130 - Gym 1130 - 1230 Lunch 1230-130 Honeypot update 130 - 630 CAT prep

Creativity is a cognitive distortion of reality. It involves three parts. One, the encoding of reality in a meta imagination-reality dual state, generally called abstraction. Two, manipulation of this MIR material using cognitive forces. Third, bringing this modified MIR back to reality. Lets take an example. You are looking at a barfi. Lack of creativity would limit the object's registry as merely a barfi but if you have the creative keeda, it will dissolve the visual sensory input at your will, triggering the first step. You will start seeing the object in terms of its constituents. You shall register a silver glazing shining over a whitish rhomboid block. This dissolution of the object using the knife of logic is the first crucial step to creativity. You have to be good at selectively focusing attention on an entity's components and break it down to the lego bricks it was made up from. In the next step, you shuffle the lego blocks achieving the meta imagination reality state. In this state you add a zing of randomness to this Lego mixture. At this state, the barfi is a silver butterfly, a building made of marble, a swimming pool of mercury, a 3D Diamond playing card - all of these at once. Here, you summon your memory and intellect to fuel randomness in terms of cultural, visual, poetic and witty references. In the next step, you use your cognitive forces to manipulate this state and reach at another MIR. So you reach at a spade shaped barfi, a swimming pool where its not mercury but blood, not a marble building but a marble kite. At this state you are manipulating the abstraction to make another abstraction. This is where all the magic of creativity happens. This ability needs a combination of intelligence and it is this part that I cannot break down to steps, it is a purely heuristic step. Maybe I think it involves a combination of high order linguistic, spatial, kinesthetic and emotional intelligence or maybe it just means thinking like a child allowing your thoughts to run free. If you can master this step, you can connect an earthworm to an astronaut suit, apples to planets, birds to flying machines. The last step is to decode the final abstraction to reality. At this stage, a lot of cutting down and trimming down needs to happen. This is when you stop thinking like a child and start thinking like a mathematician.

I am here in Sheeba, visiting probably one month before it dissolves. I see mine and Anki ka cups here. I see Rina Didi visibly shocked to see the fat me. I see my things like my chess set and my bean bag and my books littered everywhere. I am stoked. I am thrilled. I am nostalgic. All at once. I am to meet Bhushan soonish. I tried half a sutta and I so ultra hated the taste yuckkk. Why would I ever want to have it chee. I will take my stuff with me from here and keep it in my room in Saket

About three hours until I reach MIT. I just was watching random shows now, one about an autistic kid called Owen Suskind who tries figuring out his life through interpretations of the Disney film world. I also had been watching the Death Note movie but then it was too cringeworthy. Prior to that, I was watching this anime called In this corner of the world about a young girl who gets married in a

family in Hiroshima. It was too lucid and emotional for me to continue watching. After landing on the airport, I was cornered by the authorities again. First, at the arrival point where it was mentioned that the customs wants to have a word with me. Then I was cornered and taken to another place downstairs. All this while I had no idea what my fault was. With me were some Asian women and an Arab family. I glanced at them and I clearly remember that smile they gave like we were on the same boat. Bad times brings people closer. Now, all of them except me were taken to another room and I was taken to this area with bunch of officers standing. I was made to sit in a chair nearby. After some time the officer, let's call him Paul, really chillingly told me that I will be done in some time. I was asked to collect my bags which I brought and was made to open it. In the whole process, there was lot of chit chat going on when he was trying to ask what my background is, what am I gonna do, and then the question if I have anything to do with Saudi Arabia. He also asked me if I was visited by an officer in Doha which he was pleasantly delighted about, getting proud of his country's thorough security measures. Finally I was made to open the bag. The lady officers checking my bag with the undies let out a giggle. There was clearly nothing but Paul was again surprised seeing that my laptop and Kindle were enclosed in a plastic bag. He also showed it to the colleagues. He then asked what my future goals were to which I replied that I want to return to India to work on a start up. I was left on my own to pack everything up and leave. At the exit, I saw people standing with placards with people's names. I won't lie, I was hoping Mina to be there, but she wasn't there. With the two huge bags, I was getting out wobbling and tumbling. I saw the Money exchange counter which I regret not using now. But I was too exhausted physically and mentally to go. I just wanted to reach the campus soon. I had to take a T Silver line and then a Red line. There I met two Indian ladies talking in Hindi. I spoke to them in Hindi. They were very sweet. The Maam congratulated me on getting into MIT. They offered me help like if I would want to be dropped to the campus but my pride made me say that naah, no issues, it will be a learning experience. I got into the bus, pushing my luggage on the rack, sprinkling thank yous and sorries. I was now in the USA. The environment was how I expected it but it wasn't as magical at all how traveling in Hong Kong felt like for the first time or even traveling in Zurich felt like. I reached the South Station where I awkwardly with my bags was asking people where the red line was. One of them offered me help and one lady guided me to the right place. I asked an Asian woman if I am supposed to pay the fees inside which she with an awkward expression said no. Anyway inside, I was standing to my own surprise feeling very empty. I finally made it where I wanted to after so so many efforts, applications, waitings, drama, sacrifice, discussions and now I wasn't feeling anything. Is this how chasing a dream for validation ends up feeling like? But it felt like my dream. Why wasn't I excited? Was it because I was paying for it myself, well that surely was a factor, I will admit but also that I never admit but I am tired of being single now. Then at the Kendall MIT center I dropped by, took out Google Maps and headed to Sidney Pacific with a long long journey. On my way, I met this hottie called Lex who asked me if I was an employee at Google.

I replied in negative and then he told me that Google was having a session on Go today. He told me that he is a student trying to make his way worried about his grades. He asked me what I was doing which went straight up his head and then he mentioned that he was working on test automation which I pretended to go above my head too. He asked me to add myself on his Facebook which I delightfully did, mind you still being detached from. What was happening around me. BTW, wearing the sweater wasn't a good decision. I made it finally to Sid Pac after a long, uncomfortable walk, got in, did some formalities like logging in into account, submitting some forms, thankfully on my dear Mac which Dad had so painstakingly got fixed. I headed to my room after getting the key from Yifei. I loved the room. I told Mina that I was there and she asked me to rest that day. It was late anyway. So I rested, ate the biscuits and slept comfortably.

I am misogynist. I don't not only dislike women sexually, not even close to the guys I fall in love with but just repulsive, I hate their entitled stances, their overinflated egos, their lack of self awareness. How does a woman redeem herself? Is a woman pure? The conservative in me respects the women who are graceful and yet lovable.

I am mad. I am mad because finally after all the wandering, even after landing at a tech company, I am being given to do things like talk to people via LinkedIn. People still smoke puffs and there are groups stronger than others. It is exactly like Arth. A place I also thought was similar to Arth was Media Lab. It is funny how having a character like Rachitha, Mina and Himanshu is nescessary in every organization.

I am breaking trust with many people. Tarun and I are fundamentally incompatible to a point I don't think we can stay friends. Got A7C and the GMaster lens, reaching house tomorrow to jsg, cuz I don't think I will otherwise find myself at ease

Hair restoration Weight restoration Acidity restoration Daily Bathing Diet Daily Exercise and Yoga Mental health Positive engagement

geetanjali_art

Gratitude diary Coming to Lankahuda and Aditi wanting to play with me, she brought her pen tab and we drew Happy Durga Puja designs together, then we played cards together.

I dressed in my favorite color Tropi tee. It was a nice day, I went to the gym in the morning, did few lifts and then cardio. I had some extra time with me today since Mina was gonna be a bit late for her Yoga. iDEO door was open today thankfully without the call process required. Today's task was to fit in gaze and detect gesture. I tried few iterations and got my program to work. For lunch, I decided to give Chiptole a try and it was genuinely good and also sumptuous. After my menu worked, Mina wanted to integrate a dynamic menu. And that was when all the drama started. We stayed late at night and did the debugging. Mina has excellent on the go code writing skills but something was still breaking down. I left at night with my laptop and mouse at the IDEO. Coming home, I decided to be on Omegle and the same usual shit happened and it leaves me conscious, unhappy and mad. I don't even know why I do that. It makes me think I need a girlfriend, Facebook is no good now too. I had a delightful talk about India with Ming. I think we became good friends. He was the first person I gave the 10 and 20 rupee notes to. Apparently he is the one organizing the Dunkirk movie night which I am planning to go. Huh, lab now.

Life is sweet. I love Delhi

Person going into a portal of darkness leaving behind a shiny golden desert that is bright yellow. Multiverse. o Shadow self is locked behind a door and is angry. Masks of happy and sad. Classic Greek theater masks. Tragedy of Greek theatre. Marble statues of Indian gods, style like Apollo, realistic Bajirao Mastani vaporwave Sanjay Leela Bhansali retro director floral patterns Integration of the ego and shadow. Trippy spiritual graphic. Bhansali with puppet threads controlling puppets A young Indian boy in fear in cramped space in an Indian slum, gloomy night realistic scene. Looking up at moonlight and sad expression. Beautifully dancing Indian angel in a cemetery of dead bodies Paro from devdas dancing with a Diya Matrix of all actors to have been featured in Bhansali movies 11 movies ka color palette 11 movies ka summary notes Vhatgpt ke sath discussion on Greek tragedy connection

Will I keep falling for every boyish boy in my life. Kartik Prince Anshul Tropi Nain Akshansh Shobhit Is no straight good looking guy safe from me? How did I go from the star of my life to this weirded unloved person so soon? Will there be a day I have my man who hugs me in his arms and makes me also forget about everything in the world? I want what Ankita has with Nain.. I want companionship but it is such a hard thing to do when what you seek from life is not what society wants you to seek. I wonder if life is going to be a lonely path for me as it has been so far. Lonelier probably once papa and ma leave me. Will I go unloved or will I have someone who loves me as much as I love them?

Will in unrequited loves towards straight boys my life will end? I sometimes wish I had a normal life. I wish I were normal. I wish I were loved.. I wish I weren't so alone

I dont have the courage to read my old texts. I am stuck. Mentally. Physically. Emotionally. I am working for more than a year and I havent saved much. I was unhappy not doing a job and unhappy doing one. I do not fight to make things, to hustle and I slack off. I cannot come to office on time and I cannot wake up on time. I am horny and I am lazy. I have nobody to love or be loved by. I have no parents to rest on and building expectations I have to kill It is hard. How to get out of this.

Fuckall fucking God listen In my next life I better be in a child marriage and have a husband from like the second day of my birth. I am paying this huge fucking cost for nothing. Just kill me in a roadrash, fuck your plans, fuck your ambitions. Give me a painl ss

emilk@mit.edu

I'm kinda worried about how my dick - an organ I loved so much will endure but I feel I will ride the up and down of life and experience the whole human journey. I hope the surgery goes well. Surgery is good, it is the action I am taking to ensure a future that is safer for me. It will be okay

I think somewhere around late Shipy just being around Ankita I went from an optimist to a pessimist. I wanted to be more like her. Her pessimism makes her look wise but it also is what gives her anxiety and negativity all emotions I rarely experienced before. I remember I was a wildly optimistic guy. In school I used to have a builder mentality. Somewhere i think i gradually ended up being a pessimist, I lost all hopes of something new to happen. Optimists appear dumb until they get successful and shine while pessimists stay in the corner and keep whining and keep looking wise. I need to get excited about things again, surround myself less around pessimists and be an optimist

Guess what IAM sick again. But am using my new phone. Last few days here at home. I am both excited and nervous heading to Bharatpe. one, I feel I am not trusted enough, second, I am not so sure if I am going to enjoy the office workspace again. I mean there are so many changes that will be happening. I will no longer have the luxury of just opening a new tab. I will be expected to be alert and walk up to someone random and just strike a conversation. Well,

so many new things. I am nervous and yet excited in a weird way. I am also wondering if I should get the surgery without telling my parents.

Today is lunar eclipse and I feel so jittery like never before. Anxiety fear sadness anger even. I removed Abhinav's reels from IIP. He was very sad. I wonder if he is playing me but at the same time I care for him. But I don't want to get hurt like I did after Prasoon Kartik Abhineet Prince and many more I don't want to be the one who appears stupid in the end Then I feel sad that I am unwilling to gamble on something that feels more real and meaningful and I settle for something meaningless like with that of Anmol. I feel like I'd rather have something shitty that doesn't disappoint me than aim for something aspiring and that does dissapoint me. Maybe this is why I have settled for mediocrity in my life because I have stopped aiming high. I know that is not the case in its entirety. I am a deeply contemplative kid and I have my existential angst. My lack of outright goals comes from a deep crisis of meaning, about my life. A life where I pretty much am unsure if I will have to sleep every day with a stranger or alone, a life where I am never raising any children, a life where I am not able to support my parents. I am afraid. I wish there was someone I could lay my head on. I feel sad that my parents never see me. I feel sad that I wasted my life on not making any hard weather friends to whom I am one and only. Will earning more and more give me meaning? Where does this end? I don't feel motivated to make stories or infographics. I feel the whole urethroplasty episode just scarred me I thought I will be more grateful in life, but I was just shuddered to the core. I can't imagine what would have happened if the surgery did happen. I was prepared for the worst. I believe I will give time to myself for healing. I need more time and it is okay. The struggle here is to find predictability in my mind but focusing on what is the constant we need to focus on . We will do it at a time.

Last few days of 2021 Headsup, boy gang, feeling unwanted, feeling anxious but also hopeful. I feel I am the invited guest to share costs - they are here building their startup. Maybe I can learn to be thoda more open and loving. So booked my flight for tomorrow. I am happy to leave. Maybe the realization is that straight boys and I are fundamentally incompatible. I can only be someone they are intimidated or intrigued or inspired by. There is nothing more to relate or discuss about. I am fundamentally different from other straight boys and I don't even want to change it. I hope all people die.

I want to make money. I am 27. I should journal. I am a celebrity? I am Andy Warhol? I am a old dying man. I am the best data vis artist of India. How can I make a product people love to use and buy and load me with money?

I wish I was normal and didn't have this pathetic existence.

React Native Lessons: react-native init packagename Do not install new stuff when the packager is on About this irritating as fuck package called react-navigation (v3) You will have to manually install react-native-gesture-handler for this to work and then go link it like react-native link react-native-gesture-handler Then create a createAppContainer() that wraps createStackNavigator

I wonder if I'll get to visit Portugal I am anxious about life as usual Anxious about my place in HeadsUp What is IIP even about The cure I am on the path of becoming a creativity machine I am an artist. I single handedly built iipmaps

Am here in Goa. In HeadsUp. Today had the astrology yslak with Zaelyn. Abhishek with me :(We had best Goa weed today I realized something The deepest dream in my life right now is to see and document and figure out the internal structure of life and mind structure

All this multitasking doing job doing YouTube seeing people my age getting married is just paralysis and giving me panic attacks. I cannot imagine how stressful it is.

Today I compared helmets to gamchas in their ability to block sun. Doing a recording. Tag that here.

To be loved by a man has to be the best feeling in the world

Thanks Atlaskeeda Reach Instagram editor kid but why Follow up on cashkaro, Wakefit, Meesho Close on interns Script writing and recording start Upgrade to tailwind V3 Auth end points Follow up on momo

The best use of the media explorer in the Airways I feel is to discover new music. I will be writing down good music here so that I don't lose them. Scarborough Fair by Simon and Garfunkel Foo Fighters miwa Oneness Idk I should sleep

Stories should end. When they don't they get stale and bad. Stories should end. When they don't they rot. Stories should end. So that new stories can start. Stories should end because otherwise you risk diluting what they meant. Stories

end whether we like them to or not, might as well end them when we feel at ease. Stories are precursors to new stories.

This was an expensive and an eventful day. I got my laptop and my ID card. After having my order rejected online, I decided I should go get my laptop on my own. So Mina offered her phone to use Uber and take it with me. Fernando was to leave today to go to Vegas. So I hurried taking the Uber. The driver was glad to learn that I wasn't Mina and dropped me at the Best Buy store. Over there I headed to the guy explaining that I need to get a laptop and he directed me to ask Sebastian, the customer care guy. I was looking at all the cheap 289 dollar laptops, a fraction of what I was about to pay from my dad's savings. Anyway so I was helped by Conner, let's call him so for I don't remember his name. He was this black dude who helped me get the laptop with discounts. So getting my laptop suitcase I headed back. This time, on the Uber was this another black guy who I had a nice conversation with. He apparently is a computer science grad and we discussed how one needs to be on the edge while studying it. So bidding farewell, I came back to the lab, encountering a floppy disk coated car on the way. Prior to all this, I had run around to get my ID card thingie done. I had told Mina that I will be late like 1130. But then all the process I am about to write took longer. I first went to the International Finance office where they signed the Summer form mentioning that it was paid. The fall is yet to be done. So I took that form and headed to the registrar office. Mind you, these are all rooms around the main building and so I was roaming around the central MIT area for the first time. That time, I had clicked the picture of main building (from a wrong side) and had dropped a faad FB post so I had something to keep checking. I got to the registrar office where all the process was done. In her office, I saw all these framed pictures of MIT being constructed and I could recollect similar pictures of KGP. Anyway so then I went to the Atlas centre where I clicked pictures of the Global Network wall and shared it to the Navigability Project group that all my juniors are involved in. I got my photo clicked and for my ID card in no time. After that, the whole laptop incident happened. We bid Fernando a farewell to Vegas. After I returned with the lappy and 1150 dollar poorer, Mina decided we should rush to IDEO where we will work. So mid update process of my laptop, I, Mina, Arnav and Mark got on a Uber and went. There were such nice conversations. So Mark is from Spain and he seemed kinda funny. Now every one of them is a visiting student, it seemed kinda obvious now that this is an open secret of being a backdoor entry to the lab. I am more optimistic now. Mina was joking around linking Arnav and Mark. Mark mentioned how the first time he saw Mina, she was dressed in fur and he thought she was a model or something. I was wonderstruck seeing the stuff they had at the IDEO Cambridge centre. Beautiful design works indeed. But the people there panicked as soon as we climbed up to the third floor worried that we hadn't signed an NDA. After we were done with that, we headed to the room where we settled down. I behave like a kid around Mina and Arnav. This was the first time I got to know that

they are a couple together something I predicted long back. I was playing Coke Studio ke songs while we were there. Arnav and Mina decided that we should go somewhere to eat something. We finally arrived at going to the Life alive store. The store seemed to be very abstract much like an Indian spirituality store with vegan like khana. Every article there seemed to have been specially designed by hand. I ordered something just telling them to wrap it while Arnav got Swami. We both got two juices. Mina got nothing. On my way I had got a feather from IDEO that was lying on the floor. I was fiddling with the feather. We were discussing about random things, where am I from, how was IIT, Spectecool ke videos, my dream of coming to MIT and so on. Unable to eat it Al packed one of the wraps and got home. Mina and Arnav headed to somewhere together.

I wish I died. Existing in this state, Odisha is pain and suffering. Surrounded by incompetent, uncooperative, idiotic people is beyond what I am able to be.

In some time I will be reaching the Hamad International Airport in Doha. The picture I have taken is however a reassurance. The sun is the same sun that has watched me go to Gomardih everyday, has seen my cycling to Archi Dep each day from Azad, has watched me sleep. I haven't really gone very far.

Fuck you God for making me like this. What do I do of this confused mess of an identity What a cruel joke you are playing on me Doesn't stop any day Doesn't get better ever Same story en loop What do you want from me Why did you make me this way Why did you make me so different Do you even care about me

Go for short and tight tees. Not loose that covers groin area. When you raise your hands, no skin should be exposed. Biceps and Triceps should be exposed. Tight in upper torso, everything down the nipple should be loose. The neck ring: keep it tight and thin. ---ESSENTIALS--- Black V Neck Tee shirt White V Neck White Round Neck Navy Blue Brown Olive green Solid Grey Maroon Deep Blue Never wear formal shoes Only wear sneakers or flip flop Leather Strapped Watch / Elegant Looking watch Situational Dressing Lunch date/Jog/Outdoor Any formal occasion ---> Shirts or Polos or B/W Tee + Jacket 2k ka Denim Jeans

Dreamt of dissaponting a team a young girl who is acting like a baby. There is a new girl who I am like consoling because she didnnot get accepted to some University. It's dark and I am remembering my Goa trip thinking how bad it was I think what a baby I am and how pampered I am.

Hello how are you doing

Jan 3 and 4 were mostly spent jerking off to Chatrandom and doing GRE studies. I am sad. I came all this way to do something I loved and I am back here doing the same shit, in the same trap. The people here like Mina vex me so much, I can't stand her. I want to give me GRE and maybe apply to PhD. End of this anxiety for maybe 4 years after which I could do a Profship somewhere. But I want to be the guy doing machau things not a sad loner. I will marry Kittu and be happy, I feel.

Till when one has to be happy with the loves dropped as crumbs. Why can it not be in plenty and without guilt. I want to be touched and to be held like I am loved and I want to love and share the feeling that I love too. Is it all too much to ask?

Indians watch bad quality Indian porn despite it being pretty shitty. We jerk off to well made foreign porn but we don't find it relatable so we use the low quality Indian porn. Hinduism is kinda the same. We deal with it not cos it is the best philosophy out there but because it is relatable.

How much does it cost to be loved? To come home to someone warm who snuggles and comforts you and makes you feel like you exist beyond the obviousities. What bad deed have I done in my life to deserve this life of being unloved

After the rant, I went out to eat and got myself a buffet from Dosa Factory. This time I tried everything. I got Lamb Curry in the cup, palak paneer, chana masala, samosa, chutney, rice with dal, kheer, what not. I was full after eating and mad with how Mina was treating me like a kid. I listened to Sadhguru and went my way and was thinking how he was saying that we have started identifying with what we have gathered and not who we are. I was thinking how I am paying this huge amount to get intellectual validation. I just went to the bench near IDEO and sat there looking at people. That was when this little sparrow appeared and my eyes were filled with tears. I looked at her with reverence, she was so carefree in this strange land without visa issues, without pressure. We have made the bar of survival go so high, Sadhguru was right. After spending enough time with multiple co-benchers coming and going, I went back and told my supervisor that I was sitting just outside. She was in shock asking if I have no other work and was only quieted down when I said I was talking to Ma. I wonder how are people like this unable to understand

others and retort to the western way of asking explicitly of the other person is happy like they are a guinea pig. I would never do this. Empathy indeed is a rare skill. After some hours lot of unimportant shit happened. She had to meet someone, so she took me and her *jaan* to Media Lab where we had small talk with Wiley and Xin Lei. After knowing what Sadhguru is saying and how we do need to rely on each other, things like Xin Lei saying that 'The subtle art of not giving a fuck' is a really nice philosophical book cringes me so hard. This realization anchors me to a stable place where. Don't get drifted by any random idea, now I feel like I have a basis. So there she discovered she doesn't have the sensors and so we came.baco again to IDEO on a Uber. There the sensors weren't there, so Mina rushed to her home to get them. I meanwhile was so irritated being down talked. She came back and started debugging code on her own and asked with surprise 'aao na, code debug karo na' and that cringed me max. How the fuck does on debug code with someone else operating a system and me being a bystander? I wouldn't even let my first year kids be in such a belittling position. After I was done pretending starting my screen and asking some questions to show that I am engaged, I told her that I am done with this shit and want to do something better. She probably was taken aback but then came up with forces something something. I said anything is cool and took that up. Weirdly she got happy that I communicated. Good. So I got the task.what to do, that is create Force blocks with arrows in them that grow dynamically and shizz. I got that took leave. Coming home I surfed the net random and tried to do debugging and then I was sleepy af. I woke up now and am writing this post. Still to figure out things. Ciao.

I wish I became the

Don't just love me Hurt me, but hurt me gently

I told Shobhit that I shall quit He said he will come during the week I am in Delhi and we will have a nice session I believe I need to enjoy low stake scenarios

This was the Student House Formals. I was supposed to make just Chana Masala but I also met deserts and stuff. I gave a wonderful speech about John which can be found on Google Photos. We drank like crazy, I found Alonso is gay and I saw Eurielle again. By the end I think I had got so drunk. We played Bollywood and Mexican songs over and over again. It was fun. Sai Srivatsan was here. We did some light photography. Oh also I and Vanesa went to Mina's TED Talk

Aahe Nila Saila Video essay

Roles people play The Ikihutu The Ikihutu makes your identity validated and accepted in the society. They face the brunt of experimentation and with their company it gets easier for you to manifest it yourself. Without the ikihutu you would lose the ability to manifest the associated identity

Happy birthday! 28 year old Ashu. 28 long years completed

In 5 days max, I will know if I am HIV positive. Omg. What is this. Part of me is so scared and worried about this dark place I have brought myself to and another one is like its okay, I am there for you. Logically speaking, my risks are very low. But even then I just want an assurance saying its negative. Had it not been for this early risk test, I would be in this confusion for like 20 more days. If I am positive, I will start researching on the possible medication to become undetectable. Yes it will change everything. But what is done is done. If I am negative, I will ensure I never have to go through this experience again. I will be a vocal supporter for HIV AIDS cause. Its chill baby, we will deal with it and I shall love you no matter what. The hard part will be to tell my parents if I am positive. But I dunno if there is destiny, but I

Wrote the ind day post, spent time in media lab, Mina meeting Misha, get to Arnav hoise

I feel I will end my life myself, sick of being so alone, of not being touched, of not loved for who I am, constantly feeling like am not enough, like I have to give something first to compensate for lack of self worth. I wish I was around people like me.

Mina is a plain inefficient leader. I want the Mathland thing to be over really soon so that I can do more meaningful projects. At this moment I don't care at all if I get a grad position but it is there in the back of my head that I also will soon have to start making money. I am working on the India game now and learn few skills along the way. The bigger idea is to continue to do a PhD in God knows what, be in touch with Joy Sen and maybe get a profship in India after some papers are published. Currently the new visiting student has come who seems okay other than the fact that I just get irritated by her talking really slow and her being basically a hypernormal person without any shizz skills to be here. She is the daughter of Pattie's friend and she told this herself so proly she is also humble. Mina is a plain bitch, even Ankita noticed from our brief talk how condescending she is. Like who the fuck talks about slapping and

stuff, I don't see myself hanging out with her at all or be anywhere close to such people. For the cog Aug class I am planning to do a video of spatial memory that creates memory cubes based on physiological triggers. Tomás suggested human centered design approach which made me appreciate the beauty of streamlined thinking which is totally absent in likes of Mina.

It was probably my last day at Kutra today. This place was where the foundation of my life was laid. I will be ever grateful to the people and the space there. I went to meet Bobby's family. Aunty told me no worries, even if you aren't in Kutra, this will always be your home. Chapters need to end for new chapters to begin. Chapters need to end in order to stay interesting. I am realizing that I need to plan my life. This clueless wandering will lead me nowhere. I have get my shit together, align my mental physical spiritual and economic and romantic lives together. Join a gym. Wake up on time, thus go to sleep on time. Dont waste time, dont smoke, dont get high. Eat healthy. Plan your life properly. Be an adult. Keep running tracks. Meditate and do Yoga. Dont overeat. Keep track of what you eat. Keep track of life as it passes. Call ypur loved ones. Read more. Watch good shows. Learn skills.

I am going to be regular to gym I don't care about novelty, views or hopes. I just want to be good at my job and not please random people on the internet. Maybe I have settled down my hopes but maybe that is okay. Settled waters are important for new life to emerge, I am tired of always running. I don't want India in Pixels to grow, I am okay with it collapsing. It doesn't scare me to see my tree die. I will create a new plant. I myself am a plant and that plant matters more than anything. After every chaotic experience in my life, I think it will make me more courageous but it doesn't, it makes me more of a lover of order. It makes me care about the outer world less and in some ways inner world also. I just care less - maybe it is my body's way to prepare itself for any similar situation where if something happens that is outside of my control, I will not panic so much. Maybe being attached is the root cause of all pains. Why not attach happiness to things that I truly find meaningful? I have already made tons of people happy and excited, it doesn't matter more to me. 3 laks per month is enough for me. Maybe I want to grow my life in other directions now instead of this arbitrary line. I want to be more flourishing, I want to have skills, new friends - I don't care about a stupid channel. Not everything in my life has to be shared and served for other's consumption. Let me see what comes out of this. I love my life, I love everything I own. I love both sides of my self - the go getter masculine and the creatiue and loving feminine. God is great.

Baba passed away. In Kochi rn healing with Pa and Ma. I have been thinking about consuming creativity. India in Pixels is growing but the amount of mediocrity I consume via these channels is sickening. I recollect my 2016 days where

it was about self discovery, walking in really new ways, not caring about being conventional. Are.na has been instrumental in getting back to that, especially following trails of my dear White people of west like Kalli. We need a healthy balance of consuming and creating creativity. What can be a good index that both compares the balance and the flow?

You know what I'd like? A bunch of fat Indian men having to cut each other with saws to save themselves from bulldozed to a paste on a road. I want Indians to suffer and struggle and lose and rot so that all their flab their poison die off and what is left is worth saving. India should endure a great catastrophe that wipes off all obese, homophobic, homosexuals, communists, right wingers, assaulters, murderers and low IQ people and be left with only the best. Rest everyone else is a burden on this planet.

Two days in Delhi. I yesterday arrived and did shameful things. I have to get over this overtly sexual things. I hate how uptight people are in this city er this country. Humility is seen as a weakness here and they are indeed weak so they disguise it with such fakeness. I imagine I was gonna sacrifice MIT for these people. Lead them as if. They are doing their own shizz. This HT newsroom is huge. People don't look into each other's eyes and smile. And maybe it's my own naivety.

I have a stricture. I will need the surgery i was reading about. I wonder if I will have an ok life or will this continue like this forever. I for real am contemplating ending my life but I am scared and I want to live for Ma and Pa.

We are at the urologist center and the doc hasn't arrived yet.

So I have tonsillitis.. again. I again thought it might be tonsil cancer. I still haven't left sutta totally although I have it very infrequently. I am to go to Himachal, am publicly depressed and honestly too. I feel no motivation to the future. Almost like the constant friction that was there all the time just exhausted all that self push i was giving myself. All that euplogize yourself talks. Its not a sufficient drive anymore. The heart wants real simple love and Idk why do i not have it anymore. All the love romantic wise I get is flings with a local boy, a girl i meet in travel, there is no constancy and I think I want a companion who I can finally call mine, who are wants me, for whom I am not one of many. My intuition is asking me to be more optimistic, to be hopeful about the future but I find no energy in me, the memory of just being rejected, not feeling my love reciprocated, the feeling of having my heart crushed of not getting picked has kinda done its thing. I wish I expressed what I wanted. I wish I said out

loud how my ideal life looks like. I wish I didn't have to be so clueless all the time. Should I just go to the marriage market and find a woman and start a family? Would I find it meaningful? I mean at this point there is no guarantee that the guy I find will stick by, so there is no guarantee is there. I feel I am in a very vulnerable situation, my parents don't get me, all I get from them is very weak feelings, I need to get out and change situations, find positive people good people, I want to get rescued and be adopted by good people.. but pattern also said that I need to find that in me. There are no good people outside. I have to characterise these good people. Imagine what do they do, what do they want me to do and eventually I will find the answer. I think the solution is to work on a novel with me as a character and design the world around me. Those characters will be outlets for me to manifest my wishes and then I will have some reference to pick from. Maybe this character that I am in the story would not be around complete deniers but it will be a sugar coated world where they behave exactly how I would want them to and then gradually I can develop empathy for them so that I can also be a good friend. This character needs to be a natural leader so that his society depends on him and he is absolutely gay but the thing is he also has a normal relationship and in this world this isn't considered weird at all. This character doesn't embody masculine traits of leadership only but also the feminine traits. Kind of like wonder woman. But the question is, is this character complete without the things that make them different. If the struggle of a character is removed what even is that character anymore, how would it manifest in a world where it is deemed normal. Wouldn't there be some other identities that are considered oppressed then? What is the value system in this world that made such an identity be naturally above? I feel when I have a genuine question to answer I feel motivated to do something. Otherwise all of world is a drab, all it tries to do is drag me down Idiots like Abhijeet are getting married, prasoon bolche and Abhishek and it is abundantly clear that I was nobody in these all despite being 234K whatever so I guess what good is that other than impressing some teenage punks? I need to rethink it all, fuck India in Pixels. It can go to hell. What matters is Ashris and only Ashris. Nobody, nothing else matters. Everyone can go fuck themselves, from today I live solely for myself. I pick me. My love for others comes from loving myself. I choose me because I am in my team no matter who else is there. Amen.

One way to overcome the nostalgia future scepticism is to rely on a mental model that dwells in the future and looks at present in nostalgia. Doing so it lets us be aware of the present nuances and not be lost in its minutiae. Also it allows us to actively place our focus on the future. To conceptualize a goal, basically. One should approach life in a conservative liberal way.

Science appeals to us because it heralds an end to a dictatorship of value judgments. Today, we don't buy arguments based on 'because God says so'. We think religion is the reason why social evils exist and we hold the modern age

as the era of technology over religion.

Religion existed because it was a solution to a society where resources were scarce. It was not possible to fulfill everybody's desires. Hence, it was important that sacrifices were made by some for the others. Religion glorified sacrifice for the community, struggle for the family, and discipline in work, and made it worthy by promising eternal salvation in return.

Religion brought moments to overlook life's harsh realities and created social bonding during festivals. Through marriages and house warming ceremonies, it gave us opportunity to celebrate each other's happiness and stand for each other during life's tragedies. It provided us hope with 'prayers' when things went wrong and gave us 'destiny' to blame if things didn't work out. It gave us optimism when we had nothing to be optimistic about.

Religion was what prevented a hungry man with diseased children to not kill other people for money, since it would damn him to hell. Religion had injected a moral compass into people's heads so that they didn't need law and policing to be deterred.

Today, as we have nearly uprooted religion from our daily lives, romanticized by rationality and technology, we have also dismissed some key factors that religion had a solution to, but modern life doesn't. For example, we don't believe in destiny so we have nobody to blame our failures for. We find community rituals baseless and illogical, so we interact less with our relatives. Technology is working everyday to make us less dependent on each other, reversing everything Religion and old order had worked on.

In modern life, we don't need our mother's advice on our life problems anymore because we can Google the solutions. We don't call people anymore because we can always post on their timelines. This kind of life is making us socially isolated and lonely.

Religion proposed us heaven as the eternal prize. Since there is no heaven to aim for, we have no answer and hence we feel lost. We end up seeking what everybody else seeks. What media and economy feed us is to want things, materials and luxury because sacrifice and sufferings are for losers and the most celebrated personalities today are ones who flaunt riches, not preach morals.

My six years of experience with creativity has made me realize that collaboration is a sophisticated skill. It does not spring on its own. It requires trust and agreement on a shared objective.

The first realization is that speed of thought is far more than speed of speech. Any creative person knows that ideas are multi dimensional whereas speech needs to conform to the linear, temporal structure of language. Hence, when you communicate creative ideas, words slow down the creative process, making the overall process frustrating for individual experts.

Creativity is a choreography between analysis and synthesis. Every new idea is a baby — it is to be nurtured. Creative people know that the process of doing this is iterative — flowing like music — inspired by instincts and not always through careful calculations. Analysis and synthesis should not happen parallelly.

Art is an integral part of creativity. It is an extension of one's meta realm into the physical realm. When many people work on a product, their extended egos compete. In the absence of a clear organizational structure, collaborators tend to disguise angst as niceties — leading to repressed mistrust.

Establishing a hierarchy and defining the common goal well can significantly improve collaboration. Additionally, partnering with extremely contrasting people can be beneficial as it can be a way to trade skills one does not possess, reducing chances of ego clashes.

Working in teams where the roles are clear can be helpful. Also, it is crucial that the participating agents of the creative process equally share the value of their goal and are willing to compromise their ego. If the goals for the two parties are different, maybe collaboration isn't the best option but cooperation is.

Shabd.xyz aims to create a new set of words, phrases, and linguistic systems in Hindi. This is to expand the bank of ideas that can be accessed, specifically focusing on more abstract concepts that the language currently lacks.

The article suggests that Hindi is lagging in its ability to express abstract concepts and ideas. This lack of 'active' words forces users to resort to English when discussing complex or modern concepts. In comparison, English is constantly evolving, with new words added to its major dictionaries each year.

The article presents three reasons. First, adding more abstract words to Hindi would enable denser and more nuanced conversation. Second, new words would help bridge the generational gap by providing tools to convey contemporary ideas, preventing the language from being replaced by English. Lastly, more words in Hindi would help maintain linguistic diversity and avoid 'intellectual colonization' by the West.

The article proposes shifting from the Devanagari script to the Roman script for compatibility with technology and ease of typing. It also suggests the creation of more intangible adjectives and verbs through various strategies, such as borrowing and adapting words from other languages, creating words based on shared experiences, and using prefixes and suffixes to form new concepts.

Shabd.xyz is a platform for users to submit new words that they've created. This encourages participation in the evolution of the Hindi language and could lead to a more dynamic and expressive language over time.

I perceive the world as a complex tapestry of emotions, thoughts, and connections. As an INFP, I often find myself drawn to the intricate beauty of human nature and the endless possibilities of life. The world is like an open book full of myriad stories waiting to be unraveled and understood.

I use my extroverted intuition to explore new perspectives and possibilities. It's like a compass guiding me towards unseen paths and allowing me to connect seemingly unrelated dots. It helps me to see the potential in people and situations, enabling me to be creative and innovative in my approach.

Certainly, I remember an instance when I was trying to solve a complex problem at work. Instead of focusing on the issue at hand, my extroverted intuition allowed me to zoom out and view the problem from a broader perspective. I began to see connections and possibilities that were not apparent initially. By synthesizing these insights, I was able to come up with a unique solution that addressed the root cause rather than the symptoms.

As an INFP, I believe I have a unique ability to empathize with others and understand their feelings on a deep level. This often helps me build strong, authentic relationships. My introspective nature combined with my extroverted intuition

helps me to foresee potential outcomes, which can be incredibly beneficial in decision-making processes.

As an INFP, my communication is often guided by sincerity, empathy, and the desire to understand others. I am generally more interested in deep, meaningful conversations rather than small talk. I value authenticity and seek to express myself in a genuine, heartfelt manner. At the same time, my extroverted intuition helps me to read between the lines and understand others' perspectives, which greatly enhances my communication skills.

In the blog post, I express my frustration with crying infants on flights, which I find disruptive. I observe that an infant would start crying as soon as its mother took away the phone from him, and stop crying when he gets it back.

In order to analyze this issue, I decide to apply my statistical skills and try to come up with a formula to predict the probability that my flight will be disrupted by a crying baby. I base my analysis on the assumption that all babies are identical and have an equal probability of crying during the flight.

I come up with the formula $1-(1-p)^n$, where p is the probability that a single baby cries during the flight, and n is the number of babies. I consider the number of babies as a fraction of the total number of seats on the plane, and relate it to the fertility rate of the city from where the flight is departing. Similarly, I assume the probability that a baby cries is related to the fertility rate and hence the population and congestion of the city.

Based on my analysis and the formula, I conclude that no matter what, I am likely going to experience a crying baby on a flying plane. However, understanding this helps me distract myself away from the crying.

By the end of the flight, the babies fall asleep and they don't look that horrible to me. In fact, I find them actually cute.

Now, why was porn legalized in the first place? Think of a average common man having a very dissatisfied sexual life with his wife. What does he do in such a case? He may satisfy his needs by getting a prostitute so to say. But that shall endanger him with STDs and in turn making him and his family vulnerable. Or.. he may fulfill his urges watching a clip of porn and get done. He now has got what he wants and will more likely to go back to his normal life now.

I am too awwwwed by the sibling wala comment... so am in no mood to give a sento reply to the last comment. I'll just say that I love you and everyone in the group okay. You guys, long back, became more than friends to me, alrite? So just stick now.. please don't even mention that this is a dream even if it is. I just don't wish to be aware of the fact that I have to wake up.

Let's just say that... that, give us a chance. We shall stand the test of times and a year later, I see that we all will together bitch about that jerk supplementing with more darker dictionaries. Kittu, personally speaking and am sure I can say on behalf of everyone that I see you as one of the contacts in my phone book forty years down the lane. I would lose my own respect as a human if I did anything like that to you. And you can be great assured that given the kind of sensitive person I am, I will die of a stroke before getting the thought of this. All I can ask for, beg is please award us with your trust again if you thing we will be an exception. Please be rest assured that you made a right choice.. you just made companions for a lifetime, not just friends at college..

Mina, I talked with Harshit, a Fluid alum about the J1 visa and he mentioned that I'd need a letter from a company stating 51% se upar fees is from them. Just nominally should also do. So I am planning to ask the comapny where I did my archi intern to write a letter stating they'll be paying 2000 USD/month just so that the visa guys wont have an issue. Cool hai kya?

Hi Mina, wanted to update you with things happening here. I had requested an extension of my program which the admin now says is technically not possible and is only possible if I get a backlog in a subject. Doing so, I will have to present my thesis next year on May. It can be done but involves many hassles. Doosra option hai is that I nominally get enrolled in any institute for a year and get the letter somehow.

I am confused basically. The admin is not very supportive. Kya karoon?

P.S: How strictly does MIT verify the letters it gets from institutes? I can ask a friendly prof to sign the letter saying I graduate at 2018 but I would in 2017. I dont want to lose the opportunity aisi official nuances ke wajan se. Advice karna aap please!

Not really. But I will be working on a project with him. The letter would be on the official letterhead with his sign and all saying Ashris is affiliated with the institute and a current student. I can pester and ask him to mention I graduate in 2018. If contacted, he will say so as well. I asked Harshit if MIT contacts

the insti to verify if I am enrolled and he replied it is highly unlikely. I realise how slippery of a slope am I working on.

Thanx a lot Di. That was a great help. It feels so touching because of your concern.. Well yah! New iits are just gud for der names, nothn else. But am rly passionate abt Design cos animation and software designing rly fascinate me. Design wd be next best to Comp sc. which obvi is difficult to get. Yah, arch and desi require another xam. Thats in kgp on jun3 for which i have already enrolled and started preparin. Wel, hope 4 the best..

N yah Di, I have to confess that I have no passion for engineering, neither do I want to do management and stuff. Al i want to do in these 4 yrs is to do wat my heart wishes for. I know i wd do rly wel in Design cos il do that from my hrt. I have seen the placements and they r decent enuf at 8. Wat do i do in mech and electr if I am not obsessed with em. I'l turn out to be an average engg at the end. So if i gt Design, i gues i wont change my branch.. Plz b assurd.. I am happy and rly am gttin what i wd do Well. Plz rply wat u feel. N di.. Where in singapore? NUS or NTU(those r only ones i knw) and di, where did u do IIT? Plz tel me abt u.. I have just lost touch wd u..

Ahh! Okay... but I genuinely like what I am doing. I didn't take this cos I just wanted the iit tag... yaah.. even I know of some people who have done that... but I guess I would never be able to take that big a decision. I am madly in love with kgp now.. its already a very big part if my life .

:) Yup. All I would say over and over again is that your college life will evolve you not only as a student but as a person. You should aim for an all rounded development. Socially, Academically and Physically. So, don't boil down your institute to just grades and placements. There's lot more to gain other than what you will be taught.

Dear Ma'am, I understand you must be having a very busy schedule and I am thankful to you for going through my work. I was wondering if a decision about my internship has been made in your end.

I am very passionate to work with you as I am sure it will be a great learning opportunity for me. I am hard working and dedicated to give the best to my work. I'll be eagerly waiting for your response.

Regards, Riddha Phone Number.

Nothing yaar.. I know.. Thats a pretty dumb prank even if somebody other than Akash played it.. I mean maybe he just was playing a prank on Akash and not you in particular.. It cd be anyone.. Anyone rly.. So, just give a damn and ignore it and if that profile irrespective of if its real Akash or not still bothers, block him.. Isnt it?

Umm hmm.. fickle girl!! As a penalty, ur Mystic Girl tag will be taken away!! Nah, just kidding... Beleive Me! Am not having any pros and cons for ur choice.. I know you will excel in whatever u do but obviously with the dedication and passion... Believe me, I hadnt thought in my any thought that I wud take sumthng lyk Architecture... Now I feel blessed... So, just go for wat ur heart beats for.. So that in the future, u be rly proud of urself and ur decision

Well, when I really think, the computation aspect really fascinates me more than architecture. What saddens me is how people ineffeciently go on doing stuff which could probably be better solved using a brilliant algorithm. I mean, even the 2048 simple game just made me think for hours of an algorithm to solve it.. Recently, I was just thinking if this cool mobile app which would take a click of a sudoku and show the solved form of it.. All this seems to be too magical and too amazing. I get drawn to this- a superior form of human smartness. The beauty of how couple of lines work like a magic spell. I understand that it requires lot of study too. I used t code till until Architecture made me really busy. I wish to resume. But then, this seems so vast. Its intimidating. My friends are like pro on Codechef and stuff. I really wonder if I should try to be a programmer. But is it worth it! I get drawn to CS a lot.. But do I gie up my major and pursue something totally unexplored?

Exactly sawaal hai ki "is it worth studying Computer Science and pursuing it as a career in my future if I want to research on a Architecture+Comp Sc field of study? Or should I just consider studying CS as a tool? Assuming my goal is not getting a job here, but to devise algorithms that quantify "creativity". I wish to research on the possibilities of quantifying what people regard as good design or artistic stuff.

I don't think I know enough to answer that.. is something beautiful even when it is not pointed out? is art discovered or is it invented? what about logic then, do we discover it or make it :| someone could have passed that lane and seen the scene and not given a damn but you clicked the right moment, i guess you created it in a way then.

it is a stunning picture for sure :3

haan. magar mujhe bahut kuch seekhna hai. i dont think anything i am doing will be of any use. i want to make quality educational videos on indian content.. indian peronalities like Sushruta, Panini, Aryabhatta, the Eastern philosophy, on Indian TV ki timeline with proper graphics, animation like kurstegart wali videos. There is no content like this and i think this can be big.

I will now propose a very provocative business strategy. We can do business, like a smart lawyer can do smart lawyering, we can do business smart. This is a proposal, which according to Agama once you revived this particular technique, should be available only to the Agama people and it will create so much wealth, and the proposal is as follows. Some of you who are into venture capital and investment banking and so on, this will make you the richest man in the world; what I am now going to tell you. If you go to Bill Gates, his biggest problem you tell him is that when you are dead your wealth is useless for you in the next life; unless we can find you and transfer that wealth. So the proposal is we go to Bill Gates and say you got a hundred billion, and you are giving philanthropy, this, that, because charity will get you to heaven what not; that is your tradition. Out of the 100 billion you give 50 billion to us in Trust to be given to you in your next life when we find you; because it is possible you may be born very poor. Bill Gates may be born very poor and Warren Buffet may be born in some African village as a very poor guy; because you know the Karma people, the people in the sky, who are the admin for Karma might say ok you had one good life now you have to be poor also. So if we can within the rules of the Agama, locate where Bill Gates is next time and give him at least five, ten billion, he will be much happier i So to do that we form a Trust Management Company. Normally Trust is formed to transfer your wealth to your biological off spring and all that and these banks take a lot of commission and they pass it on to your kids and whatnot. This will be the worldâ s first â Inter-life Reincarnation Trust Managementâ

Oh no, I totally get that. I have been an amateur occasional writer on Quora and its an amazing feeling to see my views being reciprocated. All I'd insist is that you please write more often because it is delightful to read your articles. I'd love to know your views on other topics as well. Its just so rare to find people who can put their thoughts so well.

Whoa, great write-up first of all. But I am not sure if I can opine on such a sensitive issue without sounding very shallow. Like "not all sexual offenders attack the victims intentionally" makes me doubt if it really is the case. Similarly, the movie Clockwork Orange is exactly on these lines where the treatment made to the criminals is on similar lines but finally the criminal emerges with little or no change. I guess your research should be extensively on corrective measures of rehabilitation as your assumptions will affect many lives greatly and as to

do justice to the topic, the assumptions need to be founded. Other than that, I feel the topic will require much matured decision making and yield something very interesting. But I am not sure which Prof would you take as they are too shy of sensitive topics.

I hope you take the message in an open minded way.

I don't really give a damn about what people think about me, although I'd rather want people to tell me upfront the problems they have with me that talk behind my back. Very recently, Keerthana mentioned that some think that I am in TSA for a POR and I'm taking a free ride here. Well, I have 2 years for my actions to speak for themselves. Besides, of the few things that I am proud of for, TSA doesn't get included in that. As much as I respect TSA as a group, people here for their talent, trust me, it values for nothing in terms of resume building text.

I honestly don't make opinions of people as I don't care much. When people bitch about Kashti in TSA, I understand that they'd be doing the same for me too or say DD or Bakshi. I don't and will never approve of that, but again I don't really care. But am bothered when there's this hypocrisy of mentioning "mis-communication" and "awkwardness" as reasons for the failure of us as a batch. That is not the case. There is a lack of integrity. If there's a problem, lets get it out in the open rather than laughing about it in closed circles.

Pranay, I love you sooooo much... Keerthana just told me about the conversation you both had. Dude, we all love you so much. Even Kittu said ki she was taken away that you felt so much. That day is one of the most special days u know.. it made me realize hoe strong we all are bonded. I owe all these awesome moments I have to you all. Even the timetable thing, I wanted to see just hoe people react to it and am so glad you did that way... we all are just perfectly blend together so well. I really agree with you that with friends like you, this group will never end. cheers!

stuff that I can build things with: make a light glow in a patter, sense a hand coming towards, etc etc. I have worked very lightly with microprocessors stuffed chips and coded them in arduino, but then that was in a lab and 2 yrs back. I have no personal tools with me. I was thinking of starting learningfor real, so what would you advice?

Hi Sachin. I was planning to write you a message for quite some time, but I didn't think I should be. I hope I send you this message as I type.

In my stay at KGP, I have lost many friends. It comes as a shock in some

cases and in some, I see it happening. Some happen because I don't invest my time in the friendship, in some it simply dies off and in some, there are some misunderstandings. I haven't ever reached back to people I have lost. There are very handful people that I know right now in KGP and am connected to as good friends.

I know that things are really bad between us and I think its because I didn't invest time in what we together had planned. I see your stance on your moral values and I really respect that. I think you interpreted the reason behind my behavior to be stemming from being egoistic about my creativity. I never got a chance to talk about this to you.

We will probably be not seeing each other after 2 months and life will go separate ways, so I don't want things to end on a bad note, especially when I know that they don't have to be bad.

I don't open up to people because I have been hurt a lot of times by investing too much in other people. I used to make friends very easily and enemies that easily too. Now, I don't open up to people not because I think I am superior, but because I feel vulnerable to be judged and ditched later like it has happened many times. As a result, it seems like I am trying to ignore people.

I don't think we will be friends given the limited time we have, but I don't think I have any reason to be angry at you. I understand how it must be apparent to you. I should have cleared things up before.

Anyway, I would like if we cleared up things before we leave. For the short time that we were friends, we shared a lot of nice things, didn't we. Let's not end things on a sour note.

Best of luck for midsems.

it is very much possible and shall happen right after this phase of obsession with materialism when people realize that more things isn't same as more happiness. like you have seen through how a meaningful life needs active work, people will have to realize it. there needs to be a psychological shift and it needs to begin from our schools. Actually, most countries today in Europe i'd say are pretty close to being perfect city bearing places. We have more obstacles to reach there though.

I was under lot of stress with the whole US visa thing, thinking my parents are going to pay for the whole thing. This thought had been draining up my creativity like anything. For I saw it the way you told in veggies. About meeting minds with other state of motion. Ever since I am thinking it that way, larger than project perspective, it is helping me a lot.

I resonate with your thoughts, Sachin. Identifying with no one and identifying with something is like walking on a rope.

I really was nodding my head to "i see myself accepted here otherwise the atmosphere of this country is very challenging", "normal meaning of success doesn't strike with me", and "people who support me in my spiritual journey".

The motivation behind this question is this contrast between the India I imagine and the India I see. I ask if it is wrong to love an imagination. But I am working towards it, I would like to believe, as you are, as we are. If we romanticize the status quo, why change it then.

I am not sure what to do with my grudges with Indians, do I reach out and try to talk and educate myself or do I isolate myself, do what I am doing and just wish people who will match my wavelength with connect with me? I feel the second approach is more helpful.

Dear Mummy Papa, I don't tell it enough, but I realize now how lucky I am to have you as my parents. I mean it fully deeply from my heart. If I can become even a fraction of the human beings that you are, I will have accomplished so much. Thank you for your support in ways that I have realized and in ways that you supported and I didn't even realize. I have a lot to learn from you. I could not have been luckier in the game of life to have you as my parents.

Hey man, the best bet would be to look for scholarships which are a bit tough. You can talk to Harshit Agrawal who got the SN bose scholarship to do his internship. But then you need to be a student for that. Also alumni from your college can help if you write to them and show how you can help them in their startup/company with the knowledge you get from the experience.

Hello Sir, Regards from the Department of Architecture and Regional Planning, IIT Kharagpur. I am Ashris Choudhury, currently pursuing my first year B.Arch. Recently, I have been elected as the Alumni Secretary for the academic session 2013-14. I am extremely passionate and enthusiastic about the post. Its an honor, Sir, to get to know of esteemed alumni of our institute and reaching them again after so many years of their graduation. Its a mistake on our part, for not having taken any step in this direction for so long. The results: Our database isn't strong enough. We have 252 contacts of alumni after 2006 batch. Nevertheless, we have attempted as an initiative to get in touch with all our alumni again, updating them about the college, the departmental activities, and genuinely show that we do care and acknowledge our Alumni. We wish to know about them and their lives. I know, the task is enormous, may as well take 10 years, but we have to start. Sir, hence in this regard, I wish to create a group on facebook. It is most easy to reach, is comfortable and people wont be

bothered on receiving updates as unlike emails, they access fb only in their free time. You have done a great job, Sir, by creating the group "IIT KHARAGPUR ARCHITECTS" and I am overwhelmed how you always keep updating links and thus, is a good platform for the alumni. But, there are so many events and updates like Zonal Nasa held recently, IBM competition, field trips that you might not have the data for. Sir, so we want that in the group, we have more updates on these lines and add several more alumni. On an assignment, where I was required to find contacts of 13 alumni of 1998 batch, I could trace 9 of them on fb. Hence, we have several alumni, still not added. Hence Sir, do you recommend us to start a new group altogether that shall be administrated by you, and the Alumni Secretary and Secretaries so far or should we provide you with data to update on the existing group? We suggested the former proposal as many people have to be added further, and we assumed you might be busy for this. Kindly let me know, what you think about in this regard, Sir.

Hello! This is the Admin of the Facebook group "IIT KHARAGPUR ARCHITECTS", which you requested to join. The group is meant to be for the alumni of the Department of Architecture and Regional Planning, IIT Kharagpur. We would love to have you included if you let us know your Year of Graduation to confirm your identity as an alumnus. Inconvenience is regretted. We are carrying this step to avoid spamming of the group. Thank You.

Harshit, ek load hai. I requested an extension here for a year to be enrolled in an institute for my visiting student duration. But the admin says ki kafi fight hai. I can easily get a letter signed by a prof saying I graduate in 2018, but I would in 2017. Does MIT verify on its own with the insti asking for the graduation date details?

Hi Harshit, my visiting studentship begins on Aug 1, big thanks to your constant help. Since electronics isn't my forte, I am trying to learn Unity to make AR/VR projects. Is it better idea to make my own projects and work there or find existing projects and contribute to them? How prepared should I be tech wise before I join there?

Dear Sir,

This is with reference to the last mail that I sent you which I am still awaiting a reply wholeheartedly. Sir, Architecture is my passion and I want to establish myself as an architect in the likes of you. I am deeply inspired by the styles of Architecture of Zaha Hadid, integrating organic fluidity into spaces. A recent project of mine that I did as a part of a national Design Competition- Transparency was my attempt to reflect this style. It will be a great honor for me to

work under you and sharpen my skills. I am very enthusiastic for the field and am willing to put my 100% It will be a great motivation for my career if I get this opportunity. Kindly let me know if I should forward the compilation of my works.

Regards, Dhruba Jyoti Bordoloi Third Year Undergradauate B.Arch IIT Kharagpur

There are plenty of subtle experiences we go through in a day that make us smile, happy, laugh and cry but we don't recall each one of them for a long time. Some would say it is these small moments of life that make who we are. Our project aims to cherish these memories for us in an intuitive manner by being aware of how we are feeling at a given moment.

Based on Oscar's memory palace, we envision creating an Emotional palace where our subtle emotion-laden memories are eternalized for us to review later. Whenever the system detects an arousal, it creates a memory representation of that moment and assigns it spatially.

Wow Harshit, am so glad you found it cool to talk to me about it. Personally, I want three things in my job, (which everyone prolly does) a job that pays well, a job that I love doing and lets me do other things like enjoy life too. Sadly, Architecture is something I love(d) but disqualifies in other fields. I don't like my work being criticized and my work done for the sake of pleasing someone. While in fields in physics, finance, engineering, $1+1=2$ and nobody can change it, not even a professor. but a creative field is so subjective. When even Zaha Hadid is criticized so much, I dunno if there is any meaning of "absoulute success" in architecture. There will always be someone who finds flaw in ur work. Well, many countless other reasons which I'd prolly talk than write, no, I don't think Architecture is the one for me.

I love Computer Science because not only is it objective but also dynamic. I love how some lines of code does magic. I also love Management and Entrepreneurship. I want

Harshit, you really have managed to trick me into not knowing you at all. I could talk to you all day long about this and so much more. I am so glad you opened up :D And all the emoticons, its so not typical Harshit that I had assumed u to be. Well, thank you so much for the nice words.

That is one thing is disbelieve. No, if something interests me, I'll do it without caring whether I have a long CV now for it. I love CS as well, but Archi won't let me progress in it so I shouldn't blame myself for not doing something concrete. What I plan is to be in touch with the professors I met in Hong Kong and learn more about "Smart" ways of doing planning and architecture; not just column

beam placement but real research stuff. I may consider to go into teaching and research altogether after doing my masters and PhD if I find it good in 3 more yrs to come. CAT will always be a safe way out and I know I shall do good there, so I have hopes with it. But I don't want to be too confident now and keep my feet to the ground. Lets say I am more clear about what NOT to do than what to do.

Now tumhare baare, I'd really insist into not doing an intern this winter and stay in KGP. Do searching, deep deep searching about what is happening in the world now in field of archi, which university is doing what, who are the ppl, what are the blogs they compose, etc.. ie generate information.. It is through one such winter that I spent in KGP that I discovered that Archi isn't all about this low level thinking stuff. I have no hopes in Civil either because I don't see how I can use it to grow more.

This whole Computational Architecture thing I planned was to step out of this Archi and enter into a more abstract CS-Maths related field. CATs will also be an emergency exit.

That is how it is for me Harshit. I am so bad at advicing someone beacuse world is really very skewed to me. I dislike things that have a low Output/Input ratio and Architecture proolly has the lowest. Please correct me if I am wrong.

What I say is again just my views. I will love more if you contradict me and point where am I going wrong than agreeing with me. I mean, its totally your life and your likings may be different. I guess if Civil Engineering seems more "science and tech" related and that is what u prefer, totally go for it.

But I guess I'd refrain cos it takes so much of time and experience. Its too slow.

Hi Deepit! Ashris here. I'm presently a third year student in KGP, Azadian and from Archi. First of all, hearty congratulations! You've made all of us so immensely proud! Wish News in Shorts the best in the coming future. I use it daily and its really an amazing MUST have app. This year, I and couple of my friends are taking part in Google Online Marketing Challenge, where in we need to pick a company and optimize its online ads using Google Adwords. We need to come up with a strategy to boost the clicks from the target audience. We will be given \$250 from Google for this and that would be all the finance we would be needing and there would be no cost incurred by the company we pick. I was wondering if you'd be interested in this program. The plan goes like: We would pick News In Shorts as our company, devise targeted Ads for you and run a campaign of 3 weeks in which we need to achieve the target that we quoted initially (the clicks, that is) There will be a definite hike in the app downloads and won't cost you anything for the marketing. We are doing this for purely educational purpose and we would love and really be honored if you would let us proceed. We would send you the official Google invitation if you are willing.

I have peeped through myself already. I am at peace with myself. At the darkest, I was there by myself and I have carried myself through times when there was nobody by me. Its weird when I have to connect to someone, for they do not know me. Its hard to invite people into my life or have connections. Making an connection needs you to become vulnerable, offer the power to the other person to touch you and destroy you

A prof of mine in my department wants to do a research on the lines of 'interestingness' of images but limited to the context of graphic design. So there are qualitative principles in graphic design called balance, rhythm, proportion, unity and emphasis that he wants to corelate with how interesting it looks. Now, it is easy for a design student to mark which image ranks 'how much' empirically in these features. If a large dataset is provided, can a ML based model be made to extract these feature values from a new image?

Definitely! EVERYTHING! Probably it's some kind of a test that the uparwala usually takes.. This time it's a tough paper.. But,I know you. You'll come out with flying colors... Hey, and health is a priority.. Nothing.. Nothing can be weighed against it okay? In any case, you think things are getting bad, please, let uncle and aunty know. I believe, we as kids sometimes just under-estimate our parents. They are lot more mature and stable than what meets the eye. Just do what you fully believe is best for you.. Okay? Aey, aur chal, itna sweet hone ki zarurat nahi.. I know am awesome B| Thanks..

Life is like a party, we know it will end and it is not important to base our actions only based on the fact that if it will matter when we die. Life isn't about discovering but about creating. We can create life, thread by thread, moment by moment each day. And we are here for like what? 100 years? that is less than a eye blink considering how large the universe is. We should understand how special every moment is. It is too precious to be spent in hate and negativity.

Everyone around us is equally confused, equally delicate and vulnerable. We will always be inferior beings compared to the Universe. Lets have fun while we are here and be nice to each other, it is the only way to make our time interesting. Its not a race against each other, its about spending our 100 years, 100 precious years with love.

I hate the whole love thing so much. I haven't felt how being loved feels like in years. When people love me, I distance myself from them, I don't let them come close, and it isn't about the sexuality thing at all. It is irrespective of that.

The people I get drawn to are ones who are so pure hearted like the ones who are so much nicer than me who regard me as vey nice friend but it is always unrequited. I can't even tell them I love them so much and always always have to kill it. Worse, it works. Eventually they become strangers to me and all their memories are lost.

I'll help you a bit :p When you notice someone has made something on their own, appreciate them, ask them how did they think about it and tell them what you are up to. Take personal lead in reaching out to people and take time to notice what they are doing. Help people accomplish their goals, offer supportive suggesions, be a good friend, start initiatives where you think it is necessary.

Yellow aura people have natural skills in them but they take time to realize it. In the process, they are more inquisitive, have more questions. Things they do will make you wonder how the fuck did they do it. But even they are amazed by it and wonder how it happening. The difference between them and blue people is that the blue ones take active charge of their powers.

It seems "an excuse for isolation" has become the de-facto culture of KGP. Be it over halls, societies, GPA, extra-acads, gender, category of admission, obedience to seniors - we have a reason ready in every corner to say "you dont belong". When I read resumes I literally replace "leadership skills" with "intimidation skills", because thats what it is. In every aspect of campus life, we derive greater pleasure from the failure of others than our own success. I remember certain seniors telling juniors "If you dont do exactly what we say we are going to cut you off and not share any funda (wisdom) with you". Really? You puny 20 year-olds are going to unload life-lessons on a 19 year-old? Who do you think you are, and what have you seen and accomplished in life to be eligible for such bravado? In today's connected world when 5000 accomplished alumni are a click away, who are you to cut off anybody from anything? Please read his post below, and have the courage to own up responsibility for change. We know the infrastructure is inadequate; let us make it clear that we are not inadequate in ourselves. "When will KGP students turn their view inwards? It is perfectly legitimate to be enraged about medical facilities, but so little of the online outrage I've seen has been about introspection and reflection. I love that place with all my heart but there are many things far more glaring and immediately personal than BC Roy Hospital that have contributed to the many tragedies that have occurred. Do I start at the still abusive culture that permeates the halls (sorry, the fact that you may no longer force juniors to listen to your insults when they are trying to eat is not enough for a normal senior-junior interaction, let alone a good one)? The furious passive-aggressive attitude towards those who entered via affirmative action, making them feel an extreme case of impostor syndrome? Or perhaps it's the rampant sexism (going both ways) and the misguided masculinity that

I think I saw an instance of pretty much every day (but rarely called out, I'm sorry to say)? I could go on but anyone who has been at KGP and is truly honest with themselves, knows of what I speak. I was probably one of the most fortunate and privileged people to ever be there, with a loving family and circle of friends, and no significant economic, social or academic pressure. And there were many days when a happy-go-lucky individual like me felt consumed by cynicism, despair and discontent at the apathetic, insensitive, close-minded behaviour of one or more fellow students. What chance do kids who aren't as fortunate stand? It's easy to always parrot the same refrain about the system being broken and the administration not caring, and absolve ourselves of any responsibility. But if we pride ourselves on our own tempo so much, then turn some of that energy has to be turned to evaluating how we treat one another, how we conduct ourselves every day, in our halls, in our classrooms and anywhere in and out of campus. The next time you see bullying in any form, and you will see it often, speak up. The next time someone is ridiculed for wanting to study or stay in their own world, let them know it is okay for them to be as they are, that they don't need to conform to someone else's skewed view of what they should be. The next time a friend confesses an embarrassing story or the details of a crush to you, hear them, empathize with them, hug them, and don't make them regret telling you. I hope with all my heart that the investigations are conducted, and that whatever was lacking in the facilities is supplemented. But if we stop evaluating ourselves as the student population, no hospital can cure us."

Nah, the first year is pretty chill. People usually diversify in IIT. Research, startups, companies, both core and non core. People discover themselves and it is pretty difficult to say from right now where your passion lies unless you try dozen of things. It is the story everywhere. Talking of the alumni of the Dep, they are in IIMs, Ivy Leagues, startup founders and lead archi firms. It's kinda gloomy at times but the smart ones figure it out.

Dear Matthias,

I know you must be very busy now with Archilyse, but I wanted some really important advice from you as a friend. I am stuck at a really important time of life where the decisions I make have a far reaching consequence.

I am a over thinker but I think it is worth indulging when it comes to hard decisions in life. I have this visiting student offer from MIT but for some reason I have reservations about it. I don't know why but here's the scene : I have to self fund myself including acco, food and travel which comes to USD 25,000 for a year. It actually is a pretty big amount for my parents and all of this is just for the tag MIT Media Lab, the work there is going to be pretty basic, i.e AR, VR etc. The only perk I get there is the contacts. But most importantly, I am not sure if I want to live in US for a year.

I contrast it with doing a Masters at Bauhaus where I already know people who will be so warm and kind to me, I will have creative freedom hopefully and Europe in my two visits seemed to be more of a place where one can contemplate life, unlike the consumerist culture in US, I don't know, I am mostly making guesses. It would also be hopefully lot cheaper and allow me being self dependent. It isn't like my parents won't be able to support me, but I'd like to be self reliant as much as I can.

I honestly just want to be in a place where I can constantly grow as a human being, learn, be awed, be inspired, make memories and everything, have a more complete life, rather than just slog and work hard to build a profile. But I am also equally confused wondering if maybe 20s is the only time where I shouldn't slack off and rather try to build a good profile.

I know it is too much information at once, but I really wanted your opinion, I always have found you to have a very clear logical idea of things. Can you please advice me on what to do? If you were in your 20s in my shoes, how would you have gone ahead?

Ashris :)

Web more Important Seeking advice Inbox

Ashris Choudhury Dear Matthias, I know you must be very busy now with Archilyse, but I wanted some really important advice from you as a friend. I am stuck at a rea... Always show images from Ashris Choudhury

Matthias Standfest to me 13 hours agoDetails Always show images from Matthias Standfest Dear Ashris,

first of all iâ d like to thank you for the trust you put into my thoughts. Iâ ll do my best with my advise ;) However, I think you already know what I am going to suggest and of course I am proud to argue this position.

In short: go to Europe.

MIT is fancy like shit, although the Media Lab is not as trend setting as it used to be. With their focus on HCI they almost missed out on the AI stuff (at least the important one) , and especially in architecture they did not make any significant contributions over the last ten years. Clearly, this is harshly put, nevertheless from a philosophic as well as technologic perspective you know I am right. The problem underneath is not MIT specific: it infected all of academia (but the ivy league â ish schools like eth the most).

H-Index and Impact factor have slowed down the innovation performance of these schools, and in a field which already suffers from scientific inefficiency like architecture this is almost fully paralyzing. Thus, if you want to develop own thoughts and do proper scientific contributions you need to free yourself from this publication/cv pressure.

And even more so today, when the real research is not happening inside academia any more. Google, IBM, startup ecosystems â all of them provide better environments for real research due to a simple fact: they have more data. If you want to do research you do not need to go where the tech is (nowadays tech is available everywhere due to www), today you go where the data is (open data is quite strong in Europe). Furthermore, the real deal is time: the more time you can spend on doing research, the better it gets. So, even if you would work day and night in Boston â a two years master in Weimar would be much more efficient. Science wise. An additional point is age:

come on, you are still very young. And MIT is not going anywhere. So if you decide after doing you masters that you wanna spend a year in the US you can still do it. Maybe even in a better contract. Or at a better school ;) For now, if you collect the CV batch â MIT guestâ you just become another overachieving Asian student. This might be interesting for Indian companies, but it is less interesting for the rest of the world. It is simply not sufficiently distinctive anymore. Weimar on the other hand provides you with an amazing framework of also theoretically interesting people: <https://www.uni-weimar.de/en/media/studies/media-studies/medienwissenschaft-media-studies-ma/> these guys are incredible (and not as outdated as Chomsky) . And even better: maybe we could think of a small Archilyse project for you, so you could become even more self independent.

Frankly, you only live once. And it would be a shame, if you live just for your CV. You need to spend time on doing things instead of collecting labels. This is much more satisfying. The MIT students I worked with in Singapore were more of the Asian drill kind: do as you are told, do a lot, be better than the others. Weimar/Europe is much more easygoing but intellectually more challenging. Take your time but find your own path. But I am sure you are more than capable of doing so. And I think you could have more fun in Europe anyway.

Finally, it is not about the money. Think of having a million: what would you want to do, with whom would you want to discuss, what would you want to read. When I was young, I always wanted to do my master at MIT. But as I grew older and after meeting more and more people from over there, I became increasingly happy of deciding differently. And today I would say, strive to become as unique as possible not as general. A smart guy like you will find his spot anyway.

Hope this provides enough mental support for this heavy decision,

Cheers

Matthias

â Dear Matthias,

Thank you for taking the time to write your honest thoughts, I feel very lucky to have found in you a mentor and a friend.

I read your mail multiple times and could see your perspective. I questioned myself as to why do I have such a desperation to be that overachieving Asian kid you talked about. Why is that western validation so important? Is it some deep rooted colonial era complex, probably maybe. You should have seen how my professors and parents reacted to the MIT news, they were overjoyed and my dad was all 'I cannot be more proud of you' without even knowing or caring about what I will do at MIT.

It is tough battling that smile and shine in eyes. It is them living their dreams through me. When I told them I was reconsidering the MIT thingy, he began persuading saying it is just a year and then I could choose to do anything thereafter.

For now what I have decided is that I will apply to the course at Weimar as you said, but it seems they have a requirement for German as well. I will ask if there are ways to get it waived.

I asked the question you put, if I had a million dollars, what would I do? I know I would definitely not be using it to get a degree. I agree with you that the high class educational elitism as it exists isn't sustainable or even updated with modern times. I would rather be traveling to odd places on solo trips and try make friends wherever I go, I think.

In my last semester, I had very contrasting experiences. I started taking workshops in my institute where I was teaching programming to my architecture juniors : python, processing and such. It was an exhilarating experience. The sessions filled me with energy, I loved the energy echoed back from them when they were successful making their first website and such. I compared that with my architecture thesis project time : it was all about deadlines, reviews, submissions and I hated it. I hated the stress, the conformity to rules, standards, death of innovation. It made me realize that I want to be in an environment where I have real human interactions and the work I am working is meaningful, atleast to me.

I am right now questioning many things in life, my motivations, assessing my privileges, taking a plunge at philosophy and such.

Even if I do decide to go to MIT, I promise that I will be aware of our conversation. I won't be the person that institution wants me to be and keep the spirit of a healthy rebellious nature glowing in me. Since it is just a year, I am seeing it from a 'lets give it a shot' sort of attitude rather than 'omggg, mit accepted me' sort of way.

And if Weimar has no problems with my pathetic German and I am able to battle my dad's gleamy eyes, I will meet you very soon.

Thank you so much Matthias, again. You have helped me keep my sanity, for

it feels exhilarating to be able to share these thoughts in my head.

:) Ashris

What even is break up, you either give fucks about someone or you don't. There's no intermediate like love or hate I think. If you don't get that void in your heart when you miss them, you have stopped loving them. I think it is simple but having been there I know it feels very bad to not reciprocate feelings when someone says they love you. It is worse that not having your love reciprocated.

I had applied for the graduate program at Fluid Interfaces but unfortunately couldn't get an admit. I understand how tough the competition is each year. But I sincerely would want to avail the opportunity of working with the Fluid Interfaces group. I look up to the projects done by the group and have aspired to do such cool projects myself for a long time. Hence, I would like to apply for the position of a visiting student at your group.

My internship at ETH has exposed me to use OculusVR and create VR compatible videos. So, if I join as a Visiting student from September, I can help with the Group's projects right away. I am currently learning the skills to equip me to accomplish projects involving Virtual and Augmented reality to blur the human-machine barriers.

Here is how I plan to be a useful asset for your team:

1. Help create the web interfaces for the projects. I have a strong grip on Web Development. [My past projects demonstrate the skill]
2. Execute projects using nodebots, a technology to integrate IoT with NodeJS. [I am learning this currently]
3. Build immersive VR technologies for learning and education [ETH + Learning Unity3D and C# Scripting now]
4. Document and record the projects and contribute ideas in the projects.

I am capable for funding my stay and register for the terms for 12 months. Since I graduate in few months (in July), I would want to initiate the visa process right away if you allow me to do so.

My projects can be found at <http://iashris.com> and my resume at http://iashris.com/Ashris_Resume.pdf

I understand that it may not be possible to offer me the position in which case, can you please let me know how can I be a better fit to the Lab? I'd want to re-work on my projects and apply again next year.

Apologies I send the mail second time as I thought it might have been missed by mistake the last time.

Regards, Ashris

Kartik, get your internship done and just see this relationship for what it is, a sweet relationship that's all. This desire to overcomplexify simple things which is a side effect to just be creative goes haywire if not controlled. Also, the whole finite experience of the flesh is not a bad or insignificant thing as you make it sound. Enjoy the gifts and know that's not all to life tho.

Thank you so much for this opportunity. I am excited about the projects I will get to be a part of at FinBox.

Having stayed at Bangalore in the past, especially in an area like Koramangla, I know the finances can be a bit tricky. Do you think it might be possible to increase my stipend, to around 20-25K? It will help me focus on my work better and have some more financial freedom. I understand if this won't be possible but please do consider.

Looking forward to be a part of FinBox!

Every great dream begins with a dreamer. Always remember, you have within you the strength, the patience, and the passion to reach for the stars to change the world.

Harriet Tubman

Let the mission of our lives be to help those dreamers in pursuing their dreams. The first step is to recognize those dreamers who are changing India and the world. We call them Outliers. The Outlier in you comes out when you pursue what you like and feel happy about. Check out our website to know about the featured projects that lie at the intersection of technology and design. You might be the next one featured here? We are looking forward to your constructive feedback, thoughts, and wishes.

Maine aaj ye Mr. Sabu Francis ko message kiya. Is it fine?

Hello Sir, Regards from the Department of Architecture and Regional Planning, IIT Kharagpur. I am Ashris Choudhury, currently pursuing my first year B.Arch. Recently, I have been elected as the Alumni Secretary for the academic session 2013-14. I am extremely passionate and enthusiastic about the post. It's an honor, Sir, to get to know of esteemed alumni of our institute and reaching them again after so many years of their graduation. It's a mistake on our part, for not having taken any step in this direction for so long. The results:

Our database isn't strong enough. We have 252 contacts of alumni after 2006 batch. Nevertheless, we have attempted as an initiative to get in touch with all our alumni again, updating them about the college, the departmental activities, and genuinely show that we do care and acknowledge our Alumni. We wish to know about them and their lives. I know, the task is enormous, may as well take 10 years, but we have to start. Sir, hence in this regard, I wish to create a group on facebook. It is most easy to reach, is comfortable and people won't be bothered on receiving updates as unlike emails, they access fb only in their free time. You have done a great job, Sir, by creating the group "IIT KHARAGPUR ARCHITECTS" and I am overwhelmed how you always keep updating links and thus, is a good platform for the alumni. But, there are so many events and updates like Zonal Nasa held recently, IBM competition, field trips that you might not have the data for. Sir, so we want that in the group, we have more updates on these lines and add several more alumni. On an assignment, where I was required to find contacts of 13 alumni of 1998 batch, I could trace 9 of them on fb. Hence, we have several alumni, still not added. Hence Sir, do you recommend us to start a new group altogether that shall be administrated by you, and the Alumni Secretary and Secretaries so far or should we provide you with data to update on the existing group? We suggested the former proposal as many people have to be added further, and we assumed you might be busy for this. Kindly let me know, what you think about in this regard, Sir.

Thanks :) I'm not doing very well now, I'm not as sportive as I should be and probably you might be blaming yourself for getting me sad. But trust me, I know how it goes. I want to be happy, I will be. Thanks for these small messages and sochne ke liye itna, lekin I would never be angry with you :) Its something you don't know and its alright. Main theek hi hoon. Tu peace me so ja filhaal. You are by far, the best friend I have in KGP and I want to do all I can to keep it that way. I don't want things to become the way it did with me and Tarun :) I want to be happy and not possessive with your life. Its unusual for me, but I'll do it :) Go to Bhutan, seriously. I want you to.

Its a really good design. And I can see the effect on glass that you have brought. But I think they would have problem with the concept. A typography is one in which you the letters are modified to convey the meaning. Over here, the focus is not entirely on the letters. It would look even more awesome with a different font too. I can see the personality portrayal you did by getting the tranquility of blue and serenity of water. It indeed expresses your personality. Just try to make it more expressive. I liked it. Its quite nice.

u knw what Subhamoy, maybe u are correct for an instance.. Maybe u knw what, Ur perspective may be correct.... But truely, Thats what I dont want to do... I want to take the steering wheel of my life on my own for once... not

rely on others to turn me happy or sad... I had given a huge power to control me to people.. i HAVE FACED THE CONSEQUENCES... Well, caps lock unintentional.. MAYbe am takin stupid decisions... but u knw what.... i am fine with em.. cos they are my decisions... 2 yrs ago when i chose engg over medical... when i chose to dump my crush for iit, went through a low phase and chose to still battle, it was all my decisions.... u may say i shud have made better choices.... i shud have made correct ones...I land up today in architecture... I am happy. .. Because, I reached here,god knows after how many wrong and rite decisions, but all mine.. I have no one to complain to.. I am happy... Believe me, I am in my ground state.. I really have forgotten Abhi as my best friend.. It sounds rude, but what do i do if i dont feel anything for him? He wasnt there by me when I needed him... And, I have said that clearly t him... Only to realise that, It was just a one sided thing... Prorsch is a dude.. I am happy foru Subhamoy... Happy that u r in the place u wanted to... Happy that u found Praharsh as ur true friend... U could trust him.. I too did, but it failed and made me confident that I am fine with myself... Contended and peaceful... There really are no rules on which world thrives...Even if they do, I never say know them... I am just living in my terms.. Thanks for ur consideration... I really never expected that from u... It wont be fair for me and you that you expect me to really change.. Thanks

See, that is the worst alternative. We do not hate you for your talks. On the contrary we like it! See, Nikhil makes fun of me saying Archi is dumb, I am disconnected from engineering etc. But I realize that he doesn'tmean it; He appreciates my creativity. Same here. Dude, its like.. sometimes guys just need "someone" to laugh on, to target at. It could be anyone. So no offence really. And if you still have grudges, Its good thing that you let me know of it. We really like you and your talks rey, dont be senti!

See, now you are talking the real thing. You see that we all get hurt when our ego is hurt, our intelligence is questioned, simply put.. we are made fun of. But, it also doesn't mean one should be intolerant and a hard shell. What do you want? Does your belief, your validity of arguements matter more than hurting someone's feeling? You need to realize that while we all believe we are logical beings, we are faculties of emotion as well. I guess you should not have continued the Zeno's arguement with that passion with Pranay. Even if either one of u was correct, u see, your ego's were hurt and that sucks! Didn't u see hoe Umang turned sad on being proven wrong?

I know rey... this is amazing you know.. I can call you the very next second you know! In fact all of us can have a hangout even.. but somewhere I don't know I don't know how psychology works that we resent.. we just don't feel like.

Maybe cos we know that it really won't be the feeling as talking face to face... being able to pull your hair.. kiddie your head.. pressing ur cheeks..

I don't know if it works for you. But the whole idea of the damn page is this.. to incite you and provoke you and enjoy the tamasha. Stop giving it more fun. Buffoons like chaitanya will be there to hoot and dance at the happenings and enjoy... but you need to be the bigger man here.. the matured one

You did? Yaah that was part of an internship I am doing out here.. So, u interested in Archi or Design kya? Or solid Engineering? Thank You

no, im open to other branches other than d core engineering branches in iit too but it all depends on my rank

My intuition says you would have an awesome rank. I messed up my jee last time like anything. Archi is an awesome branch really. Even Manufacturing jo Shramajit ne liya tha, Design at Guwahati everything is really good.

no, im open to other branches other than d core engineering branches in iit too but it all depends on my rank

9:02pm Ashris Choudhury My intuition says you would have an awesome rank. I messed up my jee last time like anything. Archi is an awesome branch really. Even Manufacturing jo Shramajit ne liya tha, Design at Guwahati everything is really good.

9:04pm Madhureeta Das Gupta so, what exactly do they teach in archi?

9:06pm Ashris Choudhury We dont have sciences. That is, Physics and Chemistry nahi hota. In place of that we directly start branch related subjects right from first year. Ex: Design, Building Materials, Introduction to Architecture, Graphics and Visual Communication, History of Architecture etc All that is kinda fun.. Its not just painting and stuff as people think.. It has got a great deal of engineering, art, literature, history, designing, ergonomics and so much more We still have Mechanics, Programming, English, Maths etc too Its kind of loaded one, but its kinda hatke and a cool subject. You cant have a branch change in Archi though. That is one disadvantage. But u can do a minor degree instead in any other field like CS, Civil, etc.

9:09pm Madhureeta Das Gupta that looks interesting what r d job prospects frm archi in kgp?

9:14pm Ashris Choudhury I'd be frank. India is yet to catch up with architecture. For a B.Arch graduate, you cant expect salaries like 10lac-12lac as other depts do. But once u take a masters i.e M.arch and specialize, sky is the limit. Jobs till 50lacs too emerge. Its sort of analogous to Medical.. MBBS guy is nothing..

But after specialization, the value exponentiates. Architecture is way different than engineering. a whole new career altogether. In my second year, i wont have any written exam u know. we dont have books to read. But ideas and designs replace books and journals.

hey! free hai?

haan.

how was it?

it? OP?

date

I lost my cool today.

eh? kiske?

date? ordinary. The second one was gonna happen today, but seems like he fortunately forgot. He speaks well, enacts things, but is sort of boring.

so, technically u are committed now?

And he is very mighty kind of, and haughty, ETDS govt, final year, all that gives an air of commanding. WHAT??? I don't know him at all. The first time we spoke was the debsoc day. Its just a date where you talk over coffee. monkey. oye, reply. Don't scare me.

so dont call it a date then

its not just couples who date. People meeting up solely to get to know each other is a date, could be two girls too.

Dating, a form of courtship which may include any social activity undertaken by, typically, two persons with the aim of assessing each other's suitability as a partner.

Even a professional meeting with a single partner is a date.

Certainly, in a parallel universe...

which world are you from? oye, a boy and a girl meeting up to know each other is a date. Just that much. and then they may never meet again. You are so evil, and you scare people, accuse them.

The one in which Dates are prelude to a relationship Ugghh

haan, it is not necessary that I should get committed to every guy I date.

Why dont you post a status update: Feeling awesome on the date- with Vikram Voleti @CCD,IIT Kharagpur

boy, I'll hit your head.

and then explain to the wooooo and oooooos about how dates mean professional interactions

You don't understand how scared and insecure I feel for not being able to say no politely. Alright, think what you want to.

Oh I totally can understand your fears and anxieties. Its highly inappropriate to say no to strangers asking you out on dates.. What could be more impolite than that

exactly, because I have to smile at the end of every sentence, and laugh at the wry jokes, and say polite things like "as you wish" and "oh not at all " and " indeed my pleasure", "I would love to meet up again". social obligations. nd because he is a senior and a stranger that I can't just say, get lost.

Do you have feelings for him?

does that mean that you don't know if you have been on dates?

The ball is in your court Keerthana!

no re, just a formal, very foral acquaintance. I can't even ask him for a tissue. go go away.

Am I bothering u? Well, I am ofcourse It would be so weird to see u in a relationship with someone

yeah you are bothering me. You think I am fucking around with all kinds of folks right. You are right.

12:28am HEy! Mind the language! No am not Just... Be as u are na I am being a jerk here and well, its your life and everything... And u go offline just like that C'mon! PSI!! Oye, this is very rude I wont bother if it makes you so crossed

did u just go offline because of me?

Okay, while I say this, its important that you don't judge me all through. Yes, I am bisexual and am still not sure about it, and it is way too early for me to make labels. All my life, I have known that I have thought I was different; things were sort of different to me than what other guys seemed to express. It took me a while to accept and realize that my sexuality is what it is and I don't have to be ashamed or guilty about it. I want more time to know myself and I dont want it to define me in any way.

It was a secret I tried locking with myself for long time considering people would not like me anymore, but I realized it was killing me inside and I had to be in survival mode all my life. Having trusted Keerthana with my secret and insecurities, I was very happy that I didn't have to keep it away from her. She seemed to take it properly in the beginning but later was repulsed by it. Anyway, I was not prepared to be open and out of closet so soon. I am open to Mahesh and he was totally supportive about it. It was such a relief when you

have no secrets to keep and be a free person. This December, I want to tell my mom too.

Now Subhamoy, I don't know if we are good friends now or what, but I tell this to you because I don't want to appear as if I am ashamed of my identity. Its totally understandable if that makes you uncomfortable, but that's okay. I hope you aren't creeped out and everything.

Thanks for the concern.

Thanks Subhomoy. Your suggestions are really helpful. And Keerthana did suggest us on the similar lines the TSA way. Well we do not intend to be just a counselling helping page and we do not want to project that image for now. Our motive in general is to link every college- whereby I mean all IITs NITs IIITs BITS together and with the students in class XII and X. So that any student can approach to any student in any college through us. That is a long way to go and it may take 2-3 years and we do have a plan and approach to it. So its now an attempt to penetrate into the student community for now. There is a long journey ahead and we won't be ephemeral as these counselling groups now made. Well, thanks for all the time you gave and thanks for ur wishes too. And yaah, I read the synopsis of the movie and it already seems to help my diplomatic skills.

It is hard to argue with intelligent people who willfully wear a blindfold. Hardik being one of them. I have tried reasoning with him on OP issues and while my 5 hour long confrontation convinced almost all people in Azad, it was amazing how hard to convince Hardik was. So while I think the reply is very well constructed, it is going to have an impact on him. We should in my opinion either ignore him or reply as TSA.

Hey, I don't know if its appropriate but I really want to apologize for saying some proly mean things during the field trip ppt thing. I hadn't realized that you did have the health issue during the exams and that affected the grades in a way and you had to do all you could do compensate. I cannot imagine how difficult it proly must have been to go through the typhoid and still go for the tests.

I am sorry if I was offensive unknowingly. Best wishes. And, don't worry if you are at all. You will be great at whatever you want to do, these grades will matter no way in large picture.

Stay awesome. :)

Abhi, du u rly want to avoid me forever. Dnt rply me, il tk tht as yes. I promise nvr to talk to u agn. U literally killed me today. U were my best best frnd.. U only sd na ki main ek typical girlfrnd ki tarah hu, u wer so bloody rite damnit! My fault ki I expectd u to gv me a bit respt to share ur mind, bth in gud n bad tymz.. U nevr regarded me as ur frnd, i feel.. I just am so sad so sad bcz of u. Just u, bloody!

If u think my concern and frnshp is mere mercy, I prefer to be no one. U knw what I was so so jealous of u for being so gud. I never cud be as true and sincere as u. What u did today, just showed how much falsity u carry Mister!! U hv just taken a large chunk of my life by using those words. Stil, i'l plead Dnt break up plzz.. Agn! I cant handle it. Plz!

I am so sorry to hurt you. But that was purely unconscious. I have to admit that when u al 13 got kppy, i knw hw bad i felt each day. U knw hw much attention hungry i am. Maybe al the pent up things came out at once. And Abhi, more than a request, i ask u to plz give me my status back in ur life. I dnt want to be sumbody u just used to knw. I deserve much better than that. I deserve u, ge

i have the special ability of masquerading my feelings quite wel, and ya better than u. But when it explodes, i lose myself. I am sry to hurt u. But Abhi, the hurt u gave me is more. I swear.. Maybe its my fault to attatch u so much in my life. But i cnt help it... I srsly have nthng else to say. Watevr had to said. Nw its totaly to u. Lets move on or keep hurting ourselves. U are a lot better than Sumangal, plz dnt behave lyk him nw.

The European Commission has just announced an agreement whereby English will be the official language of the European Union rather than German, which was the other possibility.

As part of the negotiations, the British Government conceded that English spelling had some room for improvement and has accepted a 5- year phase-in plan that would become known as "Euro-English".

In the first year, "s" will replace the soft "c".. Certainly, this will make the sivil servants jump with joy. The hard "c" will be dropped in favour of "k". This should klear up konfusion, and keyboards kan have one less letter.

There will be growing publik enthusiasm in the sekond year when the trouble-some "ph" will be replaced with "f".. This will make words like fotograf 20% shorter.

In the 3rd year, publik akseptanse of the new spelling kan be expected to reach the stage where more komplikated changes are possible.

Governments will enkourage the removal of double letters which have always ben a deterrent to akurate speling.

Also, al wil agre that the horibl mes of the silent "e" in the languag is disgrasful and it should go away.

By the 4th yer people wil be reseptiv to steps such as replasing "th" with "z" and "w" with "v".

During ze fifz yer, ze unesesary "o" kan be dropd from vords kontaining "ou" and after ziz fifz yer, ve vil hav a reil sensi bl riten styl.

Zer vil be no mor trubl or difikultis and evrivun vil find it ezi TU understand ech oza. Ze drem of a united urop vil finali kum tru.

Und efter ze fifz yer, ve vil al be speking German like zey vunted in ze forst plas.

I still think we made a good team, I am still banking on a possibility on we doing something amazing in the valley, making funky stuff. We have very complimenting skills man. We will do amazing stuff and some 6 hours ka chutiya exam is no call for redemption. Your Linkedin profile is easily better than 95% of people i know in my campus

İç ¼

Azad hallâ s English dramatics production, â Singing in the Rainâ , is steering to the climax. Don will soon hold Kathyâ s hand and theyâ ll dance to the beats of â I love you baby â by Frankie Valliâ . We all are supposed to join them up on stage as the song nears the high chorus. I am standing right next to the stairs of Netajiâ s stage. Clapping in ecstasy and enjoying myself. As I step up to paint myself in the joyous mood of the stage, to slurp in the applause, to lie aback on the cloud of utopia, to smell the sweet scent of bliss. I stumbled into a sweet affair with theÂ moment of catharsis. My eyes went numb. I was strong enough to take it all in but too weak and small to react to that impulse. There was an emotional rage, an orgasm which flooded the mind with shear flow of aesthetic beauty. I indeed felt like I was going to pass out in happiness, wondering about the winsome beauty of this gigantic world of theatrics. It was Stendhal Syndrome, an impulse which made me feel so small while standing in front of such an aesthetically elegant piece of art. And since that day, every moment is a pursuit for happiness. I live to pass out in bliss. That was the day when this budding physicists fell so deeply for art. Since then, equations are poetic and calculations just an act of drama.

İç ¼

Netaji Auditorium, IIT Kharagpur, Kharagpur, W

OH! Why dont u even call ur friends inc ravali and sweta too to help u wid the preps if you need em :) might make them do some work for all the iitm teasing.. I really can feel ur enthusiasm .. I really wish a great happy and prosperous life for your sis.. I and infact all of us are really excited to be at the marraige.. :)

Dekh Bhai! Choosing a college indeed is a tough choice initially which you should make after considering many factors. While the primary should be whether you will be happy there or not. Since Tum wahan apne zindagi ke 4 ya 5 behad khaas saal bitaoge. Doosri ye ki wahan overall facilities exposure academics personality development ke parameters Kaise hain. Kyunki college life me hi tum apne future ko shape karoge.. that's the only reason why iit ko prefer karate hain just cost the extra co curr and overall exposure us quite good. Do some research on Srinagar. While it obviously is a good choice for being close to your home, ye bhi socho ki kya 4 saal tum waha bitane ke baad you'll get the best out of it or not.

I will be honest with you, I dont think this will work simply because making people work in the way you want them to for no other reason but to innovate is hard - I think just call it a coworking space, arrange fr nice wifi, entertainment and let them do whatever - yheir own kaam etc and have lightweight cimmunity events - and charge them high - they work for themslves only - that seems sustainable to me - just my 2 cents

CurioCity is compromised of four individuals with varied interests and one common goal: Solve the issues that Crowded Urban Spaces deal with, through simple innovative ideas.

Pragya hails from Katihar. Her military upbringing has adorned her with confidence. Pragya was the elected representative of 10000 students as the General Secretary and was part of Inter IIT Aquatics team. She is the founder of Commbuyn, an e-commerce venture that won the Startup Competition at IIM Calcutta. She interned at ST Marine, Singapore. A dramatist and drummer, Pragya is an energetic woman who excels in multi tasking her diverse pursuits.

An Architecture student, Ashris is interested in creating the ideal 'Smart City' by fusing creativity and technology. He is the Editor of Campus Newsbody 'The Scholars' Avenue', and creates satires that have 16k views on Youtube channel 'Spectecool'. He interned at ETH Zurich, and was selected for Smartgeometry Conference at Hong Kong. He is co-founder of Ambar, a LGBTQ support group in IITKGP and the 'Most Viewed Writer' on Quora with over 1.1k followers.

Sarthak Jain is a Civil Engineering student who hails from Dehradun. With experience in construction, robotics, automobiles and real estate, he still manages to take out time to pursue his interest in guitar, photography and yoga. Sarthak has been the Team Leader of AIESEC, IIT Kharagpur, Swapan Gupta Memorial Scholarship Awardee and a member of TEAM Kart. He was an intern at UNSW, Australia and at Delhi Metro Corporation.

Sarthak Badjatiya is the Finance Guru. He is the Governor of Business Club, IIT Kharagpur, responsible for its core operations and has cleared the CFA Level 1 Exams. A state gold medalist in International Chinthana Maths Olympiad, Sarthak has also qualified Business Economics(CT-7) conducted by Institute of Actuaries of India(IAI). He was part of the top ten teams all over the world in the final competition of the Global Investment Banking Valuation Olympiad at London.

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Having spent three months in the beautiful city of Singapore for my internship, I was back to India traveling in a crowded local train from Kolkata to my university at Kharagpur. I was lucky to find a window seat. I had traveled through this route many times but that particular journey seemed different. Over the three months I was conditioned to see clean streets and organized households and hence the crowded dirty slums of my own city seemed very contrasting. There were women lining up to collect water, children playing in the mud, people openly defecating. But amidst the abject poverty, I could see a lining of hope: a constant struggle to survive, make the way out of the poverty: women making cow dung cakes, men constructing pots. I pondered over the scene and thought if this potential can be provided with a better platform. Can I as a student of an elite institution not do something to uplift the lives of these million people struggling with poverty in these crowded spaces? This thought made me initiate my startup â Commbuynâ a social enterprise that provides a platform for *whatever Commbuyn does*. In order to set up my website and figure out the technical aspects, I got my friend Sarthak Jain, a Civil Engineering student with a passion for using technology to create a difference in the society.

Dear Sir,

I am so touched by the message. With moist eyes and a proud smile, I am at a loss of words. I pause to think of all the times you have appreciated my ideas, ensured that I am doing well and also scolded me for my negligence.. they have shaped who I am. I hope my work speaks louder than my words and makes me be worthy of your blessings. You are a father figure to me and many more students, fortunate to be mentored by you. Wherever life takes me, I will ensure my work keeps your head high up and makes the country and my institute proud of me.

Respected Sir,

I am a student of Indian Institute of Technology, Kharagpur. I really admire the work you are doing for the benefit of the student community. I am sure thousands must be indebted to you for their success.

Sir, I had certain technical doubts related to the examinations and was wondering if you could kindly help me resolve them. Please let me know if this is the right channel to ask my query.

Hello KSK, so much to share! I am not as excited as I thought I would be. The place is great, I mean design wise, it is nothing like I have seen before. But the people here are nothing like I imagined, driven by passion or enthusiasm or

love for creation. Pretty smart they are but then, they are driven by desire to publish in journals and such.

Hi Nitin! The most obvious option would be to post the information on dozens of groups and spam them, but I really don't think that will help you with many participants as people aise usually follow nahi karte as u prolly know. People buy anything though which has a bit of humor or wit attached. Since KGP community is so huge, it makes sense to invest some time in making a poster/article that will be shared by people and would have your info in it. For example, since ye story writing ki competition hai, you could have an article '5 Short Stories from KGP that will capture your hearts' with the last paragraph as your info. Trust me, this will become real viral.

But if you think its not worth spending so much time, you can try the conventional group posting. You could also get in touch with the Gymkhana page that has 22k likes, Scholars' Avenue(22k likes again), and Awaaz. But still, IMO people have always avoided any 'only advertisement' posts as spam. Also, TSA has a policy to only advertise in exchange of some financial backing for they are in dire need of money right now.

I've been good, thank you for asking! Am working from home from Odisha, living with ma, never realized how much my soul was wanting to be around my parents, ever since this chaos began.

Yess, India in Pixels is really surreal, I feel really grateful that I have been able to connect with so many people who love such quirky things.

How about you!! Where are you headed to next?

Never mind... Research will be really awsumm.. You should try enrolling in IISER or NISER.. They are best in research after IISc.. IISc me chances kam hain cos they take 70% from KVPY only.. TIFR, Bombay is also rly good(first in asia)... But they just take postgraduates... Anyways.. I know you are making the right choice.. A person like u having such a wonderful scientific temperament shd pursue something meaningful.. As of me.. I neither have passion for engg nor science.. I wanted Comp jo milne se raha.. Am trying for Architecture or Design... Just wanting that.. Anyways, all the best PC!

I assure you.. Am not compromising in any way.. Over the time I just discovered being good at a subject doesnt imply being interested in it... Just that.. Comp is always my passion.. But adding the design or art masala to it will rly be nice.. Am not just blabbering.. am actly serious abt it.. I have talked to an IIT Guwahati prof in Design and am even writing the Design Test on 3rd June in

Kgp.. Am rly willing.. Anyways.. Theres nothing I said you shd be thanking me for.. Rather, I shd be appreciating u to listen to ur heart and not add the count to one more engineer of this country.. I knew from the day I know you that apart from being a bit mad, you are always apart from the lot.. Jst lyk me.. we are game changers and lets not follow them like sheeps but build our own paths.. The special reason for me to forego a Mechanical branch in BITS to an Architecture inIIT is not the brand value.. My heart says i'll be an average engineer but an awsum artiste.. I wish if I werent in India, I could be bold enuf to pursue arts and take animation and stuff.. But rite now.. thats my passion and inshallah, my goal.. So, dnt feel sorry for me taking the so called Bad Branch.. I am happy with it... Wish u all the best.. Dr. Shubhankar Prof.

Besides, I have relatives out there asking me whats the placements and package that ppl of my branch get... Serious jerks! Nobody out there has ever followed their passion now it seems... Nobody has till now asked themselves what they truly want... Notwithstanding the financial boon that my branch gives, I am happy to pursue my hobby and my passion as my life and career... India will indeed be blessed to have you in nourishing Indian Science... So good to find someone not channelized by dafuq currency wid the father of nation... There are some freaky idiotic assholes out there are rly, we wernt born to pursue prostitution for money like em~!

Long time indeed.. Well, I am having a good time here, the same I hope you also are. Architecture really is a beautiful subject. We aren't going directly on buildings but are taught to appreciate the beauty and science of designing and conceptualizing. I've joined the Debating Society here and I've discovered a new passion within me of debating. Its not like the school way of just writing cramming and vomiting but Asian Parliamentary, with its own rules and all. I've been to two debating tournaments so far. One in National Law Univ Delhi and other in KIIT.. Believe it or not, We got invitations from Pakistan as well, twice! And then, I'm in this Dramatics society as well.. So, in short, a buzzing college life. Just, its so hectic and the new people are sometimes weird. My branch mates are a bit stupid, I guess.. Rest goes well.. And thats it.. Comes to u, now.. How's everything with EEE? Do reply.. Bye

I mean ayush, the model can be worked up. In many countries for example, a +2 student has to teach an illiterate to get his board certificate.. Some other community stuff too. In India, we have many other things to consider.. Politicians, corruption, whether the poor will actly use the aid for education or spend in alchhol, as they usually do

You are lot more emotionally mature than I am and with how you reacted, I

am sure you will take the right step - I think it is not deserving for anyone to be okay with breadcrumbs of love - everyone deserves love fully, not thorough likes and views of posts but a wholehearted openness. You did the right thing, he might be into you but if he is not sure about it, you don't have to play the what-if game.

I know. Everything is until it becomes a practice. Tell you what, start slow but consistent. Like sit for 1 chapter and then take a 10 mins break. Set goals for yourself. Like, if I finish 2 chapters today, I can watch TV for 30 minutes. If 4, then an hour. Try and make the whole study process like a game till you enjoy it

No man, it requires a very intensive thought from your side, as it is your 5 years. I won't be able to give a fair opinion considering I don't know your passions and aspirations as well as you do. Personally, I would not recommend a 5 year course as it is just a waste of your present degree which shouldn't be the case.

Haha, thanks! It was much easier to make than it looks. She'll be fine; she was feeling a bit depressed recently, but then she's always fine after she's back from chd. Besides, Archi can be a pain in the ass some times, actually quite a lot of times.. Be in touch with her, she might go crazy otherwise and make imaginary friends :p

Haan kaha tha usne, kaafi baar. "Ireland, Ashris, Ireland!", Sanju wahan ja rahi hai! And chill, no one's stealing your thunder. You are only second to punctuation marks in the list of words she uses often. She's all about being the strong independent woman, after finally getting out of that rotten relationship she had with that asshole. Don't tell her I told you that though :p

internal politics and everything u see.. I tried to know why shruti hates him so much while she met him just for a day. I then asked vaish directly and she told me everything. she didn't tell me about the propose thingy. but mahesh said that Chaitanya agreed that he hid. after all the evidences I found, I unfriended him

hey

Hey there!

yeah so madhureeta will be joining kgp?

No clue We hope so

yeah so hw is ur work going on? for linkit up

People dont seem to be mch excited We wereworking on the site But ppl didnt respond well

who did u talk abt it ? to?

PS gag gang

oh recently the doctors told me dat i should prepare for a wheelchair life

! There must be a cure C'mon that shouldnt be correct I pray for you each day
You have many blessings with you. I am sure miracles happen. Do not lose
faith at all

miracle is the last hope nw sry the only hope

Hey Hanitha.. Be strong. Theis may just be a tough phase. You are a brave
girl. You will definitely be alright.

i really hope so ashris all these days i was thinking that it will be cured

And u will be

but nw it seems to be difficult

I have faith There are so many cases in which miracles happen Even the doctors
would agree that many a times results occur which they didnt expect\ Is there
any other lace where medication would be possible? place*

there is no medication for this disease allopathy is not that developed when
it comes to neurology whatever happened,happened of its own accord it was a
mistake made by my immune system which attacked me instead of the virus its
my bad luck

Hanitha, u have to be strong now for many people, us, your parents, your
relatives want you to be healthy and we will always be there for u. I am sure
that all the doctors in the world wouldnt have the same opinion. Why didnt u
consult with doctors in the States? I think we shouldnt lose hope before tying
all avenues

Although dynamic architecture is a breakthrough in field of construction, every
milestone comes with its own constrains and problems.

1. Commercial Vialbility: Great ideas have not worked just because the masses
weren't ready to accept it as they had to change their lifestyle patterns to ac-
comodate the changes. Telephones for example didn't get popular for about 50
years since its invention because people were simply not used to have conver-
sations without facing the other person. Similarly, it will take a while for the
dynamic buildings to be commonly accepted and be commercially viable. The
society used to static habitats will need time to acclimatize to the technology
and go forth and invest in these buildings.

2. Requirement of research: Motion has never been an aspect considered in building science. Every construction technique is conceived to restrain and fix the building in its position. The materials and technology aren't just designed to account for the rotation that will generate friction, torsion and angular momentum. Research in Civil Engineering has to account for these parameters and come up with composite materials and construction techniques to consider these factors.

3. Problems associated with Motion: A moving building faces resistance from air which is considerable in the long run. To have uniform movement, the motor should vary its force to counter the wind effects and the resistance which seems to be a difficult task to accomplish. Motion affects the surrounding air pressure of the building. Even when the speed is low, the huge building mass has considerable momentum to cause a problem to flying birds. Likewise in airplanes, there is a threat to the lives of these avians and the wind turbine vanes as well if a bird gets trapped into it because of the pressure difference.

4. Reliability on wind: The building's source is the wind energy harnessed by the wind turbines between every two floors. Wind, however isn't always constant and during times when air flow isn't high, an alternate form of energy has to be thought of.

5. Maintenance: The wind turbines will accumulate dust like a normal fan's vanes do because of static electricity developed by the friction between it and air. This dust needs to be removed periodically else it will clog the machineries. Also, since relative motion is always there in the machineries, they need to be lubricated periodically to avoid friction. Proper maintenance is indispensable in this case. Service ducts from the building core should let the workers clean these internal parts properly.

Hey Anshit! Can you help me with something? I am interested in this field of archi that integrates computation and electronics to make space interactive with the user. Its basically now limited to mere modulation of music and lightings in a room based on some user inputs like speed of motion, etc etc and use color therapy to create a nice atm and so on.. On a larger scale, it tries to use computation to plan cities by optimizing space based on user functions. From what you make out from this, what do you think are the CS tools I need to build up? Am cluelessly learning python now, wondering how will it help.

Hi Nishit! Long time yaar! Yaah, many people are doing the IGBC this time. Great to see you too. Its a two member event, essentially. Am working with Ankita, and Deepansh with Kuppu. Why dont u too approach someone? Since I will be busy with our submissions, it will be difficult to focus on another topic too. All the best :)

Fyn.. If that is.. so it is... But I give a damn really about the UncleAunty community drooling over ur marks to have future gains... and to be frankk.. If board percentages would be so important..U'd see there must be atleast a crore board 90 percenters coming out each year... That still is a crowd... More than your job and all... it all counts is if you r happy with your job and can give society your compassion.. That comes with the choices u make in lyf.. not the petty numbers thrown at you by some answer sheet checker... Still... I appreciate your viewpoint and so do I expect to do the same.. Its gud to have differences cos that adds to the variety and entropy of the world..

Lucky cos.. I rly want to pursue Computers to be specific ..Software Designing thats appealing.. So am preferring Design at IIT Guwahati or Architecture(my second preference) at IIT Kgp... Engineering.. I am not the guy.. There will be better than me in engg... But I may be an xcellent designer or Architect.. Wat bout u? You are an excellent artist.. Singing Dancing Arts.. Science just bcoz u wd be nothing in this dumb world if u hadnt taken that? What exactly is ur passion.. Singing or Engineering?

U know.. Thats not a passion.. Thats not what u can be proud of... I have seen my mom.. So dedicated to her duty.. Night 3 oclock or 11... Its just the patient's life.. Theyy see God in you.. I dont think I have that sense of responsibility.. Not that maturity... I couldnt be a good doctor.. My mind is a child roamong and willing to make mistakes.. make something new.. Awe people with my creations.. Software, Designs and Multimedia and Animation.. Thats my passion... Not Engg. Not Medical... I want to do my education at some IIT and then go to Japan to refine my art skills.. at then Tokyo Animation Collg.. Thts what I want.. Thats my passion

Arey yr. Tujhe itni seriously lene ki zarurat nahi hai... Dnt spoil your mind or speech who doesnt deserve you.. I have no grudges against Smiti but I can see that it must be irritating to be in the position u r in... Achcha, ab main Vizag me hu. Wil b heading to Kharagpur on 18. Clas startng on 20, incidentally, My mom's bday. So, lets wish each other a very gud life ahead, dear Sis, learning from our mistakes and remembering our true objective. Bye

Awesum! So no doubt u likd Arch and Design! I've been to almost all of India except north east. And oddly, the best place I found isnt in mainland but the true gem Lakshadweep. I tell u its a heaven or sumthng. The Indian ocean is transparent and u cn see corals, fishes and giant turtles that move in great depths. Its luvly. Next to it, Tamil Nadu is such a treat with Mahebaleshwar Temples, Chennai's mariana trench and the awesum other temples.. I loved visiting Delhi then... Qutb, Fatehpur, Bahai were al luvly and lesser knwn

Manali in Himachal for the Rohtang pass, a mountain with snow all d year. River Vyas originates der.. And Gujarat is also luvly. I just HATED Shimla, it sucks rly... And also Khajuraho. Its nothing cmpard to elephanta... Urs?

Hey! Yes, very long time indeed. I am just done with my six month internship in Hyderabad, discovered things I love now and am at a state to finally say with some confidence what I want to do life me. And you seemed the closest person I know in the field of HCI and interaction design. :) So I thought I could and should share things with you. How are you?

There is a general feeling that 5th years are very self involved and don't interact with juniors. Now I am in touch with the fourth years who have been telling that you are taking initiative and handling responsibility well. From your side also there is genuine concern so I think this alum visit was a nice opportunity for that to happen.

That comment was so heartfelt. I didn't know you felt that way. I guess part of me is aware of how I come across but also the other part of me wonders if it's all a curation you know. In real life I wonder why is it that I still feel I am not good enough? All fame does is make people envious, make one less relatable and makes one lonely. The whole point of me wanting fame was that I didn't want to feel lonely but I guess it doesn't work that way

Heck yeah go for it, I might not be the best person on crypto in particular but I think learning no skill is ever an waste. I haven't seen a lot of jobs in crypto open for entry level - i.e. the industry kinda wants Masters and PhD students for hardcore fields, but I mean if it turns out to be a passion why not - and the only way to know that is when you give it some time, so sure, go ahead, it will not be a waste of time.

Well, there is always an uncertainty... Me, Varun and Abhilasha were totally newbies and had no prev exp in team thing but we performed quite well... Well, I wanted to try as PM.. In last two debates, I did that role and found I can do it... Just practice see.. or else my usual whip... which i think i can manage well

Aakash, can you please help me out with this scenario? Am pretty sure that Architecture is not my calling and I'd like to try other fields now. I am interested to pursue Finance and Management or even in the lines of CS, but I am not sure how to proceed. How did you start? And how did u go forth with everything?

I would go for "Madhureeta, you have been one of the nicest people I've met and some of the best memories I've had in my life have been there because of you. I don't want to make you feel uncomfortable at all, but lately I've had feelings for you and you mean so much to me. I would want to make you happy and feel special."

I come from a middle class background with no financial sponsorship other than what my parents offer. I am currently enrolled in a university where a significant part of my parents' income is invested. Hence, \$300 is a big sum of money for an Indian student like me.

I am interested in making a career in programming and your favor would help me begin. My intention is to do a Masters in Human Computer Interaction. With the course certificate, my resume will carry more weight and enable me to reach my goals. I am very serious about learning from whatever resources I can get. I have self learn Web Design on my own from YouTube and so I know the worth of online resources in building skills.

I will participate in the community forums, make use of the platform to meet learners and in turn giveback to the community by helping others who have queries.

Chill yar! It makes sense if u start preparin for IIT or PMT from 10th. They are ur career rite.. boards is like.. Just a two digit certificate that srsly serves a crap.. Watch out if the next yr its gonna change to ISEET or NEET.. Stick to ur fundamentals and go thru prev yrs qsns to get a grip.. Or join a coaching inst to maximize ur conc. Its natural to b nervous. It jst means ure normal!

I believe life is about moving ahead.. Past just casts its nostalgia and tends to slow your pace.. I miss nothing really.. Neither DVM, nor its teachers not anyone.. I am in a place where I managed to be in with my efforts and shall move further ahead.. So, nothing really is permanent, so enough to have a permanent relation

God is an attribute to all living and non-living things. Our emotions, our ambitions, our love and our hate are all qualities of God. These attributes have an existence independent of the carrier of these attributes. Yet, they come to life or in action when they are manifested and therefore the Bheda Bheda school thinks the creation and creator are both same, yet different.

Hey Mark! Am yet another fan of urs from India.. From decades we Indians are considered to be very social and hospitable.. Ur facebook has become a testament to this nature. Today my totally anti tech savvy mom showed her first interest in computer just cos she was fascinated by how her colleagues and frnds r on fb.. I am so happy. Ever grateful. Congrats and wish u a happy married life.. :)

Hi Akanksha. I am a junior of yours at KGP. Can you please help me out with something? I really had given up my passion for programming long back with the huge course of Architecture at hand. Well, but then learning about you, Somnath and so many more, I really feel that if I'd really follow what I want, there's no excuse to give. Could you please give me a small direction as to how do I proceed exactly? And what should I study exactly? I shall complete my minor in Civil the next semester and am thinking if I should go or another minor in CS. That sounds insane, but then I am dead sure of not being stuck up in Architecture for all over my life. Well, am all clueless here. Any help from you will really mean a lot.

Thanks for bearing with the long post :)

Hi Madhureeta again. Yes. Architecture requires and relies too much on creativity as other engineering branches rely on logic. However to start, no one has to be a creative guru. The creative element is adapted as one goes through the course. And creativity shouldn't be just equated with drawing abilities at all. All that Archi needs is to express what you think. And thinking needs to be great. Even if you express a person as a matchstick man with a circular head and matchstick limbs, its fine. I am sure you will do great. Most of the students who come into archi, I must warn are those who just come to get a seat. So they have low IQ and no interest for Archi. In the good side, if u are interested, there will be very less competition. And there are seniors with excellent skills too. The department has produced finest architects in the country. It was recently #1 archi college in the country and now is #5 with iit r #1. And writing aat doesn't force you to join Archi. So do give it a try for sure. I am sure it will be as easy as a walk by the park.

Best wishes:) and Madhureeta, while I recommend Archi a lot, you should keep in mind that 1. There won't be any DepC possibility in the future. So be very sure of archi and take it only if u like it. 2. Its often termed as a loaded branch. It has highest number of study hours, second only to CS. 3. You will have a very different life than other engg guys. Evaluation will not only be concentrated as written exams but also assignments. In some semesters, we won't have any written exam at all.. I mean no mid Sem or end Sem. Weekly assignments play a great role in archi. Many a times, ppl have to stay awake in the night and

complete the assignments in the department too.

I want a good life, but corporate dunia me jane se lagta hai change lane ki aag chali jayegi. US me rehne ka mann hai magar India me bhi kuch karne ka jazba hai. Abhi khud skills seekh raha hoon, logon se connection bana raha hoon. Soch raha ek saal abhi India me reh kar dekhun ki apna desh kaisa hai

Dear Ashris, I am so happy today! Listening your success stories, I am really overwhelmed! I don't have my own son but I felt today paternal affection towards you. May God bless you and you shine more, make a stirr in the world of creativity by your unique way of thinking and action. My sincere love and heartfelt blessings will be always there for you, wherever you are there in the world. Take care! Prof. Barman.

Might as well just avoid the insensible ones. Dude, I have lost my belief from batch system and giving up my work for jerks like them. I feel weird that inspite having similiar thoughts as mine, how come you are such in favor of the "batch" thing. I have decided not to attend any meetings or follow any of the "mass bunk", "late submission" or "delay my work" policy for these people. Let me know if I am wrong and why do you still advocate it?

Never mind at all Dude! Always there for the "sensible" ones! The buck is on our table now. It's us who have to transform this batch of donkeys blinded by short term assignments to large minded architects.. Let the dogs bark.. The lions will reign.. Sorry for the heavy metaphors, but we need to rise above this crap shit lake..

Super creativity ka formula :D artificial intelligence, as predicted will reach a tipping point after which it will learn from its own actions and surpass every human ability including emotive and creative intelligence. I want to witness that and be a part of that process. . He will be the super artist. This is the inly thing that excites me

I don't know, James. I tried meeting people in the 'community' and they all seemed so creepy all the time. Their entire lives revolved around sex and their sexual orientation. I for sure consider it an important part of me, but not everything of me. It is hard to have an emotional connection with people when they are only interested in your body. I did have sex, with girls and boys and I just feel void after that. I am confused and sad, that's it.

Hey there! Its great you are doing so well. I hope the rest years in KGP go great for you :) I'm out to my parents who are kinda 'Hmm, lets see' but there are exceedingly loving. KGP makes you look at things in ways that changes you, and your perceptions on lot of things.

All I'll say is that don't feel the compulsion to come out and only do when you are totally okay with it, because its never about getting a validation but being happy in your own skin around people who love you irrespective of your sexuality or preferences. Also, don't let this one aspect of life overshadow everything else that you are :)

Not to blabber more, I am very happy for you and I hope you have an amazing life ahead!

Cheers!

The only true love in the universe is one a mother feels for her children. It is truly unconditional, it is engraved in her behavior to love. Every other form of love is a distorted aberration. When we fall in love, we expect love from our partners like our mothers loved us as kids. We assume we can throw tantrums and they will still love us. They will understand everything we need without even speaking a word. Alas, that does not happen. Most want to be the children, nobody wants to be the mother. Love is sometimes about being the mother and that is hard.

Tarun, I feel like I have been through this over and over and over again and I know how it will eventually go down. I don't show my love through messages. I hate talking here. I call you, I have for 5 times only not to be picked or answered back. I know how it goes so I have stopped trying.

I like to create stories and share it with people. Having no siblings and two working parents, it was easy to get bored as a kid. With a lot of time on my own, I would create imaginary storylines where I would be a character and have imaginary elements in my stories. My mom used to tell me stories about Mahabharata and Ramayana. I used to think what an awful character Ram was for abandoning his wife over a washerman's comment and used to weave alternate storylines and narrate them later to my mom. Once I recall, I had convinced my cousin that he was adopted and his real parents didn't really want him because he had a small nose. I had got a lot of scolding later for that. As I grew up though, this trait stuck with me. I like to add my imaginary thoughts to reality and imagine alternate storylines.

KGP fascinated me as a magical place. It was like an island with the best brains

of the country, like a real life Hogwarts. I don't think Harry would have been any more excited than I was when I was in the train visiting KGP for the first time. I was excited to make friends, do cool things and make memories from my very first day. I loved how fascinating and unique everything around me was. I would imagine the cats around me to be a network of spies appointed by the administration monitoring our mess conversations and the trees in KGP to be people who were born as trees to compensate for sins of previous lives.

I like to share my ideas, write them down, talk about them and sometimes show them to the world. It helps me to connect with people and fill the void of loneliness I always had as a child. So what you see in my works are doodles and imaginations of a child, trying to express himself.

Spectecool really started in my first year when I was bored with my Architecture assignments and randomly decided to shoot a video in the midnight in my Department called 'Collin Spray' where I was an exorcist trying to banish a ghost from my clay model I named Mrs. Braganza using Collin, a magic spray to punish ghosts. It was shot with an impromptu, low quality camera shot video, with no intention to be shared whatsoever. But my friend Harshil showed it to his other friends and they found it funny and eventually uploaded it to YouTube. I really was embarrassed then that everybody could watch me acting silly and would make fun of me. But to my surprise, people loved the video and there were so many requests to make more such videos.

Spectecool was a result of a desire and determination to share my ideas with people. It started as a random venture my friend Tarun. We had it clear in mind that what we make should be simple, easy to understand and connect with people. It has got a very warm response and I am always touched when people appreciate my work. We have 11 videos under the banner now from a series on sketches on the societies of KGP, to seniors talking to their first year selves, to an interview with a mess worker who was a marathon champion as a youth. I love how cameras can capture experiences and stories and share it with so many people. Similarly, I scribble my thoughts on Quora where I have received so much love and

Hello Sir! A very Happy New Year to you and your family and to the entire FIITJEE fraternity. I am doing well. The second semester has started with all buzzing activities. Our tech fest Kshitij and cultural fest Spring Fest are scheduled this month and hence cast a spell of excitement over all the students here. Hence, academics and extra-curriculars are all in full tempo. We have Computer Sc, Mechanics, Mathematics and several Architecture courses this time. Mumbai trip was indeed wonderful. The IIT did disappoint me as I was expecting it to be mind-blowing but it wasn't even as good as KGP. I stayed at Abhijeet's home, 10 minutes away from IIT campus in Powai. We had so much fun there. We went to Essel World, some malls and it was really a nice experience. He is quite happy as well, doing ECE in BIT Mesra. I realize the fact that all of

this is now seeming so interesting, only because of the hard work of the 2 years. I still recall the exact words you said in the classes and shall strive to do better. Wishing you all again, a very happy new year Sir..

I have wrestled with this issue with many of my batchmates and seniors for years, and I now think it has reached the tipping point, with enough seniors in KGP willing to take a stand.

I won't say anything directly here, as I could talk about this for days and destroy every argument ever made in support of the traditional OP, but that would require rationality, and true rationality is not that prevalent among the KGP hall members.

So just band everyone together, get your stories and go to the Diro. I know him somewhat well and believe he will listen to what you have to say. But don't just go and say 'stop OP'. The irrational idiots in the hall will twist that desire into trying to destroy KGP's culture (which they will claim created Sundar Pichai, for instance). Say you want to categorically remove certain practices that are still ongoing - list them out explicitly and provide evidence where possible (I am happy to attest to Patel's stupidity in my 3rd year).

Then say you want to move on, like the rest of the civilized world has, to a system where the benefits of senior-junior interaction exist, without the need for abuse, dominance or humiliation in any way or form. Remind them that people who ACTUALLY study human interaction and psychology have refuted this ridiculous idea that torment/dominance is the best way to break the ice and create bonding. And cite the innumerable examples of how real bonding and interaction is done in pretty much any university in the world these days, where seniors WANT to help and interact with the juniors, and don't consider using them for entertainment as a pre-condition of them interacting. State your case clearly to the Diro. Though he may have been a KGPIan in the heydays of ragging, he will be very understanding.

And of course, take it head on. Ask the Diro to call for a meeting of the happas in front of him and you guys. explain there (and be as cynical as you want) that you have faith that KGP's seniors can be nice, kind human beings and interact in a friendly way without any whiff of dominance or force, because that is how a civilized society works. Profess your belief that the halls are not so incompetent to inspire people to participate in activities that their only way of doing so is by fear of being ostracized. And finally, tell them how the KGP Gymkhana society model works, by and large without any such shenanigans, and yet students turn up and participate with motivation, often far more than they ever did for the hall.

Do all this. And ask that a strict ban be put on all the practices still prevailing that are irrational and unnecessary. It's time for KGP to leave the dark ages entirely. What will postdocs from other countries think when they see this

nonsense? How on earth are we to get international collaboration if we cannot even talk about our UG culture truthfully with them?

All the best.

That's life, you need to go on, for all you know the most trustworthy person is right next to you and you never acknowledge them. The catch is just don't let it be very conscious, if things have to happen, they will. Keep the wall around you flexible: neither too hard for nobody to come in or too soft for ppl to break it. Its the balance :)

I am so sorry, Shashi!! I guess its my inner introvert that kicked in and just made me scared. You know what, while I was in Bangalore,I went on date with a guy, he was really nice and he had been very flattering all through the week. It went on for a week after we met, but then he cut off every contact, never called me or answered my calls. I felt really bad and quite embarrassed.

I don't think it happened as a child. But very very recently. I had a group of friends who were everything to me, and I loved them more than everything. And it turned out I was the only fool. I was in a relationship with a girl who hated affection and closeness. I changed a lot after that happened. I think that was why I am the way I am. I never am able to trust people. But I think I am taking baby steps to trust people and healing slowly

React? Shocked, maybe can be pardoned to imagine to exploit the hotshot for nice dates, but if the person doesn't have any feelings for Mr.CEO, they shouldn't lie about their feelings, be honest about it and maybe just remember the whole thing like a nice story. The person wouldn't like to play with Mr.CEO's feelings who hopefully takes the decision maturely and moves on. Loving someone who loves you is hard, well.. but facing the person who loves you but don't love is the hardest thing in the world.

Okay... Kafi khatarnak log hain... Never mind.. Next day hum unka tyre puncture kar denge.. Arrey, abhi to hai college life na.. War, takraar, khumaar, atyachaar, bekaar, bekaraar, lachaar, phoolo ka haar, pehla pehla pyaar, jeet aur haar, naye yaar, zordar maar, aur nayi bikes and car, padhai ka bhar and wo bengali me Goodmorning Saar! Cant wait! Evn if mera hath fracture ho jaye..

Thanks Di... First of all, am so grateful to you for investing so much time and effort for the booking... I really appreciate that, and even more does Papa... It feels so nice to have seniors who are so considerate.. Just adds to the whole feel good moment of joining Kgp... Hope others are as good as u.. And di, waise Papa has done that booking at a private place over there as a buffer thing.. so no worries. And, now the technical thing, I went to central and asked for envy4 there and its rly rly cool... i liked the sleek design.. it has a 4gb ram and a 2gb graphic card, must for my archi thing.. I liked the acer ones as well which had 1 gb graphic... hp k dv models nahi the but i'll check them over on net... Actly, mujhe cd drive srsly chahiye bhi nahi... or do i ? Papa was rly amazed by Apple Macbook and said I can have it if i want.. but then I said that it was too stylish for a student, isnt it? Lenovo k dusre achche models they but some didnt have the graphic thing and some were toooo huge... I shd go wid a sleek one na? i'll really consider dv4 nw... and i wonder if i rly need a grphic card for arch things... i guess i'll ask the seniors... thanks for d help... and shd i take it from vizag or from kgp after talking to my seniors or at kolkata?

I agree on that Harshil.. Hamara grp poora peace maroo ho gaya hai.. And it's also not very good to be serious all the time but a certain degree of seriousness is expected. And we shall bring the change. Only then, people will top their mass bunks, submissions will be on time, and we will be architects in true sense

I don't know why I want to go. As it is I don't want to do anything in HCI. I am happy with my current software job although I don't see myself as a software engineer. It pays well so that I can still have some freedom to invest and do stuff.

I am not sure what am I seeking from Germany. Are they really more open than people here? Will I find the love of my life there? Will it help me be the person I want to be? I don't have certain answers

Aditya, this is CBT, isn't it? Isolating yourself as a character does help put thinfs in perspective. I used to go on walks on record myself talk about my life, sometimws even cry but it made me so much happy and I stopped doing it after college. I told this to my friend and he said that this is a form of cognitive behavioral therapy

Isn't it weird that we are taught to write a telegram in our school but not how to deal with depression or help a friend if they are depressed?

The feelings of internal chaos isn't a new invention. All forms of art, be it literature, comedy, cinema or poetry arise from internal conflicts that are universal.

Maybe that is why art is not unique to one culture, everyone can find their homes in it.

Why is it that our "adults", who are supposed to know what is good for us are so ignorant towards the internal turbulences felt by the younger generation. Did they never experience this themselves?

Few words of love and empathy can make the world of difference. If a child growing up felt safe and loved to express their anxieties to a trusting adult, they would grow up to be healthy adults themselves. Alas, we train our kids to suppress these until they explode one day.

Some tips:

1. Avoid all forms of "Based on my readings", "According to me", "I think" - say whatever it is directly.
2. After every abstract create an imagery or an example
3. End with positivity: say things like adults if they love their kids, they can help them grow instead of adults kill their kids since young age with their actions

I saw that I am staying in some room where my roommates are kanodia and some other person who probably also lives there who has made some presentation on influencers. It is well made and I say "Well I think influencers are a bunch of pretentious assholes" and leave. Then I go out. After some time I come back only to see Kanodia is showing the other guy a startup he is working on where he is converting some designs to website type of thing and has been getting nice feedback. I feel betrayed. Then I wake up from dream.

i have lost the part of me that went on to go over the top to make someone feel special because most of the time it scares people away but I always like to be that person for you and thank you so so so much for taking the time and patience and love to know my soul. I say that as my inner cringe meter makes me hesitate

Hello co-partner in the life-witness program,

Life would be very different without you in it and I am happy with how life is, you are a big part of what makes me look forward to in life. The mysteries of the universe and the abstract gallyan would otherwise seem too intimidating without a traveler by your side. Thank you for being a teacher, a friend, a soul-mate and a patient counselor even - HAPPY BIRTHDAY - to becoming future coffee pe characha doers.

Two nice people are in a new relationship, they dont dont how to navigate their relationship or their love. They are nice to each other but are bored by the niceties. So when they have their first fight, what starts as a minor passive aggression soon turns into violent anger. In the moment of violent anger, both are very attracted to the hateful version of the other. They are shocked and fascinated by the moment of anger in each other's eyes and they at the same time smile and kiss. THE END.

Ankita: dep kab jaega? Ashris: aana hai kya? Ankita: i dont know Ashris: I'mnot even in choreo Ankita: y? Ashris: Not interested really... Ankita: toh tu nahi aayega? Ankita: when going home u? Ashris: i going home tomorrow Ankita: *mean look* Ashris: Heehaahaa haa haa Ankita: kab aayega vaapis? Ashris: 25 ko Ankita: lucky bitch! Ankita: aaj aa raha hai? Ashris: Okayy.. aaUNgaa Ashris: :(Ashris: sadists Ankita: arre mann nai hai toh hi aana! Ankita: nai aa* Ashris: Man nahi hai to aau? Ashris: Rite. Chal meet u at dep Ankita: ulta likh diya Ashris: Kya? Ankita: matlab mann nai hai toh mat aa Ankita: stupid Ashris: samjha samjha..I'll come Ankita: ohk!! Ashris: Kahan hai tu? Ankita: room Ashris: Dep aane ka aaj koi plan hai? Ankita: naa Ankita: kyun? Ashris: Nishit.. Mera pen drive liya hua hai Ankita: ohhhh Ashris: Against his.. So, Wanted to return his Ankita: kab chahiye Ashris: Koi nahi.. main manage kar lunga Ashris: End sems k baad de dena Ankita: ohk Ashris: Sun, we need to sort out the finance of the last assignment. Bishnu also had paid for the cutter and all. We all will pay the same, right?

Ankita: waddup? Ashris: Hey! Right now, umm.. I am looking for a recipe on the net.. Aaj mujhe ghar me khana banane k liye bola gaya hai.. B| Ankita: yo yo ashris mast sa khaana banana Ankita: do u need help? Ashris: suggest kar.. something easyy Ashris: I am thinking for some sweet dish Ankita: i ll have to look up too Ankita: make kheer Ankita: easiest Ashris: Chal koi nahi! There are people threatning, well, helping me do the job.. I was thinking on the same lines. I shall keep you updated, chal bye.. I have to get some khoya, byeeee 8) Ankita: haha Ankita: mast Ankita: bye tc! Ankita: happy cooking! Ashris: Congrats yaar... I really mean it. ETDS, really excelled beyond everyone's expectations. I mean, none of us had expected you guys to do so well. And leaving all the society rivalry, if at all it exists, apart, I am really happy for you, Prachi and Nishant. You guys must have really worked hard. Congrats! Ankita: How should we study english? jaldi kuch funde do! Ashris: 1. Read the book, by heart the lines that are claimed to be important and present all of that beautifully in a gorgeous combination of various colors of ink. 2. Try and read the hard words, vocab given in the book. cos 10 marks are really confusing. 3. Extra points if you are a girl 4. Nothing to practice for comprehension. 5. Dont worry abt any word limit. Nobody cares. 2 questions 20 marks each, they are

66% of ur exam.. so go on writing till u get exhausted. Ankita: yo yo ashris!!
thanku!! do u have some material to study from?

Ashris: DC!

Ashris: I deleted em from my disk.. but they will be there in dc Ankita: wokay!!
what exactly did u get from DC? Ashris: dutchess wali, fox wali, then negro aur
telephone bhi Ankita: ohk n prose ke liye? u are talking about detailed summary
na or anything else that was useful? Ashris: explanation. A different analysis.
Ashris: A different perspective Ashris: It wasn't mere summary Ankita: exactly
bata kya type kiya tha DC par....i ll tell pratik to upload it on vizva Ashris:
Kahan ho tum sab abhi? Ankita: udonewideverythin? Ashris: NAaaaaah Ashris:
Bas 15 % :(Ankita: kal pakka submitting? Ashris: No clue! But definitely not
bunking... Face the challenge head on! Ankita: wokay(Ponder#) ~ Download
to see & send fun emoticons on Facebook www.myemoticons.com ~ Ankita: no
bunkingpakka? Ashris: nope frm me.... Ankita: even if d majority agrees?
Ankita: agrees* Ashris: It speaks really bad about our batch you know Ashris:
MA'am already said that your batch is in a bad condition, Arjun ka you ppl are
disinterested wala post.. Ankita: i know (frown#) ~ Download to see & send fun
emoticons on Facebook www.myemoticons.com ~ Ashris: All that really speaks
bad about us Ankita: i agree Ankita: but i think half classwill be absent tom
Ashris: Well... That is sad then.. But if we need time, I think cowardly acts like
being absent, not cooperating is not the solution. If Ma'am sees us work, she
might genuinely give us more time.. Let's talk and not annoy her further with
our disobedience Ankita: whatever happens i ll not do an incompletesubmission
this time Ashris: Kya karegi fir? Ashris: Doing it today kya? Ankita: i
m working abhi patiently but if my work doesntget completed with detailing
i ll skip d class...baki everyone should decide forthemselves...so i m ohk wid
whatever everybody is doing Ashris: Well then.. Wish we complete it Ankita:
we had a beach trip this weekend...i knew this would happen cuz i chose to go
Ankita: tfpska Ankita: tfps ka Ashris: Same here.. Debsoc ka Ankita: u went?
Ashris: We'll have.. Oh! U had.. achcha, we'll have Ankita: i came at 6 Ankita:
even late Ashris: Okay! U have a genuine reason.. I guess you might do a bunk
then Ankita: hmm i ll work aaj puri raat Ashris: Chal then.. Let's carry on..
B'bye! :) Ankita: chal bye Ankita: :) Ankita: Ashris!!!! Jb called n scolded
me!! The invitation was a blunder!!

She (The Liberal Force) protects her child (the People) from the tyranny of the
Father (The Government), she complains when they are harmed, she demands
they have more food, more love, more life.

The father [The Conservative Force] instead is skeptical of the child [The Peo-
ple]'s ability to make the right decisions. It tries to train them, teach them
what is right so that they don't hurt themselves by making mistakes they think
is freedom.

Karan(name changed) is a 2nd year chap now from CS who is my junior from Azad. He dropped me a message in response to my post on OP recently on FB. He told me that he was being harassed by GSecs in the hall and they were trying to blackmail him into signing white paper. If he doesn't do that, the GSec warned him that he would put false charges of physical violence by Karan and get all the Gsecs as witnesses. He had been verbally abused for ordering a cup of coffee from Hall Canteen. He was tear eyed and he said it has been very hard for him for quite some days. We had an hour long conversation in which I explained to him how its a Tragedy of Commons where all second years buy the BS that that the OP-takers make. It is very intimidating and scary to have couple of seniors, who one has never met before shouting and abusing you for no reason. After our talk, I told Karan that nobody should be taking his time and peace of mind away from him and the only way to stop it all for once is to firmly make his point and not buy any of their BS, for physical violence from their side would mean a very strict action against them. Karan understood that he was being a mere puppet of the seniors and decided to break his silence. He messaged me later that he would no longer face the harassment of couple of seniors who were playing around with him. The senior was apparently scared to death by his 'bold speech'. He says nobody is bothering him now and he doesn't fear the OP takers anymore. I am glad Karan pinged me that day. Else, he would have suffered so for God knows how long. I see Mess OPs and I wonder what should I be doing. I see my batchmates, morons, basic morons asking names, asking to speak louder. I wonder if I should intervene, for they really aren't being rude but dominating. Its easy to write posts the way I did. Its hard to make a statement IRL and it will only matter when we do the latter. Virtual World can push the message only so far. If we all are serious about this issue, we need to do something more substantive, for no student should bear such mental abuse from basic assholes for no reason. Let me know what do you guys think.

yes. it is so hard to be passionate about something if you can't see its effect. urban planning needs years to show its effect and you will never be hailed for your work since you work in a big team. plus when nature decides to fuck you, like in chennai, no planner can be of help... i don't think a person like me can be passionate about such big theoretical fields for long

City planning is one of the most complex large scale optimization process that encompasses social, political, economic and environmental factors. However complex the macro level parameters be, the end user of the city perceives it via micro level factors like amount of local shading, texture of materials, air quality, noise levels, sense of enclosure, etc.: parameters that aren't macro enough for the city planners to consider. As our cities become more and more complex, it is humanly impossible for planners to gauge how the macro level decisions like the allotted FAR, height restrictions, building density, width of roads, etc. impact

the end user. The conflict of scales of the parameters that the planner takes into account and the scale of parameters through which the user experiences the city results in lack of control of the cognitive behavior of the user at the planning stage. Often very functional cities which meet the goals of its planner do not take into account the cognitive impact of the city fabric, simply because there is no quantitative model to do so. In this paper, we propose a developing idea to integrate cognition based iterative procedural modelling techniques at the planning stage to allow more control to the planners over the emotive responses of the residents.

Hello Team Everis, Thank you for your encouraging mail. It is endearing to know your company shares the vision I am so excited about â making our world smarter and more empowering to the common man. My journey to MIT Media Lab has been paved through my desire to understand my country â India better, think of techniques to innovate novel ways of solving problems and create opportunities. I believe that technology, as it is, is sufficient to solve major world problems when executed with an insightful spirit of creativity and design. Through my projects, I have tried to explore different roles â of a designer, a developer, an ideator, a philosopher, an engineer and an artist. Travelling through each role, I have learnt multiple ways of approaching a given task. In the process, I have been awestruck by the realization of how different identities mould our perception of the same world and the same reality. This makes me imagine that the world is more similar than it is different. We just happen to create our own values based on the local parameters. At the Media Lab, I work with people from 5 different nationalities. I live in MIT Student House, a co-ed space with 21 students from 10 different countries, 6 different religions (including atheism) and 4 different political systems. I believe that a space with diverse thoughts and life experiences nurtures creativity. As an architecture undergrad from India (from IIT Kharagpur), I experienced architecture as a multi-parametric optimization problem with components from Mathematics, Economics, Social Science, Physics and Sociology infused together. I believe I will bring to your company a new approach to innovate, brainstorm ideas in which technology, design and business can blend together, foresee near future trends to drive cutting-edge innovation and most importantly, also use my skills to implement the ideas in reality. I will be looking forward to joining your team. Working in an international company with cross culture innovation framework will help me streamline my thought process and give me a key experience to apply my acquired knowledge in real life.

Regards, Ashris

Rules I have set for myself abse :

1. You can only love someone if you love yourself first. In other words - people will only love you back if you love yourself in the first place.

2. Everything and everyone is temporary. Only you are the person you have to be 24x7. Unlike people, your career isn't going to have mood swings and leave one day, so it is a better investment.
3. Having hopes for anything beyond your absolute control isn't right. Don't worry about things you can't control.

I pasted the content here to save you the trouble of opening another tab.

It has been three years, but I will not forget those shoes. Dull grey in color, old and comfortable, a pair of Hush Puppies, that I hoped I would find on that shoe shelf outside this particular Neonatal Intensive Care Unit (NICU). If the shoes were outside, I knew he was inside, and that meant I could hope for a split chance to merely watch him from a distance, as he hovered over many tiny babies, and made his way to my little son's incubator. I read his facial expression as he spoke about my baby to the junior doctor, and lip-read the instructions he gave the nurses, hoping I will find words of cure, words of hope, words to make my heart keep beating.

Those shoes belong to my baby's neonatologist, and during the 45 days that my baby stayed in the NICU, this doctor was my interface to the powers of God, equipped with skills and experience that I did not have, that my baby, and many other premature babies needed.

He had learnt the hard stuff. The stuff I had skipped.

Last week, a first cousin stayed with us for a few days. He is in town to give talks at various Astrophysics institutes. He is a few months away from finishing his PhD in Astrophysics from Caltech. Caltech is probably one of the best places on earth for this field. But that's not as important as the person I'm describing. I've seen him through it all - building telescopes at the age of 11, spending his weekends at the IUCAA Astronomy Center in Pune, rejecting a socially prestigious engineering seat for a simple B.Sc. in Physics, later moving to IIT Bombay for his M.Sc., and finally to Caltech for his PhD. This boy started gazing at the stars very early, and even today the man in front of me is still the same boy - still studying something hard, still making sense of the stars, hoping to make a difference to the field of Physics. In campus recruiting, he is offered high-paying data scientist jobs, yet he prefers to stick with the stars, - Those guys don't want me for Physics. I'll finish my post-doc, and then figure it out - .

He wants to come back to India, he wants to take care of his grandparents, and he wants to be with the stars. He says he will find a way. He did not get an MBA so he does not know words such as - opportunity cost - or - risk analysis - .

He is busy with the hard stuff. The stuff I skipped.

On an ordinary Saturday evening, my family and I are watching the International Premier Tennis League on TV. In one of the breaks between games, there's

an interview of a teenager from Pune, my hometown, who qualified for junior Wimbledon this year. My husband remarks, âWow! That kid must have practiced 5 hours a day throughout his childhood. Thatâs hard stuff. I wish I had done that.â

My husband plays tennis on weekends. Once in a while the coach pairs him with one of the young kids, the ones being trained for a career in tennis. Those kids play 4 hours a day, 2 hours before school and 2 hours after school. We see their parents watching everyday, devoting their lives to a shared dream. The school makes special arrangements to ensure they donât miss out on exams during tournaments. The coach has created a scholarship to fund all tennis related expenses for these hard-working kids. Theyâre engaged in what Geoff Colvin would call deliberate practice.

Thatâs hard stuff. So hard that it physically painful. Most of us would never attempt it. I skipped it.

Why am I mulling over these stories? Why do I feel spontaneous envy when I bump into the 60-year-old painter who lives on my floor, or the 70-year old scientist who loves talking about his projects? To me they have something that wealth or power or luck cannot bring âvibrancy until death. As I soak in the warm light that emerges from their cheery old eyes, I try to make sense of my past, and my future.

I had worked hard at the strict convent school I went to, and worked hard during engineering too, and yet after all the training in working hard, I chose a generalist degree for my post-graduation, an MBA. I know why I chose it then âa new experience, a great Ivy-League school, exposure to business, readiness for entrepreneurship, etc etc. But somehow an MBA took me further away from pursuing a hard learnt skill, a skill that feels real, a skill where there is no finish line, a skill that in later years gives meaning beyond career building.

Nowadays when I am asked for career advice, my first question is ââHow long a career do you want? Are we talking 20 years or 60 years?ââ

It just may be a mid-life thing to wish for changing one little thing in your past. In such moments, I wish I had planned for a 60-year career, and got that hard skill, something I do with my hands, something that takes years to master. The longer, the better.

Itâs only in mid-life that we finally realize, there was no need to hurry.

Sahi lag raha hai... but then, I,d say ki Lowe down the font size and try to accommodate the other tiny features maybe as very short boxes na. Jaise the roof thingy in the roofing phase... I have also sent you the sieve process too.. so uska bhi image... in short we will be fixing some more images... I think the pipeline ka cross section too looks sort of huge.. I would just say ki make some more space now... maybe for a 10cm x 10 cm box..

Yup, prolly. I do understand that it was wrong on my part first.. But then, its nothing like "Because of the diary....", I just realize that there are differences that I just feel. Eh, you know what.. sometimes its not about the person at all, its about how it makes us feel or do. Like, ever thought why does a mother take care of a baby even when it just crawls and shit? Thats cos she likes to be all kind and motherly and protective.. In my case too I think its likewise.. It was never her as a person per se, I wanted to love, it just was nice to experiment how being in love is.. Prolly I would have done the same if it was say, someone else..

There was a time when I had a big wala crush on you. I may have spilled that out to Tarun. But then, well, you were with people and everyone else. Anyway, if he is an ass at times, its prolly beacuse of that. And am sorry to be all so stupidly telling u this over fb. I dunno. I hope things aren't weird or anything. But then, I have long accepted that we are awesome friends and should be that way.

achcha...btw where are they exactly in HK? means which area? mai baat kiya tha wahan pe..with a few students living there already and a local guy from hk..and i think they dont give hostels like that unless the administration asks them to... fir bhi you can always drop an email to them... info.cwchu@cuhk.edu.hk. this is for the place where i used to stay... carachung@cuhk.edu.hk this one is for Shaw college..

<http://www.cuhk.edu.hk/english/college/c-w-chu-college.html> aur ye link me baki colleges (hostels) ki link hai...saare colleges ko ek ek mail daal k dekh le...

hey brother June 29th, 2:06pm Yeah dude Ssup? How was the entrance test? Saturday 3:49pm

hey mama plz if possible bring the grand masters package and the other materials of fitjee.

to vizag Alright. Cool. about an hour ago

hey mama how r u...

when are u going to hong kong

see i want to tell u one thing as i told u earlier that i wont get a good enough rank in jee mains and that i will get a seat in odisha gov. engenieering colleges..... but mama still i cant make up my mind to take admission in a gov. engenieering college i know that these colleges are one of the best in odisha but i want to

rectify my mistakes that i did this year..... but i respect the decision of dada and fitjee principal sir on their part they are also correct that a boy who didnt even qualify jee mains and also didn't do that well in ftre seeing these consecutive failures any body will think that i m just a good student and it may also sound weird that a boy who didnt veen qualify jee mains is aspiring to take admission in iisc.I know this may sound to be a impractical decision..... but still mama i want a year to atleast give my 100% effort and study at fitjee vizag centre

but i respect the decision of dada and principal sir as they are more knowledged and experiencedf mentors... Hey. I was just talking to Dad about this.

yaa i know

papa also said to me

ok then bye. I was talking to papa about you. See, I guess he is being concerned about you just as your dad is.

ya ya sure i also understand abt his concern for me Umm, Nitish did u come in the top 20% of your state in icse?

and i fell greatful for that

yes You did ualify for 20% in icse right? all over india i meant

yes Well, then there's a fair chance about you getting into IITs

yes i know but i didnt qualify for nit Nitish, you are aware of the economic situations too right that your parents are undergoing for this step if you make?

thanks mama for thant inspiration

yes i know abt the economic cond. of my family and yes i also know the prblms we have to face during this year See Nitish, all I am saying is that people will raise apprehensions It is just you and you alone who can shut them off Practically speaking, we all are trying to get the best for you]

as it wont be easy for maa to stay in an completly unknown place for 10 months hmm. See, you are aware of situations yourself And you have to be emotionally strong throughout

yes mama i know and i m very thankful to u for that Arey, peace hai dont be so formal

haha sure bro dekh, do you want to go with the idea that u stay there till the ranks are declared and u sign papers and stuff and then come here'/ Maybe it will be some mental comfort to ur parents and my dad

frankly speaking

i dont wnt to disrespect decision of dada

but i still cant make up my mind first, relax aaj maybe stay away from ppl and really talk and give a straight thought

and i know that there are many factors to look and think on and ask urself what u really want to do yup, think about them Fiitjee wont be easy too they will really make all effort to make u stronger This is a call only u can make I would say "Trust yourself, and fight back with vigor and get the best u can" and I know you have it in you But having said that listen to what dad is saying. they are not discouraging you. They are just saying that you should know your abilities well and not aim unnecessarily high if u know that u will not reach there

yeaaa i understand See, I really hope i could help in any other way beyond giving these long speeches but its equally confusing for me Its your life and you have to make a choice now

are na na If u settle for a govt college, i am sure ur parents wont be dissapointed and will be okay with it in short run but if u really aim high and acheive it, u and even they will be proud of u forever life but that comes at a cost. its like win everything or lose a lot

yes exactly that is what i wanted They will be doubtful too. If you are confident about yourslef, give them the confidence too that they trust you and promise them that you wont let their sacrifices go in vain And next year, i am sure u will make into a very good college. If not, never mind. You gave your best, we shall move along and join whatever is the best colg we get. Atleast, u wont repent ur whole life saying i didnt give that one shot

â To love at all is to be vulnerable. Love anything and your heart will be wrung and possibly broken. If you want to make sure of keeping it intact you must give it to no one, not even an animal. Wrap it carefully round with hobbies and little luxuries; avoid all entanglements. Lock it up safe in the casket or coffin of your selfishness. But in that casket, safe, dark, motionless, airless, it will change. It will not be broken; it will become unbreakable, impenetrable, irredeemable. To love is to be vulnerable.â

â C.S. Lewis, The Four Loves

The thing about India is that it is in 3 ,fundamental parts. One part is more modern than America, more Western than west. This is something I haven't seen yet. The second is us, the ones who come from traditional worlds peeking into this new era and the third are people you will never ever know, the ones struggling as cobblers, rickshawalas trapped in their own shit.

Woke up, did the whole Akshit ka interview, got disappointed, noticed my volume key down button keeps firing, got sad, talked to you, caught the bus, reached ppt one hour late, got done with that, came to lab, noticed my Mac is having issues with mouse cursor, sat with Adam to do video editing, came back, had dinner, got stuff for study break made chocolate milk, played the word game with people and then the 20 questions game and now back to room

Children who have no siblings create a world in their minds to fill the loneliness in their hearts. I filled mine with science toys and coloring books. I expressed myself by creating things. The medium was immaterial â writing, drawing or singing, didnât matter. But the very process of creating something was magical. In the things I made, I embedded a part of myself. Every time I created something, I grew and the size of the void became smaller. As an architecture student in Indiaâs premiere technology institute, IIT Kharagpur, I learnt new skills to express complex ideas. I was fascinated by an architectâs ability to express rich feelings and semantics through simple geometric space configurations. However I found the process of practicing architecture to be extremely tedious. I wasnât drawn to the medium itself but to the thoughts that could be conveyed with that medium. I could not connect with spending sleepless nights cutting thermocol pieces. While I loved architecture for its unique ability of giving empty spaces a personality, I was equally frustrated by the manual labor and time needed to actualize these ideas. In my second year of undergraduate studies, I did an internship at FabLab. This was a changing point in my life. At FabLab, I got to play with sensors, laser cutters, 3D printers, print and program my own microprocessors. I was blown away. I realized I could transfer my intelligence and thoughts into dead metal and stones and make them work as I wish. Programming was fast, objective and empowering. The only disappointment was the limited tasks I could do with it. Blinking an LED and adding three numbers did not entice me for long. I wanted to apply technology in complex tasks like conveying emotions through simplistic geometric shapes. Over the next year, I strengthened my programming skills and ideated ways in which programming could make architecture more efficient. I wanted to transfer the human ability of appreciating emotions in spaces and extend it to machines. As a summer intern at ETH Zurich at the Chair of Information Architecture. I built a machine learning tool that allowed architects to predict how users will feel in a space based on the spatial features. This experience gave me the confidence required to pursue other experimental projects that fused technology and design together. Through self initiated web projects like Roses in Resonance, Listen TREX and Voix Sans Fin, I experimented with concepts like sonification and synesthesia. I learnt to make generative art in Processing and p5js and experiment with music in Javascript. At the Smartgeometry Conference in Chalmers University, Sweden, I designed a prototype in Minecraft that gamifies architectural design and lets non-designers learn about architecture as they play. After my graduation, I moved to Boston to pursue a year long studentship at the MIT Media Lab in the Fluid Interfaces Group.. I am currently

developing an Augmented Reality application called Mathland that lets children learn physics spatially by interacting with augmented objects around them. I took classes such as Tangible Interfaces under Prof. Hiroshi Ishii and Cognitive Augmentation under Prof. Maes that expanded my knowledge about HCI. At Georgia Tech, I want to solidify my skills and take HCI as a profession. As a graduate student, my focus would be to innovate solutions that engage and educate people. I intend to combine my research backgrounds in architecture, cognitive science and programming to develop intuitive applications that make it easier to navigate information intuitively, learn effectively and amplify interpersonal relationships. Empowered with the myriad of experiences I have been able to participate in combined with my academic and research skills, I believe I will endeavor to make the best of the opportunity and contribute positively to the research in the department. With optimism, I submit my candidature for a Masters in HCI at the School of Computing, Georgia Tech.

I am going to live for 40 more years. I will lose my parents in 20 years. I will lose my hair, my eyesight, my face in 10 years. What is world without things we consider so permanent? So existent? Why is everybody running after money? Don't people see what has money done to people? Who are the people who will stay around you when you are 43 and you meet an accident? The world seems smaller than ever. The charm and fascination I have with technology today, will it last for 3 years? Why Media Lab? Why my website? Why IIT? Why anything that I am doing? Let us see what the world says. World says to serve. Serving others and being of help to others is the only way of finding meaning in life. Some great people dedicate their entire lives to service and are remembered by the world. Some men like Issac Newton are remembered for their great contributions to science. But not even 0.01% of the population becomes Issac or Mahatma Gandhi. The normal folks like me face similar issues. They make friends, lose friends, struggle through the day trying to enjoy, trying to make goals to feel accomplished. But then these goals are superficial. The midlife crisis makes people question whatever they struggled for in life. There is no point in being a subordinate to the ones who are deluded, in being part of someone's game. Things will die down when people realise the superficiality of it all. The options I think I have are

to flee from this country to a place where things are calmer, where nothing much happens, where there is time to think and lie back and be quiet. Do I go such a place or do I create such a place? Why not be a teacher who shows people the way, who solves this task of finding meaning in life? Who realises what is wrong in the world? But saying there's no point is a way of calling it sour grapes. There are people I actually want to be like. I want to be like Rabindranath Tagore or Nelson Mandela or who fought for a cause, or were excellent in their field.

"I think about this often, but don't really express it well. I am frequently blown away by your work (thinking of Stacia's UI slides last week, and Colton's architecture diagram). We are working towards a vision - it's not my or someone else's project, it's our collective vision to change something. we're all equals here, and I learn a lot from you guys every day. thank you for being the most awesome teammates ð "

hey

you look up to aaron??!

a li'l birdie told me ughhh, keerthana told you? Must have slipped out kabhi main nahin bataoongi who told

whats ugghhhh in it

we all have our heroes/heroines

i have mine! Well, yeah. I always though he was this really awesome guy, very cool to be in Archi, and the sophistication I stereotype I held for the majority of Archi seniors before joining IIT was like that of Aaron. I never talked directly with him, but all I know about him is from hall and seniors se Naa, nothing uggh in it. Its just that Keerthana has a huge mouth.

hahaha ok

maybe you should talk to him then

and get to know him for real

(frankly, as a third person, ill say he is most probably what you think of him..even i get intimidated..) Ya, I should. Just that I suck at initiating conversations and exactly, those were indeed some intimidating seniors.. Khare, Aaaron, Akanksha. The inherent glow they had!

i know..

i badgered him into covnersation..thats our story in short You guys must be getting very well I could make a blind guess, like you both have the same kind of sophistication and passion for your work. Sadly that's all I know.

and you seem to be lost in your own world kid Thanks for letting me know, I'll be wary of things I say for I have gossipers around me now!

blush..i dunno about my "sophistication" part..and our work interests differ, but yes, we do like what we do Naah, I wasn't referring to the superficial part of doing XYZ, the inner love for the work and excelling at doing what you do with a swag. That factor. Hehe, and both of you are equally intimidating as well. Like even the confidence part. I guess he has his signature as his cover on the portfolio .. That requires some self belief!

...you are very good at complimenting

I should stop going on and on, i seem like a teen girl in a concert now Ankita, no? Ankita it was

lol hahahaha

anyway, all the best for your exam

and just make sure you dont float off the surface of the earth

I'll take care, I always do. See ya!

dekh ankita, i had my own reasons. I liked u and i had to get over the fact that now u were with nishant. i was okay with that, i didnt want to be tarun here who would demand an explanation, its your life.. i had to keep my distance. IT wasNOT because i had any issues with u or any load with u... vBut this time, u did tell that I didnt do hard work for this while this guy of urs did, that infuriates me cos u dint even know my side of story

Ashris Choudhury I just got to know now. I feel very bad and I just can't imagine how hard last week must have been for you. I wish I could be there by you now. Take care of the family and yourself. Let me know if I can call you sometime. Take care. Ankit Kapoor 6/1, 5:40pm Ankit Kapoor Wat the hell?? New prank tongue emoticon Ashris Choudhury 5:41pm Ashris Choudhury ? Ankit, I will be very mad with you if you are gonna tell me that its a joke! Ankit Kapoor 6/1, 5:41pm Ankit Kapoor Wat was the msg for? Ashris Choudhury 5:42pm Ashris Choudhury Ankit! How's your family doing? Ankit Kapoor 6/1, 5:42pm Ankit Kapoor Kya hua?? Ashris Choudhury 5:43pm Ashris Choudhury Ankit! Sheenal told me that your dad met with an accident. I am almost into tears here Please be serious Ankit Kapoor 6/1, 5:44pm Ankit Kapoor Bullshit wen did she told u Ashris Choudhury 5:45pm Ashris Choudhury Today He's okay? Ankit Kapoor 6/1, 5:45pm Ankit Kapoor yeah Ashris Choudhury 5:46pm Ashris Choudhury I will fucking kill you!! Bloody asshole Donkey\ Peace of shit Why the hell will you lie to Sheenal about something so serious Chutiya hai kya tu? Ankit Kapoor 5:47pm Ankit Kapoor & y the hell u all r spreadng rumours....i havnt talked to her since i left kgp Ashris Choudhury 5:47pm Ashris Choudhury I? I have? Sheenal told me\ Shit... Fuck!!!! She meant Bansal Damn it fuck frown emoticon Ankit Kapoor 6/1, 5:49pm Ankit Kapoor Ohh dude Ashris Choudhury 5:49pm Ashris Choudhury I am so sorry So so so sorry You can slap me for this Ankit Kapoor 6/1, 5:49pm Ankit Kapoor Wat happnd to him? Ashris Choudhury 5:49pm Ashris Choudhury Ugh, i feel so bad Sheenal told him that Ankit lost his father, and I was almost in shock, i wanted to call u Ankit Kapoor 5:50pm Ankit Kapoor Wo chod...bansal was my wingie man Ashris Choudhury 5:50pm Ashris Choudhury I do feel bad, but u are a closer friend.. So Ankit Kapoor 6/1, 5:51pm Ankit Kapoor He lost his dad????? Do let

me know of his fathers situation Ashris Choudhury 5:53pm Ashris Choudhury
Yeah, he did And am sorry for the apparent 'prank' She just said Kapoor

Hi Mate, nice to here that you made a decision! And well, i did not. The question for me was not if there is a purpose, but rather how can i act that i am more in line with myself. and to be honest, all this fancy ideas somehow made their way to me instead of me looking for them. i am simply talking to interesting people, so i met philosophers, sociologists, priests, far-left and far-right,... i am like a sponge, soaking up ideas - and some stick, others dont. i think with 23 or so i found out that most of the human beaviour is inspired by fear of death - thus they are looking for transendence. the easiest being to father children (read bourdieu in this matter), the more complicated one is to impact society and get into history books. once you emancipate yourself from this it becomes more about: what do YOU want, need, enjoy. Nietzsche is a nice thinker in this direction. In my case, for some strange reason, i am always looking for responsibility. In a self destructing way i was always a fan of atlas holding earth in greek mythology. but yeah, since recently i listen a lot to alan watts. he reminds me of a good friend of mine who left us far too young. during my studies we were discussing "the universe" a lot at his research group. essentially, simply wait for it. my credo is anyway: be openmindend as well as cooperative first (but apply tit for tat) and fail fast (force nothing). the rest is enjoying the little things. does this answer your question?

Yellow aura people have natural skills in them but they take time to realize it. In the process, they are more inquisitive, have more questions. Things they do will make you wonder how the fuck did they do it. But even they are amazed by it and wonder how it happening. The difference between them and blue people is that the blue ones take active charge of their powers.

Dear Ankita,

Thank you for the letter, I think R indeed has a complex post traumatic experience that might be stemming from a childhood that formed her perception about human relations. I believe you will agree when I say that our dear mutual friend Tropi is also no short of his own inner complexities.

I guess the concept of a relationship is fairly traditional and conservative that free minded open spirited individuals generally have a difficult time living by. We wish we could protect ourselves from those we love but alas that is the nature of love, it makes us vulnerable to the others' monsters and we have to deal with both ours and theirs - unless the two bodies literally work as one unit, it is difficult to function as one integrated unit. Humans are indeed fascinating.

I am delighted to know you will be leaving to a place clamer, hopefully. I hope

with time the experiences you gained here will fortify your mental models about the world and be another enriching page of experience in your life.

Convey my regards to uncle and aunty.

also i want to reassure you if you might have in back of your mind if our relationship is kinda not vibing that we are both busy that our conversations might not be stimulating whatever - i dont care - i thought it through - you arent my cloud, you are ankita and you are the person and i know every relationship is transactional but idk i feel it isnt even what you say like some right things - just that you have been a witness to my life and i to yours is enough for me to not feel insecure about our friendship

The solution isn't an engineering one. In the end, a good teacher is an artist who also has immense empathy and love - and they also have to be two steps ahead of the children to foresee how their mind is forming connections. This is beyond engineering challenge. Any tech or research driven approach will be superficial. I cannot pretend to be hopeful.

Hi Everybody! I'm Ashris, currently pursuing Architecture at KGP and am in my 4th year now. My hobbies and interests are pretty mainstream, so nothing cool over there. Getting comfortable with my sexuality took years of thinking, self analysis and getting over the feeling of getting validation from people. I have got my inner peace after talking to many lovely people who I could share my thoughts and experiences with. I wouldn't have been able to, without their support and care. I'm glad to be at Pravritti and I'm looking forward to interact with you. Nothing much. I want to be a teacher one day, have a school of my own, have 3 pets and live by a hillside with cows and apple trees with my loved ones. :)

Check my profile man. I am. And ya, I am smart too okay. Hey, just that I cant believe am talkin to a guy with Indian Ocean in between us and am so comfortable. I mean its just lyk talkin to my frnd... I love you Kenya.. Yah exactly, enuf of sex thing. We indians are supposd to be conservative. He he..

Ha ha... Are you seeing some page in wikipedia or sumthn about India? How do u knw so much about Her? okay, heres it. Cows r an integral part of the domestic life of rural India. Milk is the source of Income. Curd, butter, etc... Even dried cowdung is used in rural areas as fuel. So, its life giving entity. We Indians regard cow as mother and respect her. Traditions u knw. Cow plays a grt role in auspicious rituals and regarded holy. Ding dong. Lecture over..

I do. Indians are freaky movie lovers. We make over a thousand films a year and see lakhs(a lakh is 100000 just in case u are unfamiliar with Indo Arabic Numeral Nomenclature and say that as 100 thousand).. MIB3 was the movie I saw wd my frnds on our farewel day in college... So, we have half an hour more rite! So, my hobbies? Music in no. 1, then computer programming and as u knw knowing about this beautiful world.. And many more. But u'l gt bord...

Hey man, so I could deploy my PHP app. here: <https://the-identity-distorter.herokuapp.com/>

But the thing is that the app makes a call to a php file after taking input from the user. But the script.php is evaluated before the html is loaded and that returns -1 and the call isn't made. :/ Is there a way to ensure that script.php is evaluated later? <https://devcenter.heroku.com/articles/php-support#custom-compile-step> this says that there is a way to specify custom compile step, not sure if this is what I am looking for though.

Today I talked with Iveel, a student and a friend from Mongolia about what we are doing, our ideas and our plan for India and she said she wished some peoplr would be doing this for her country too. She said she would love to work with us even if it is for India. From my discussions I realize how everyone across cultures shares the same core beliefs and same struggles.

I have found myself to enjoy projects that are purely done for exploration without a use case. Growing up those were the kind of Western projects I loved. From the comments it does seem that people need a value or a cause or the drive behind a project, if it is done for its own sake, it seems a bit uncanny

Today while coming from Checkpost to home, my roommate unjustly got angry with the autodrver who held his hand. He behaved very rudely with him. The autidrver couldn't say anything to him but while driving, he broke speed limits and drove very recklessly, he was visibly annoyed. He would go home and pass on the hate to his wife or someone.. This is what hate does, it just spreads from one person to another like fire, it burns everyhting on its way including the person who propagates it. Hate is bad. The world is filled with hate, don't add to it, love and be compassionate, it is the only solution we have.

20 Different Varieties of Sweets from Different States of India

1. Roshogolla, WB: It is made from ball-shaped dumplings of chhena and semolina dough, cooked in chashni, a light syrup made of sugar. This is done until the syrup permeates the dumplings.
2. Chhena Poda, Odisha: Chhena poda is a cheese dessert that literally means Roasted Cheese in Odia. It is made of well-kneaded homemade fresh cheese chhena, sugar is baked for several hours until it browns.
3. Ghevar, Rajasthan: Ghevar is a Rajasthani cuisine sweet traditionally associated with the Teej Festival. It is disc-shaped sweet cake made with maida and soaked in sugar syrup.
4. Petha, UP: Petha is a translucent soft candy from Agra. Usually rectangular or cylindrical, it is made from the ash gourd vegetable.
5. Beninca, Goa: Bebinca is a type of pudding and a traditional Indo-Portuguese dessert. Traditional Bebinca has seven layers. The ingredients include plain flour, sugar, ghee, egg yolk, and coconut milk.
6. Mysore Pak, Karnataka: It is made of generous amounts of ghee, sugar, gram flour, and often cardamom. The texture of this sweet is similar to a buttery and dense cookie.
7. Shufta, Kashmir: Kashmiri Shufta is a traditional Kashmiri recipe made with a mixture of dry fruits, spices and sugar. It is usually made for festivals and weddings.
8. Modak, Maharashtra: The sweet filling on the inside of a modak consists of freshly grated coconut and jaggery while the outer soft shell is made from rice flour or wheat flour mixed with khava or maida flour. It is used for Ganesha during prayers.
9. Malpua, Jharkhand: Malpua are sweet pancakes made during festivals like holi and diwali. Malpuas are mostly served as a dessert snack with rabdi or with some nuts.
10. Thekua, Bihar: Thekua is a revered Prasada, offering to god in the Chhath puja. It has been used as a sweet snack for centuries in these places typically made with wheat, ghee and sugar.
11. Mawa Bati, Madhya Pradesh: Not to be confused with Gulab Jamun, Meva Bati is a rich North Indian mithai made by stuffing a mawa based dough with a rich mixture of nuts and mawa, and deep-frying the delicate, stuffed balls till golden brown.
12. Paal Poli, Tamil Nadu: Paal poli or paal poori is a simple milk based sweet with poori made with rava/sooji/ semolina, deep fried and dunked in sweetened milk typically made during Ugadi, the Tamil New Year.
13. Narikolor Laru: Assamese for "Coconut Laddu", Narikolor Laru is one famous laddu from Assam specially made during Bihu using grated coconut, cardamom and sugar.

14. Rabri, Haryana: Rabri is a sweet, condensed-milk-based dish, originating from the Indian subcontinent, made by boiling milk on low heat for a long time until it becomes dense and changes its colour to off-white or pale yellow. Jaggery, spices, and nuts are added to it to give it flavor.
15. Qubani ka Meetha, Telangana: Qubani ka meetha is an Indian sweet made from dried apricots originating from Hyderabad. It is a common feature at Hyderabad weddings.
16. Karikku/Elaneer Pudding, Kerala: An exotic Malayali desert, Elaneer pudding is a jelly like desert made with fresh pulp, water from tender coconut, agar agar (china grass), milk, condensed milk as its main ingredients.
17. Nap Naang, Nagaland: Black rice pudding is a chewy yet delicious pudding from Nagaland made with black rice that gives it a rich violet color.
18. Sel Roti, Sikkim: Sel Roti is a pretzel like sweet ring desert made in Sikkim. It is made of rice flour with adding customized flavours. A semi-liquid rice flour dough is usually prepared by adding milk, water, cooking oil, sugar, ghee, butter, cardamom, cloves, bananas and other flavours of personal choice.
19. Dehlori, Chhatisgarh: Commonly prepared in every house during festivals like Holi and Diwali, it is a sweet delicacy made with the batter of rice and curd fermented overnight, dumplings deep-fried in oil and soaked in sugar syrup. It is also acknowledged as a Rice Gulab Jamun.
20. Sutarfeni, Gujarat: Shredded, flaky - rice-flour roasted in ghee, blended with melted sugar to form a cotton candy, and topped with finely chopped pistachio and almonds.

How many have you tried? Let us know your favorite Indian sweet in the comments below.

This sounds exciting, Alok! I would love to see how the final outcome turns out to be. I think having an idea of triage will save the doctors a lot of mental load in taking hard decisions - I can imagine it is a huge risk also considering your tool might decide who gets medical assistance and who does not.

It will eventually make sense and yes, there is so much to explore but the humdrum and ordinariness of things that go around you can be overwhelming, just try to remember who you are and love yourself for you are the most special person who will always be there for you. I recollect third year was a time that got me decided to stop living by others' definition of what life should be and things have been nice since then.

I am trying to do things. I think my major dissatisfaction in life has been to not materialize my ideas, make things that people can see, touch and feel. I think the ideas I am having now and the thoughts I am having now are shared by so many other people and when I write something, make something and when people connect with it, I feel motivated. I am trying to unlearn things I know and start from scratch. But I don't want these to be ideas and words but eventually 'things'.

Hi Shubham! Ashris here. I am a third year student at IIT Kharagpur, Department of Architecture and Planning. I will be doing my coming summer internship at ETH Zurich under Prof. Gerhard Schmitt. Now I notice from the Lucy Repo that you were a contributor and I was curious to get to know from you about your connection with Computational Architecture.

I had worked with the panel last year in Hong Kong on the Lucy project and will be continuing it this year as well. I would love to hear from you. Please ping, whenever free :)

Real Estate is more practical and closer to what one does in archi firms. But then it isn't a crucial requirement if you don't wish to be involved in a more commercial side of architecture. Vis Sem is more abstract and is closer to art and cognitive science than anything else. It won't be useful in an architecture career as such, but it is a wonderful subject to have for one's imagination and creativity.

And I don't want to be the creepy guy in your friend list who tries to flirt with you disguised as friendly talks. I personally am really irritated by that. So, just to be honest with you, I really really like you. Not only because I think you are goddamn cute but because I somehow feel you are a very nice person at heart. Dunno why.

Its upto him. Clearly, he is too busy, thus the group is still stuck at 285 members. I said, we could do adding people, updating events about the dep(which he cant), hence he agreed.. This is what I messaged.. Hello Sir, Regards from the Department of Architecture and Regional Planning, IIT Kharagpur. I am Ashris Choudhury, currently pursuing my first year B.Arch. Recently, I have been elected as the Alumni Secretary for the academic session 2013-14. I am extremely passionate and enthusiastic about the post. Its an honor, Sir, to get to know of esteemed alumni of our institute and reaching them again after so many years of their graduation. Its a mistake on our part, for not having taken any step in this direction for so long. The results: Our database isn't strong enough. We have 252 contacts of alumni after 2006 batch. Nevertheless, we have

attempted as an initiative to get in touch with all our alumni again, updating them about the college, the departmental activities, and genuinely show that we do care and acknowledge our Alumni. We wish to know about them and their lives. I know, the task is enormous, may as well take 10 years, but we have to start. Sir, hence in this regard, I wish to create a group on facebook. It is most easy to reach, is comfortable and people wont be bothered on receiving updates as unlike emails, they access fb only in their free time. You have done a great job, Sir, by creating the group "IIT KHARAGPUR ARCHITECTS" and I am overwhelmed how you always keep updating links and thus, is a good platform for the alumni. But, there are so many events and updates like Zonal Nasa held recently, IBM competition, field trips that you might not have the data for. Sir, so we want that in the group, we have more updates on these lines and add several more alumni. On an assignment, where I was required to find contacts of 13 alumni of 1998 batch, I could trace 9 of them n fb. Hence, we have several alumni, still not added. Hence Sir, do you recommend us to start a new group altogether that shall be administrated by you, and the Alumni Secretary and Secretaries so far or should we provide you with data to update on the existing group? We suggested the former proposal as many people have to be added further, and we assumed you might be busy for this. Kindly let me know, what you think about in this regard, Sir.

So a part of what I wanted to share was to ignore these walls and disregard achievements as someone's worth. It makes life lot more simpler and makes us notice things we never did before. Like when you stop looking up to people for their internships and jobs, you notice things like how they treat people, what do the think about art and these things I feel are more important.

These letters are so old. They feel crusty. I am wary of touching them, for they could crumble. I am guilty for remarking how hip being dyslexic would have been back then. I am sorry.

You made it look so easy to me, though.

The world would strike you with its complexity and you would dissolve it in into simplicity.

When life seemed messed up, you took the time to understand me. In a way, I was just another page of scrambled letters to you, another page of letters that you solved. It felt more real, simpler and easier to be with you.

I remember the night; we perched on the roof, you gazing the sky.

"I see new stars every night. I feel I can read them.", you whispered, " They are the doodles of a philosopher."

"Tell me, what do you read?", I asked knowing you wouldn't reply.

You smiled. I laid there the whole night by your side and I realized that I could read letters but not your eyes.

I recited my poems to you aloud, even when you insisted on reading them. And then here, in these letters, are the scribbles you made as replies to my poems. I know the marks you made: the mirrored 's' with a dot next to it that looked like a snake and the j without a dot you'd call the 'hook'.

Now I feel I have spent so much time with your letters that your scribbles have become my language. Your words have become part of me now. Without you, the world seems no more simple. I cannot read the right words of the world anymore. They seem to rise above the page and shift positions to resemble your writing. Slowly, I am losing memories of the poems I wrote to you. I wonder if they are still lying in your closet. I don't remember exactly what I wrote. But what I remember is the sting I felt when I wrote your name in the end, like a sacred verse, a scribbling in the sand that is washed by the tides.

You continue to live in me as your words, in the patterns you made, in 'j' without a dot and 's' with one.

Things to refrain from:

For the sake of being open, profs ki burai mat karna. Don't do anything that makes you projected as a bad influence.

Don't lower their morales. Don't tell them Architecture me scope nahi hai, jobs nahi lagegi or anything of that sort. In fact do the reverse. Tell them that 'From here on you will have the most important 5 years of your life which will shape how you think and how you work. Be prepared to give your best.'

:) Its about my summers. I loved the field of designing something new and how innovations have changed our lives. I never had such an inspiring place to work where things were actually being built. I would like to work somewhere similar. How do you think I should proceed? I loved the work of MIT Media Lab and would want to work with them. Is it a good idea to talk to a prof there? I want a designing+computation+archi+electronics field and i think u are the closest person whom i know who works in such a field. do i write to neil gershenfeld, the fab lab wale prof?

Just confused, totally.

Hello Somnath! I am a junior of yours at IIT Kharagpur. I have never met you before but you have already become one of my inspirations by the tales seniors tell. Somnath, am in a lot of confusion here. About architecture and life in general. Can you please help me out with this? You have been a person who inspite of being very well at architecture chose your passion and are doing

things that you wanted to. I wish I could follow the same path. I have lots of doubts. Can you please help me? Am all clueless.

The Department boasts of diversity of fields in which its students have excelled in and multitude of talent

that they possess. While performing consistently in Architecture and Design related completions, and having

gained industry and research experience, the students havenâ t only been restricted by the curriculum but have

also gained exposure to other areas like Civil Engineering, Economics, Statistics, Computer Science, Finance

and Management.

Ranked as the best Architecture College of India, IIT Kharagpur has been winning in the Zonal Convention

of National Association of Students of Architecture (ZONASA). Zonasa has become an integral part of

the student activity, building the spirit of teamwork and coordination. Along with this, students have been

performing exceptionally well snatching the top honors in Ethos Saint Gobain Transparence, Autodesk

BIM, HUDCO NASA and many other national and international competitions. Top notch level of Graphic

Designing, Photography, Web Design and 3D Modelling has been achieved by students with their hard work

and passion.

The rigorousness of the curriculum is makes students hard working and time efficient leaders, and its

flexibility provides them the opportunity to pursue their passions. Through the compulsory official training,

students have been exposed to real time architecture and construction processes, project management, client

interaction and project cost estimation in different countries across the globe. This industry level exposure

has shaped them to be real time professionals both in terms of technical and managerial skills.

Excellent event managers have come from the department who have been Core Team Heads and Core Team

Managers of IIT Kharagpur's annual socio cultural festival, Spring Fest and techno management fest (Asia's

largest), Kshitij which involves dealing with huge real life financial and management decisions to be taken

under strict constraints and deadlines.

Students have the provision of pursuing a minor degree from any department in addition to their major

course in IIT Kharagpur. Some have earned their minors in Civil Engineering and Integrated M.Sc.

Economics .. Students have gained industry exposure in financial and consulting firms, firms like Phillips,

..... and research exposure in Carnegie Mellon University, Queensland University, Indian Institutes of

Management (IIM) and Indian Statistical Institute (ISI), . Many students have also cleared the prestigious

Chartered Financial Analyst(CFA)Test levels to pursue their interests in Finance.

Students have participated and won in national level case challenges, and quizzes and other events. They

been a part of B-Plan conceptualization and worked on real time development projects. Our institute's

technical fest - Kshitij - has seen many students from our Department bag the best positions in technical,

real estate and B-Plan Competitions. Students have also been enthusiasts of Programming and Coding with

exposure to C,C++, Python, R, MATLAB and STATA.

Tropi, I dont want to invest my whole life in this. I think I can still achieve artistic freedom and appreciation through other means... Tu samajh raha hai, this needs a big revolution of some kind. I am very pessimistic about how architecture is practiced and taught. I feel shocked how I suck at something I really admire and love. By defining architecture through plans and sections and all that BS, you are degrading something so sacred into a corpse being dissected

Ashris: What about you, what are your plans.? Ishaan: Well Iâ m at a point where I think I have a certain level of design related skill But I want to use it for the benefit of people Real benefit Not the next iPhone or fastest car ever But pressing issues in the world Climate change Social equality The development gap between the first and the third world but with the added constraint of everything being sustainable I donâ t really know what to do at the moment Because design jobs in India are shitty to say the least. Finding a job abroad requires a tremendous stroke of luck And I donâ t have the finances required to do a masters abroad I have no answers to the questions I ask myself ð

ð ı woah you remembered that! Ive been slightly lost lately trying to really ask what do I do in life in the big picture and I think it helps to just look around and see what the other passengers are doing. Just I feel this speed is so fast, it doesn't let us pause and just talk you know. And I really wanted to let you know that even if i don't be in touch with you, I am always eagerly rooting for you and hope we do end up unleashing our potentials.

hey CHILL ashris CHILL! i didnt take it seriously at all. its okay i have just 1 problem... apni pranks public ho gai 10:00pm Ashris Choudhury

U have problem with that Shruti? I felt terrible cos I remembered the last time similiar stuff had happened and u felt so bad then. It was an Archi guy and that made me feel so terrible and now similar stuff and who's it? My best friend! It was just too embarrassing u know.. Anyways, if u are okay, I wont over react. I'll talk to him tomorrow then 10:04pm Shruti Sarode

arrey that stuff was different from this! this is light. that was very bad n gave a very bad impression of me... ki even i liked that stupid guy n crap like that.

this is okay.

CHILLLL 10:05pm Ashris Choudhury

Ah okay then.. I shouldn't have gone to the extent to unfriending him.. That was too impulsive I guess.. 10:09pm Shruti Sarode

haww! u unfriended him?!! now i feel terrible! mere wajah se 10:10pm Ashris Choudhury

I felt he had crossed some limits. Dont feel guilty. It was my impulsiveness. I should have atleast talked to you before doing anything. Use do teen lecture bhi de diya and asked him to apologize to u 10:19pm Shruti Sarode

bichara mahesh! itna ni karna chiye tha. 10:24pm Ashris Choudhury

I know.. I shouldn't have.. I'll talk to him kal\ 10:32pm Shruti Sarode

sure and ask him not to apologize to me it'll be even more stupid if he does so 10:33pm Ashris Choudhury

Alright

If u say so

He will be in 7th heaven to know that 10:38pm Shruti Sarode

he is cutely crazy 10:41pm Ashris Choudhury

I wont convey him the last sentence.. He will go completely mad then 10:44pm Shruti Sarode

ha u shudnt convey that sentence, nahi toh he'll also start thinkin that i like him too iv had enough of that

I'm bi. I don't wish to marry. It has been a huge struggle to face it and come in terms with this and right now, I think I'm kinda in a stable area of my life. I have told my mom about it which well didnt go so well. I have told 3-4 frinds and they were cool, nothing amazingly awesome respnses, but well, they were okay. I right now dont care about this anymore. I want to study and just make my parents happy and maybe get some stability.

I've noticed something after years of having these bursts of finding a stranger interesting, jumping to opening up to them like there is no tomorrow and then the next day feel either cringed or unreal and never talking to them again.

It happened recently. There was this "fan" of India in Pixels who who'd message and be like oh Ashris dada youre so this you're so that you're so ye wo and I did bask in that fandom and be like heyyy yeah thank you thank you and I was answering her questions and everything and she was like 'wow nobody responds like this, you are so different, ni wonder your community likes you'. Then two days later she asks me a bunch of questions I don't reply for a while and she unfriends me. It didn't bother me but made me think about how fundamentally unnatural these outburst of feeling of connections are.

I feel relationship and proximity feels natural when it builds over time idk. Also it requires normal boring shit, if it is all intellectualism and deep talkery it also feels unnatural. Idk this is again part of that microscopic journey.

Heyy Prionti, you sharing such a vulnerable information about your self really helped me. I lost my uncle who I was very close to. It wasnt fast and instant. He had a brain surgery to get the cancer out, I saw him lose all his faculty, turn into a vegetable. It just made me unsure of everything and everyone I have.

But champagne problems indeed they do seem like. Weve never met but I think I do think on some shallow level I do relate with you and those replies did reach to me.

Looking back I think that post was cringe. It totally waters away my smart and articulate persona I have so craftily crafted. But I am going to keep it there just as a nod to who I am in real life.

Kya offline chali gayi fir se... Okay! Hey, we hurt them whom we love the most.. And I can understand that I hurted you the most on your Birthday Eve. So much that I unfriended you. And your privacy settings dont allow me to post any message.. I am sorry my Birthday Princess... I have hurt you more by even needing you to write your message.. So, here is what I want to say... I, Ashris deeply, sincerely and with all my gentle manliness ask my friend status back and the place in your heart again... On the day when the best thing happened which God had planned for me... A day you get an year older but also more prettier and ever happier... My first best friend, my colleague, co-monitor and finally my last crush and first love, A very happy bday my dear! Am sorry... I hurt the girl who stood by me when others didnt, happy in my happiness and sad in my sadness. I am sorry my Angel!.. Frnds again?

Same here Kriti!! Hey, I've decided not to take my fone at college... And after a month or so, I may delete my facebook profile permanently... I hold myself guilty for you.. I believe your exams would have been better if I wasnt in your life. Remember, that was the reason of our breakup. Still, I influence you too much.. I know that.. I dont want to be your weakness, or reason of weakness. You were a winner, an acer, a genius... With me, you make yourself be weak... I can easily use you I feel. I worry when you say that you miss me cos thats not healthy... You know what my problem is... I am in love with you even now... But I dont want that typical Raj Simran wala thing. I want you to live for YOURSELF and not be pathetically waiting for my messages and mails. Dont want you to be influenced. I want to see you as a successful doctor rather than my lover... U understand na Kriti? I dont want to hurt u but same time I know that I am not healthy for You. what do you want?

Same here Kriti!! Hey, I've decided not to take my fone at college... And after a month or so, I may delete my facebook profile permanently... I hold myself guilty for you.. I believe your exams would have been better if I wasnt in your life. Remember, that was the reason of our breakup. Still, I influence you too much.. I know that.. I dont want to be your weakness, or reason of weakness. You were a winner, an acer, a genius... With me, you make yourself be weak... I can easily use you I feel. I worry when you say that you miss me cos thats not healthy... You know what my problem is... I am in love with you even now... But I dont want that typical Raj Simran wala thing. I want you to live for YOURSELF and not be pathetically waiting for my messages and mails. Dont want you to be influenced. I want to see you as a successful doctor rather than

my lover... U understand na Kriti? I dont want to hurt u but same time I know that I am not healthy for You. what do you want?

See... I still see you as a friend.. wish you all the best in your life. I will remember you as a nice memory. I learnt a lot from you as a human as a person. But calling me using for pleasure and trapping you is really hurtful... please give up the negativity you have. You are a wonderful person... you are never supposed to have so much poison.. I will confess that I don't think we can get back again cos there is no way to get the trust again after the message. But I write to you on the basis of the two wonderful years with you.

You dont have to be sorry. NEither accuse yourself... I just don't know if we can have the same thing again. I find an awesome friend in you. And we will always be great friends.. I just am not ready for a commitment now. I hope you get it. And its not embarrassing, okay? I respect your feelings a lot. I'll always be there by you.

I dont have any frustration ok? I just dont want to talk to you. I am tired of this all the time. All this while, I try to be nice to you for the nice moments we had... but if u have to ruin everything all the time, I am just being an asshole here right? Why should only I try to be the one who understands when all u evr do is be angry. I am seriously done yaar with all this. I should have known after that msg of urs that u just hate me. I was dumb to expect a friend.. I dont even know why am I typing all this. You arent the Kritika I know. Stay as u wish now. I give up.

It was unbelievably fun! We hanged out till 5 in the morning and had such an awesome time talking about any random stuff we culd think off. What was it? The Encounter with the Drunkards, The love Hate Algorithm, Ambiguity of Relationships, Subconsciousness, Parallel Universes, Time Dilation, Gender Analysis, Whew! Sometimes you get a smile thinking of the whole idea. Three people, each with a lab and a test the next day hang out from late night to breaking dawn! That is a moment to cherish!

This is an indicator of you having more work to do in figuring yourself out. There are parts of yourself you are yet to discover. This requires spending time with yourself, really look at all your insecurities and demons, love them and work with them and find an integrated personality. You will know when to spot the fake voices then. This is easier said than done. But the problem you mentioned is not an easy one either.

Yes Tilman, I did see it. Thank you for your support, I am grateful for this. I will go through this program and apply. If I am to be honest with you though, I feel like I get more love from the industry than the academia. I am still a bit scared if I am that academia kinda person because I seem to like the hackerish get-the-job-done kinda vibe in startups.

Many things. Surprisingly, its small things that get me think a lot. But to be frank, realizing and discovering my sexuality has been the most thought provoking incident in life. Well, I'm bi, by the way. And it took me quite a while to realize and accept. I understand how it is to be a minority, judge what is difference between being a creep and being God's creation.

Exactly. There are some topics jinko zyada exploit karne par you gain no knowledge, it just accumulates as junk facts that gives you no intellectual satisfaction. It is no better than 'Who got evicted from Bigg Boss today' 'What is average run rate of XYZ' bleh bleh. I keep distance from this. And this whole 'Does Pak love Inida, and do we love them, who loves how much' is just the same.

Abey, the thing yesterday was really really bad I know.. It was so embarrassing.. I just was curious and checking out that shit.. That was so stupid, I realize.. Can we just avoid that to have no weird instances in the future. I so wanted the earth to crack and me boil down. I assure you that there is nothing more to that. Can we just resume. It turns out to be really funny. I already talked to Subhamoy and he didn't stop laughing bout it. Oye, plz keep the paint things with you. I'd be needing em too.

It would be so bad ki everyday she just opens the grp to find our posts, fun without her. lets make her feel ki we all still remember her and she is the part of PS forever

do u think she opens facebook?

See the posts.. Seen by everyone

ohhh.

including Hanitha

do i keep the background?? my bed sheet ??

Achcha, just mail it to me.. I'll do the editing P0st it here in the mesages

but nik n shr are missing!!! ask tehm t write again!!

Ok.. but post whatever u have

im mailing it to u post as an album . ask them to mail theirs

Okay

ask nikhil if he wrote this "it is awesome having u in the group...

hey

Hey there!

yeah so madhureeta will be joining kgp?

No clue We hope so

yeah so hw is ur work going on? for linkit up

People dont seem to be mch excited We wereworking on the site But ppl didnt respond well

who did u talk abt it ? to?

PS gag gang

oh recently the doctors told me dat i should prepare for a wheelchair life

! There must be a cure C'mon that shouldnt be correct I pray for you each day
You have many blessings with you. I am sure miracles happen. Do not lose faith at all

miracle is the last hope nw sry the only hope

Hey Hanitha.. Be strong. Theis may just be a tough phase. You are a brave girl. You will definitely be alright.

i really hope so ashris all these days i was thinking that it will be cured

And u will be

but nw it seems to be difficult

I have faith There are so many cases in which miracles happen Even the doctors would agree that many a times results occur which they didnt expect\ Is there any other lace where medication woud be possible? place*

there is no medication for this disease allopathy is not that developed when it comes to neurology whatever happened,happened of its own accord it was a mistake made by my immune system which attacked me instead of the virus its my bad luck

Hanitha, u have to be strong now for many people, us, your parents, your relatives want you to be healthy and we will always be there for u. I am sure that all the doctors in the world wouldnt have the same opinion. Why didnt u

consult with doctors in the States? I think we shouldn't lose hope before trying all avenues

i did probably with all the best ones there is no medication for this

Well, Hanitha.. It is so brave of you to be so logical and strong now. You are a really strong human being. I respect you so much.

but all this is so tuff to take in till nw i was holding myself but suddenly i feel that im becoming weak everything happened all of a sudden probably i need some time to settle down a bit today when i was being transferred into the wheelchair i got scared tthat i might never be able to walk again this is really terrible

Well see it this way. If the doctors aren't sure if it will be cured again, there is no reason why they can say that it will always be as it is. They just don't know about it. This field of neurology may be unknown to them. So there always may be a possibility of the body's natural immune system to heal it. Many a times, miracles like this have happened. You have to have hope Hanitha. You know here were people who were declared to never walk again, but some of them went for olympics by their will power. It must be a really tough phase, but human will power is very very deep

yes ashris

Hanitha, how is aunty?

she's fine all what she tells me to do is have faith in god she believes that i will come out of this soon

Yaah. She is 100% right I am sure things will be alright soon.

i really hope so but one thing i feel is that even if my condition won't improve i should not stop here probably i should move on in life this should not be a hindrance

Yes. Exactly Life is too precious and u can do so much with it.. This will not be a hindrance. You are an inspiration Hanitha!

but i don't know what the college administration will do

They will be totally understanding am sure.. And how can they not! Under Medical grounds, u can extend a leave for anytime u want

i don't want to extend it anymore i will be there in august

Okay. That will be great. But u can be shifted to a different IIT also u know? If u need proper medication anywhere, u can continue ur studies in Delhi or Bombay or Madras too

Ashris Choudhury â Statement of Objectives portfolio: iashris.com Faculty Preference: Patie Maes

“No computer has ever been designed that is ever aware of what it’s doing; but most of the time, we aren’t either.” — Marvin Minsky

We are increasingly being surrounded by devices that we know very less about. With terabytes of data generated each day in the hyperconnected world, our senses are getting numb to stimuli. Obsessive automation has lessened our need to interact with each other. It seems that the interconnectedness is somehow disconnecting us. Human minds aren’t designed to function in this cold, robotic way. I believe the solution exists in building empathy in our devices that allows them to understand us, help us see the bigger picture and assist us in being better human beings.

My interest in graduate studies at MIT Media Lab is driven by my desire to innovate systems that engage, connect and assist people through intuitive interfaces. I intend to combine my research backgrounds in architecture, cognitive science and programming to develop interfaces that makes it easier for users to navigate information, experience personalised media and amplify interpersonal relationships. There exist three approaches I imbibe in my design philosophy to humanise my design — adaptation, gamification and immersion. At the Media Lab, my research focus will revolve around building interfaces centred around these three approaches.

Systems that follow adaptation perceive the current context of the user in terms of cognition, emotion and motivation. Using this awareness, they customise themselves accordingly to suit the context. I began researching this approach at ETH Zurich at my internship at the Chair of Informat Interfaces that offer a more natural interaction experience, that allow a user to use the functionality without diverting their attention or disrupting their actions; Wearable interfaces that augment the human senses and capabilities; Interfaces that are designed for more specific or limited applications making innovative use of their physical shape, size and materials.

//talk of musical facade here

In the summer of 2014, I pursued an internship at Fab Lab, Ahmedabad that introduced me to the magical world where art and tech blended to create awesomeness. All of us in the lab hailed from diverse disciplines which we combined together to actualise diverse ideas like making mobile controlled robots, ornamental shadow projections and music responsive installations. I was so excited to find that there were other weirdos like me too and my anxieties of not fitting in transformed into an ability to be open to new possibilities.

My experiments began with me developing an application in 2014, frustrated by the manually driven approach of architecture, which allowed architects to draw rough heat maps of geographical factors and automate the process of zoning an architectural site. This reduced the process of zoning from 2 days to 10 minutes. I was awarded the Best Studio Design for my work and my instructor Prof. Abraham George offered to guide me in translating my idea into a research paper.

My formal research experience began the following year when I was accepted as a research intern at ETH Zurich and was assigned a collaborative project done by ETH and the Bauhaus University to develop a tool that offers realtime cognitive feedback to architects on their spatial designs. It was daunting at first but by the end I had made VR walkthroughs, analysed brain waves for emotions and implemented Computer Vision algorithms.

trafix 20,000 Blocks TwoPoint2

hacks: chrome condenser, gamification: traffic and twopoint2 and 20k interface: algo design, comps planning, indecoded, indian time machine, voix sans fin, roses without resonance emotions: eth, emo psychology, happiness project, witworks

99% of the projects in KGP dont lead to anything, no drama gets a national award and no debate is telecasted and yet we do it year by year. Because in a university, you practice for the real world, you prepare in a safe space for the realities of the world. This condescending tone needs to be stopped. My shitty Spectecool videos taught me about video editing I use in real life. The pride march might not have ant visibility but you think it is a small step for someone who might have been raised all his life to think his sexuality is a disgrace?

In making India one of the most homophobic countries of the world, Bollywood has a role to play. In making India more progressive and open to LGBTQ people, Bollywood also has a role to play.

When we compare the portrayal of queer characters in Bollywood over time, we see distinct phases emerge. In this visualization, we want to explain in a nutshell how Bollywood has evolved in dealing with its homophobia.

The Ignorant Phase (Pre-1998) In this phase, queer characters were used a comic trope, dehumanized and objectified. Anupam Kher, in Mast Kalandar played Pinkoo in Mast Kalandar, a gay criminal who lusted for men. In Gunda, Shakti Kapoor plays a complex queer character who responds to Vitamin Sex and rapes women.

Then we moved to the new millenium and had some kind of progressive movies coming.

The Introspective Phase (1998-2005) A short lived phase, we had a mix of movies made here.

Fire: The story was about a two married women played by Shabana Azmi and Nandita Das who love each other.

My Brother Nikhil: Nikhil, a bright young swimmer, finds his life falling apart after getting diagnosed with HIV. In his troubled times, he finds the support of his sister, Anamika, and his boyfriend, Nigel.

The Relapse Phase (2007 - 2012) Can't have good days forever. We then enter a phase where extremely cringey queer characters make a come back.

Dostana: Abhishek Bachchan was one of the first celebrities to express support for the Supreme Court ruling. Unfortunately, his films Dostana, Housefull and Bol Bachchan have some of the most offensive portrayals.

The Realization Phase(2015-Now) This is the phase of many progressive movies. Indian millennials started becoming the major film-watching demographics and thus movies shifted their narrative to now have LGBTQ characters with a soul and even films led by LGBTQ protagonists. India is slow in making progress but boy when it does, it does spectacularly.

Aligarh: Dr Shrinivas Ramchandra Siras, a professor on whom a sting operation was carried out to determine his sexual orientation, forms a special bond with the journalist who covers his story.

Shubh Mangal Zyada Savdhaan: Gay couple Kartik and Aman face a long and difficult road to happiness as they battle opposition from Aman's family. However, Kartik isn't prepared to step back until he marries Aman.

If it is true that cinema is a mirror to society, we are making progress.

India in Pixels wishes its community a very happy Pride Month. We hope our society is inclusive not just for LGBTQ people but across caste, region, age, and religion as well.

Here's an invitation for 3-4 students to participate in a project to be submitted for the SRIC research grant. We have 3 projects ready in the Department, one from your batch itself.

If the project gets approved, you will get a project grant (\$\$\$) and also a machau name of SRIC on your CV. Now let's come to the project itself.

Our campus is one of India's best but design wise it lacks a sense of wit dissolved in the air. When someone comes here, one cannot see innovation out there in the open, it is confined to the walls of lab. So this project called "Redesigning KGP's Navigability according to Urban Design Principles" tries to make the spatial navigability of the campus user friendly and interesting.

The focus will be on creating a system of wayfinding, custom icons for landmarks, interesting way of getting information like QR, trans linguistic signages and in the second part an introductory cultural walk app that helps newcomers know the stories of the campus as they travel the campus on their phones.

After being associated in the project, you will be drafting with our consultation the project goals and timeline and meet with a supervising prof. (SPB sir) and will be constantly guided by me, Tropi Keval and Bishnu.

Those interested should answer here +1 knowing that this will need a strong commitment for the coming one week and more if the project gets approved. The stakes however are high as this experience will give you a brilliant exposure of working on an institutional project.

From a reviewer point of view they will love The Box project, the blow up of the Hyper Density project, again the blow up of the Naav Ghar and the best of all the Koliwada project. A reviewer, most certainly will skip all of the text blocks UNLESS it is used to annotate an image. So ensure karo that text is only used to describe an image. In the transparency project for example, your image sizes are really diminishing the project ki impact while in Garima project, there are too many images without any explaining text.

I am Ashris Choudhury, a Fourth Year Undergraduate Student of Architecture from Indian Institute of Technology, Kharagpur. I am looking for an architectural internship for 6 months at the moment and I would like to pursue one at your firm.

My interests lie in fusing Architecture with interdisciplinary fields and come up with unique solutions in projects. I have worked at the Chair of Information Architecture at ETH Zurich last summer as an intern on a collaborative research project between ETH and Bauhaus University, Weimar which tried exploring underlying relationships between psychology and Architecture through data analysis.

I was selected to be one of the 100 International Participants to be a part of the Smartgeometry Conference in Hong Kong, an architectural workshop cum symposium where we delved into modern developments in the field of Architectural Space Compaction.

In my second year, I have worked with Urvi Sheth Architects at Ahmedabad and at FabLab, CEPT in parallel where we designed an interactive jali that responds to music.

I think I can be of assistance in your projects and my skills can aid you in the projects. Also, it goes without saying, My 6 months cannot be invested any better as I feel I will learn a lot from you as an architecture student and a research enthusiast.

Following are the links to my Portfolio and LinkedIn profile.

So if you base your decision on this one misconception Arnav, you will be missing out on a lot. See the charm of IITs aren't its acads. It is the alumni network, the kind of things people start on their own, late 3am conversations and such

memories. You may not appreciate these things now but this is what I took from my college life.

The article left me feel so broken. I felt the strong passion with which you wrote this Raghav. I also got to know recently that single men or same sex couples are not allowed to have surrogate babies. Our country is so insecure, we don't even know why are we this bigoted. At its core it is insecurity and I have faith that it will go away, I stay hopeful.

Hi Mrinal, ek cheez poochna tha. So MIT needs me to be enrolled till 2018 while I am graduating this year itself. I convinced my prof to write a letter saying Ashris will be completing his degree after his thesis and he will be going to Media Lab for his thesis (and hence be graduating later implicitly). Will MIT on its own check with IIT to double check if I am enrolled as a student inspite of the letter (which will be signed by the prof and on the letterhead)?

I don't think it will harshit said the same, cool hai, I'll go with it then Mina ko bataya maine, she said 'dekho risky hai, but if your heart says so go on'

Just don't tell Pattie yet Or other people at MIT Or visa people ð You should be fine haan ð but hypothetically if I get the masters in the future, I have to continue mentioning that I got 2018 me degree right?

Nobody will check I have an IITB friend who came to Media Lab without a bachelots He didnt finish some lab course But that was in final semester Visa banwa chuka tha ð So now he has a masters without a bachelors daaamn niice but MIT was cool with that? like they knew?

Nobody needed to know Or asked Like nobody checked if i have a bachelors degree after i was admitted cool hai. Mina told me she won't tell Pattie too, all should be fine then Niiice

Yeah When are you joining Tentatively August 2017 to June 2018 as a visiting student My request is submitted to the provost following which I'll get a MIT email and the link to upload the papers and then start the visa process

Sounds cool When do you graduate?

June 9 Accha, Aap PhD karoge ML me aage?

Nahi, I'm moving to California Sahi last exam aaj! sink nahi hua hai ab tak. padhne chalta hoon bye ð

I made a presentation that everyone loved here and I am working with Adam on an arts project which makes me very happy. I will give my GRE and parallelly look for things to do that I want to do in life. Times have changed, MS and

Masters aren't as useful as they used to be 20 years back. Now skills matter, ability to persuade people, present matters.

So I am not opposed to the idea of doing a Masters but I am sure you don't want me to be like Prince Dada living in a far off country away from my family. I am thinking of what I want my life to be about, it is part of me growing up and I want to make my decision even if they turn out to be wrong, thats how I will grow, please trust me on this.

Night out in the department for the Building Construction Submission. Hadn't come back to the room after that. Fone was with me with no charging plug. Its really hectic all of a sudden now. Got a structural extra class at 9 and then Mainak has called for review of designs due tomorrow at 10 in the night. Second yrs have decided to approach Haimanti Ma'am, our Fac Ad for reducing the working hours. We have 5 assignments due as of now.

Haha, have fun bopche, dont count. live in the present. best things in life will fly by, but the memories get etched. bad times go slow and leave no memories. I am happy for the brief time you and also priyancy were there in my life, thank you for the opportunity to make memories. Now both of you owe me a bbq treat for that senti message. and bopche, :* you.

Dear Sir, it was delightful to see the pictures from MIT. I am really excited by the idea that there could be an IIT-MIT collaboration on research topics. MIT pioneers in the field of urban planning research and Smart City Technologies, as per my limited knowledge. It gets me really pumped up if such a project gets into action and I'll love to work with it. Best wishes :)

its basically how u relate a building with its graphical description.. mural is a wall hanging jisme we need to show the theme of the building.. that is easy.. but then, i dont understand if we have to sculpt the building also or what? its supposed to be a 20 ft building.. thats impossible! the mural i to be placed in the corridors or out side the building.. just like we have in our dep

I would say, don't try to be dramatic and just be cool, relaxed and composed. While this is totally subjective, I found parts of things they did like saying one word at a time by turn quite 'eeeeee'. I don't know how do I put that. If someone pitched ideas to me, I'd probably want to see them excited and cheerful and yet serious about their idea, as if they really

mean it. I dunno how well this will be as a reference, but look at this:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g506ymapNes>

These guys balance excitement and seriousness rather well when they talk about their group. I actually would start the thing with something witty, humorous and catchy but then be done with it and be logical and classy for the rest with a nice happy smile, with no cheesy puns etc later.

Hey Roshni. I empathise. As I said, C would be a pretty boring language to learn because it's all learning and no direct application where you can put your creativity and use the language to build something. Hence my idea of teaching you guys Processing was to have a parallel application with learning. JavaScript is the most helpful language that we will learn this semester and have direct application that you can make use of. So look it up in case you want to get a preview. Similarly we will build things with Python and design games with JavaScript. C would directly help you in understanding the technicalities of all the languages.

Apoorva, hey.. any plans for the next sem? This sem was disastrous which I believe even you will agree. But I feel bad that we are on this side of the line. Okay frankly speaking, I see u ruthwik kuppu ankita harshit harshil prachi tarun singhal pratik tropi keval and some unsung heroes with real talent. I know we got potential and we can be wonderful in this amazing profession we've chosen. But look! There seems to be a line here. With us being on the side where you have uninterested and not so talented people around and the good ones are on the other way. We need to make our way to that side and emerge as glorious faces now. Enough with lagging assignments and poor grades. Now it's time to rise and make our mark!

Yes!! We totally should! I have so much to share. And don't worry at all, everyone in the tech industry, atleast in US and India start modest and then do awesome stuff. I just got done with my six month architecture internship and I realised architecture definitely isn't a career meant for me. So I am still looking for things to do in the future. Well all the very best. My Skype ID is Ash777. The net sucks at my home though , I will add you as soon as I reach my uni in 5-6 days.

I thought it's over, It was cry and sigh But then I found It's back, Sarabhai!
Quirky and messy Like Amane Misa Is the character I love My dear Monisha
My ability to make poems Was splendid always But nothing comes close to the enigmatic Roshesh

But I love this one lady And I am not being a liar Sophisticated and sarcastic
The fiery Maaya

Makes me crack All of a sudden hilariously cunning He's Indravadhan

The one glue that binds He's super chill maybe the sanest of all Is Sahil

I am excited to see What's in the store I hope SvS goes on Forever more

Hey! My father is in Govt. Of India marine dept at Vizag.. So, thats why I moved there and yah I lived with my dad. Even then, I kno that hostel life is more responsibility than fun... What rly matters more than what u do is what u dont... There are several distractions.. So gud if u can get rid of em. I suggest why just 6 mnths.. Avoid fb fr maybe a year thats ur clas 12 cos den studies sar pe hongii.. And, where r u movin?