General Purpose: to inform

Specific purpose: to tell these feelings, and say that I don’t want to be mad at you, and to remember the good.

This wasn’t a thank you email.

I probably should have called and said these words through the phone, rather than sending some confused words through email, but I did it, and it felt good, at least for a day.

I am choosing, on my own, to say something more here about this and every communication I’ve had with you Karandikars.

I had a breakup about 3 and half months ago now, roughly around this time was when things started going badly. One of the first thoughts was of you Karandikars. But it wasn’t of Asmita saying no to dinner, and what was implied about Manjiree’s interest that night. Sure, that hurt. The pain came from that time that you said in front of my parents when we came over “vivek, why didn’t you tell me you were around in the bay?” And then when I called you that weekend of father’s day, I never got a call from you. I waited in my room for 5 hours that Sunday, constantly updating my email and checking my texts, thinking he has to call – why wouldn’t he. Are my parents some special people that are so much better than me, that the reality of what you wanted to say needed to be sugar-coated in front of them? Put another way, am I someone so below them? When I finally let out everything about you Karandikars that summer day to my parents -- the week before my dad along with my mom just so happened to be coming to California again for work -- my dad told me that night that it all made sense what happened from what he was reading. It made sense to him why you wouldn’t call me back. But still, I never believed him. The worst part – the **worst** part - was that you assumed that I was simply heartbroken during dinner in Berkeley, and that none of these thoughts were in my mind. I wanted to stay angry at you for making me question myself, making me ponder why someone who my dad associated with didn’t find me acceptable as a person, or that I couldn’t be part of the same circle as my dad’s friends. You could have met me for coffee somewhere outside on a weeknight, let me do all the talking, smiled, and said you have work to do or have other engagements to be at, and then leave. I really wouldn’t have asked for anything more. And you said “call me” at the end of the dinner. If that was a way to handle what I’m talking about, then you should have tried much, much harder.

To put this type of sadness in one sentence: I’ve never cried about girl not calling me back, but I cried when you didn’t call. I’m not ashamed to say this out loud that I did cry that day.

This pain never really left me. But I never wanted to expose something so silly, something you might have thought was just a blip to you that day. That’s pretty much why I kept writing that you should call my parents, finding ways to justify this sadness, and making you feel my pain indirectly if you did the slightest thing wrong. That’s why I wrote this email. And it felt satisfying to generally remain angry at all of you except Varsha Maushi, but really just you.

My parents never have wanted to hear from you again, purely because of the sad person they saw that night when I finally told them everything. If you made me unhappy, then why do I keep writing to you?

The thing is, as time passes by, it becomes less of a crazy thought that some random chain of events because I stumbled across you actually shaped my mind, and my ambivalence towards you changed to valence.

A few weeks after that dinner in Berkeley, I tried something, with you in mind. At 3:30 every Tuesday, I’d go for a meeting, and a girl at work would walk in the opposite direction at roughly the same time to go to another meeting. She didn’t say hi and didn’t notice me. What I tried one day is to straighten my back. She made eye contact. I tried it again the next week additionally with my head propped up and shoulders straight, and she again smiled and said “hi”. I tried for 3 weeks later, and there was one time when she didn’t say “hi”, but other than that it was nearly deterministic behavior. In fact, this same trick seems to works when you walked into a conference banquet, or walk into a wedding. And if you keep going down this train of thought, it’s pretty clear that this whole world is driven by human-to-human connections like this, and it’s not random. What goes through my mind then is that I can use the critical thinking skills I learn when writing and optimizing code to be judicious about how to be a better communicator. I almost want to say these ideas would make a hiring manager think twice about whether this exclusive club of Harvard MBAs is the only option for leading a company.

But you know what, all this is really great, but actually, this isn’t the thing that shapes my mind. I could go meet new people, stumble and fall, figure things out on my own, read books from the 1980s on my dad’s bookshelf that he treasures, learn adequate communication skills somehow -- all without having ever talked to you.

Non-connection

Here’s what the thing is. I sat for approximately 3 hours in your house, and for every minute of those 3 hours, I dictated conversation, diverted comments, and suppressed feelings about a girl sitting a few feet away from me. Before the lunch, my mom asked a couple times about her, and I said that she’s most likely not coming and that we’re focusing on seeing your old friends, and my dad agreed. After the lunch, I did even more of the same thing. I diverted the conversation, saying something like she’s like a little sister to me, and I’m curious about Manjiree, but even with her I’d feel like she’s a sister to me. It took me 2 and a half months to tell him what actually was going on with that lunch. And this behavior is consistent with when he asked me if I want to talk when I was young, I used to shy away from him. And this behavior is nothing new. Whenever we were at home and we talked about women or about life or about emotions, I’d go into my room quickly and avoid the conversation.

What you inadvertently did here is forced me to really talk to him and not hide these things. And because of this, you forced me to connect with him about fairly deep emotions as a friend, not just momentarily, but continuing on afterwards.

My dad keeps telling me how happy he is when he talks to me these days. I tried to bring you up a few times and say I thought it was the situation with you that made me think that I should talk more with you. But he’s dismissed this situation and dismissed you. And he says even if I never talked to him more openly, he would always be so proud of me, because of what I already am. And sometimes I’ve thought he’s dismissed you simply because of the sadness he saw me in that day, and that he can’t bear to ever see me so sad – and he rightly should.

While I want to be justified in my anger with you, I can’t escape the fact that you essentially brought me closer to him. If I’d never stumbled across you, maybe my dad and I would still have eventually become much closer. But when? When I’m in my mid-30s? When /(if) I have a wife and kids? When it’s too late?

There’s one other thing. A few nights when I was down in January because of that breakup, I called my dad to talk, but afterwards, I still felt down. I was able to fall asleep because I thought about you, Varsha Maushi, Manjiree, and Asmita telling me “keep going, you can do it”, even if it might be far from the truth. And that’s what kept me going the next day, made me fresh, and I went on with fiery determination to keep going.

The above two things, but mainly the one about being closer to my dad, is why I choose to not hold anger about you and why I choose not to forget you.

I’ve always thought I’d find you and come to meet you in person in around 10 years, and then I’d tell you this. But people change, things change, and people forget things that aren’t important to them, especially things that don’t really seem to need to be remembered. About a month ago, when I started trying to meet new people again, I had this thought that you might have forgotten me by now. In fact, it’s possible you don’t remember very much of what I’m saying right now. And the thing that stopped me is that I thought I almost wasn’t feeling these emotions anymore. To me, these thoughts truly make me sad. Because then these things are forgotten, and then I couldn’t truly relate to someone these specific emotions that bring a very particular sadness that day when you didn’t call me back, and also bring out happiness because I connect to my dad better. So that’s why I’ve written this out (got time last Saturday to sit down, and then took me today to think it over about whether I really should send this to you). It’s so that I can still come back in 10 years when my life is possibly settled, tell you clearly these things, and you will know exactly what I am talking about.

-Vivek

P.S. The reason it didn’t work out between Archana (that was her name) and I was complicated. But I remember you said something a while back on the phone: “How old are you? “. I wasn’t sure whether that was a rhetorical question. In the end it’s really just a match, but if this was a rhetorical question, then it definitely, definitely had some part in it, and I fight that view every day.

ToDo:

1. Correctness + Content + Truth

* research your topic

2. Get to the point: +structure :

* Think about beginning paragraph to explain the purpose
* Think about last paragraph, and why you are writing
* Be intentional, synergize

4. How to say it:

- Eliminate useless words

- Short paragraphs

- simple, straightforward words .

5. persuasion + inspiration

todo :

1. fix ending to make it more precise what the intention is
2. clean up paragraphs that need fixing

. It’s kind of a subtle point, but it becomes more clear as time pas

1. Not a thank you email, choosing to say something more here – deeper reason for this and every other email.
2. Breakup, and what went through my mind was to hate you for not calling me for lunch.
3. Plan is to blank you out, dad doesn’t want me to ever talk to you again.
4. Changed my mind about relating to a girl. More generally to another person
5. Not really that, sat in your house for 3 hours, diverting conversation in every way to expose my feelings about a girl sitting a few feet away from me. But we never really talked when I was young, I would always go away. Changed my mind about relating to my dad .
6. Also, a few nights that I was down, when I felt down, I thought about Manjiree.
7. I thought about you a couple days ago. I was worried you might have faded away. I want to come back to you in 10 years, and make sure that you remember what I’m saying. That’s why I’ve written this down.
8. P.s. you suggested I’m childish on phone sometime back. That was part of why we broke up.

Every minute that passes by is a minute that you might forget this, and I might forget this.

Goal: network spec goal: explain the email and what I think. Motivation: explain what I want to achieve in this, and what needs to be done.

I better understand his biases, his viewpoints, and opinions.

I gained some tips about relating to women. But it’s not really that. It’s really relating to another person, and when you have emotions, not holding them, but properly communicating them. That a person can become a better speaker, and better conversationalist. The only thing I can do is be happy and smile, and continue to be a bit clumsy and shy, and sometimes be conscientious. While these creatures still are confusing, there are ways to communicate with them. I don’t think I would go out to other places and talk to women, but talk intelligibly, and work to become a better communicator, even if I stumble and fall. It’s relating to other people. I’ve always thought that I could never be good at it. Almost like an emotional intelligence. Using your engineer’s mind, you can understand how to communicate, understand the world around you. What’s going on is not really a chaotic system that some people are good at navigating and others are not. You can think of communication any two people as a channel, where you send an receive information, and the conversation is deterministic. From this follows so much, such as signals and systems. Now, you can go out and talk to anybody. These ideas make a hiring manager think twice about whether 150K Harvard MBA is the only option for leading a company.

it’s deterministic, it’s not merely magic that some people know and others don’t. . And because it’s deterministic, can use your brain engineering skills and business skills to find the best behavior to influence people.

My dad saw this the next day, and was a bit confused, said I should have called rather than emailed, but made sense of it. I just was just really, really relieved that you called, and that I just heard about it, somewhat bad wording, but it’s just meaningless. And who cares anyways.

* Women
* Relating to another person
* Only thing I’ve done is be happy and smile
* See a girl in a hall.
* Not chaotic and non-deterministic, but determistic system
* Signals and system
* 150K Harvard MBA

Think twice about whether they really are the leaders in this generation.

I was thinking it’s ok to forget you and never talk to you, but it’s not ok. It’s not ok because this is what keeps me going every day.

you bring nothing but anger. Just the thought of you brings emotions of anger and sadness to my mind.

I just wanted to tell you these things at some point when my life settles, and come find you and tell you this. I don’t know when my life will settle now. It’s not clear. But more importantly, maybe you’ll forget that this happened, and may only remember vaguely these details that are so crystal clear.

I’m writing this with the possibility that you might know what I’m saying above, and connect with it. Just that possibility that these thoughts of mine are normal , and that I’m making sense, makes it a reality rather than just a dream for me, is what keeps me going in this life.

By sharing it with you, these thoughts in my mind become real, rather than just fictitious.

These thoughts I’ve had were always there. I knew they were there. I just never formulated them. Acutally, Several months ago, I was hoping to someday formulate the various thoughts I have and tell you.

This is why you are relevant to my life, and that’s why I conscientiously remember all of you.

So, I don’t know when I could come.

I could have been a better communicator, and I could have gone through my life ever talking and connecting with him. Understand his values. The most important thing you’ve done for me is help connect to one particular person in my life: my father.

It’s funny how little interactions really define you. Not really the big ones. Not these lectures. No classes, not qualifying exams. No visiting research in Paris and Switzerland.

substantiated by the fact that I used to have lots of trouble talking to him about women.

The above lesson I learned that day is what has kept me going through the breakup.

This is why I keep writing to you. You are just some random people, and under the circumstances, it doesn’t make sense to keep talking.

I probably shouldn’t have said the part about “I don’t care what your daughters think”, but I wrote whatever.

Saying angry thoughts doesn’t really give me satisfaction. Writing to you what you’ve done gives me satisfaction.

I really don’t think I’d be what I am if wasn’t for the randomness. I felt that this is a big enough statement, that I should write it out to tell you.

And if you didn’t call me, I wouldn’t have become what I am.

I wouldn’t have thought that a casual meetup can change a mindset like this. But it has. As someone who has impacted me, I write because I think you should know this. We shouldn’t talk anymore as it makes sense. Too many complications. But I can’t continue throughout my life without letting you know where the conflicting feelings come from, and the fact that I don’t get that much satisfaction in holding in the anger and making you feel the pain, and would rather tell you the good.

I don’t believe in spiritual things, and a set of random circumstances does this. Y

You made a difference in my life.

The impact you’ve had the test of time.

I’ve tried to tell him this.

In his eyes, it’s a blip that really makes no difference in my life. It seems clear that you don’t matter all that much to them.

That was me, and I’m not sorry for feeling such sadness.

I write to you because I have lost any self-dignity I have . I am not writing to apologize, because I expressed my anger, and there’s nothing I can do about it.

I don’t want to try to apologize. There’s no point. I’m not supposed to be talking to you anymore.

This email was out of anger. It was not a thanks email.

1. Explain what we decided:

On the surface it’s a pointless message anyways that really says nothing.

There were some other pressing matters to deal with anyways, and we didn’t talk much.

That if I ever come into contact with you again, this is what I tell you, and I should never talk again.

I write this, because behind the message is a sad, disturbed mind of mine.

and don’t bother writing. I said everything I needed to. All is good.

He’s absolutely right in everything he told me. However, I still choose to write to you once more. It’s taken me some time to tell you, but I’m writing on my own to tell you that this is not true. He told me the day you called.

2. Say that it’s not true

My dad told me the day you called. I thought I had forgotten about you and things were just normal, and what happened between us didn’t have any impact on me anmore.

I’m having a hard time just keeping this artificialness going on that I have when we talk.

I wouldn’t keep writing and bothering, and I would get bored if I couldn’t get over the fact that Asmita wouldn’t go to dinner with me. Manjiree . It’s the fact that you wouldn’t go on a date with me.

3. What I want to do:

I have an urge to tell you what actually happened, because while I wanted to write this (along with other emails/calls) and it made me feel good for a day, it wasn’t satisfying.

3. Explain the cause of the situation

I told my dad about this, and he sees my pain, but his solution is to blank you out.

I haven’t uttered you ever to my mom, and my dad never talked about you after this email. He was much less worried about this email then the fact that I was feeling really down, and honestly didn’t care one bit.

You asked me tactfully “why do you want to come over”. Maybe it was because of Asmita at the time, but deep down I really wanted to understand why you would need to tell my parents to come over. When you don’t think it would be a good idea.