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THE GRAMMAR CASEBOOK SERIES

THE CASE OF 'OXFORD COMMA'

- Prof. Rohit Majumdar, USLM

In the 15th century, Aldus Manutius, an Italian printer, introduced the “comma” as a part of printing punctuation. The word derives from Greek “koptein”, which means to “cut off”.

“Oxford Comma” is largely attributed to Horace Hart, the printer of the Oxford University Press who composed a treatise Hart’s Rules for Compositors and Readers, an essential style guide for all employees working in OUP.

The Oxford Comma has saved many from losses in printing and communication clarity. Many style guides, including the Chicago Manual of Style, American Psychological Association (APA), and American Medical Association (AMA), recommend the use of the Oxford comma to prevent ambiguity.

Yet others, including the AP style guide, Canadian Press (CP) style guide, and the University of Oxford style guide itself, use the Oxford comma only when a sentence could be misinterpreted by the reader without it.

It has become quite a prerequisite now while initiating written communication using Oxford Comma globally. Let’s understand this most important syntactical variation.

How many commas belong in the following?

red, white, and blue / red, white and blue

The answer is more than a little divisive. The comma before the word and is a serial comma, which is defined as the comma before the conjunction in lists of three or more items:

I want pizza, a burger, or spaghetti.

But that last comma is optional. It’s just as

legitimate to write:

I want pizza, a burger or spaghetti.

Most academic writing and book publishing favours serial commas, with the Chicago Manual of Style specifically advocating their use. News media and business writers tend to eschew serial commas, with the Associated Press Stylebook instructing followers not to use them. Passions run high on this controversy. Members of the pro-serial comma faction argue that the serial comma prevents ambiguity in sentences like this:

I’d like to thank my parents, God and June.

Without a serial comma, it’s possible to construe God and June as appositive of the word parents

— in other words, this sentence could mean that God and June are the speaker’s parents. The Grammar Casebook Series The Case of ‘Oxford Comma’ By Prof. Rohit Majumdar But this pro-serial comma argument falls apart when you make the first noun singular.

I’d like to thank my father, God, and June.

In this case, the serial comma creates the possibility that God is appositive of my father. Without a serial comma, this sentence would be unequivocal. Another argument against the serial comma: it’s redundant. That’s because commas represent a coordinating conjunction (e.g., And).

A. *Gary and Leah and Ignacio and Deanna and Jeanette went to the movies.*

B. *Gary, Leah, Ignacio, Deanna, and Jeanette went to the movies.*

The latter example shows that commas between coordinate items represent coordinate conjunctions. Except for the final item in the list, you can use and between the items or you can use commas. They do the same job. So, if the commas stand in for and, putting one in front of and before the final list item is a little redundant.

1. Use a comma when you join two independent clauses with a coordinating conjunction (such as “and,” “but,” “nor,” “or,” “so,” or “yet”).

A. Two or three of the spectators were sniffing, and one was weeping loudly. (Stephen Crane)

B. Dirk was going home to dinner, and I proposed to find a doctor. (W. Somerset Maugham)

C. It was an unscheduled stop, and the platform of the small station was crowded with people. (Ayn Rand)

D. It is true that the exact historical connections are often hard to establish, but a social context must always be presumed. (F. W. Bateson)

2. Use a comma after a transitional word or phrase (though not “and,” “but,” “for,” “so,” or “yet”), an introductory phrase (especially a long one), or a subordinate clause that precedes an independent clause.

A. Nevertheless, the conditions behind the kitchen door were suitable for a pigsty. (George Orwell)

B. Aside from that remark, all our conversation was about personalities. (Theodore H. White)

C. Taking out the crumpled paper, I looked at the telephone number. (Ralph Ellison)

D. For the most part, we come to works of art when the labels have already been pasted on. (Roger Shattuck)

3. Don’t use a comma between a subject and its verb, except to set off a non-restrictive phrase or clause.

Incorrect: Everything else on the field, was destroyed.

Correct: Everything else on the field was destroyed.

Incorrect: The bowers and arbores in these villa gardens, are among the loveliest we’ve seen.

Correct: The bowers and arbores in these villa gardens are among the loveliest we’ve seen.

Colloquial: The Honda CB Hornet, somehow, was far more stable than I had expected and wonderfully easy to ride.

Better: The Honda CB Hornet was somehow far more stable than I had expected and wonderfully easy to ride.

Alternate: Somehow, the Honda CB Hornet was far more stable than I had expected and wonderfully easy to ride.

4. Dropping of and, or, or...nor for Rhetorical Necessity

The strong box contained guns and passports and letters needs no commas.

When and is recurrent after every item but the last, no punctuation is necessary, just as no pause would be necessary in speech. Likewise, Jack’s manner was not shifty or shy or sheepish and Jack’s manner was neither shifty nor shy nor sheepish need no commas. Commas can be used, however, to produce a deliberate cadence: Jack’s manner was not shifty, or shy, or sheepish. Usually if the commas are used, they should be used consistently after every item, including the last if the sentence continues—Jack’s manner was not shifty, or shy, or sheepish, but seemed strained—because they make each item after the first a parenthetical addition.

*The strong box contained guns, passports, letters
and*

The lobby swarmed with players, journalists, fans

must have the comma between the last two items of the series they contain, since the conjunction and is missing. Lapse of the conjunction is a rhetorical device with a rather imprecise effect. In the second example, however, the series seems complete— players, journalists, fans exhaust the superficial group, humanity—and although omitting and does have an effect, it is difficult to define.

Note: This article is part of a series of essential grammar cases that define language proficiency and acceptance of written communication.

MY THOUGHTS ON THE MOVIE: THE GREAT INDIAN KITCHEN (2021)

- Ghata Joshi Bhatt, Semester 5, USLM

The Great Indian Kitchen, a 2021 Malayalam movie, has everything one can ask for to see through the lens of a woman, who is being domesticated. It is the story of a newly married woman struggling to mould herself in the new household system.

As the movie begins with the men in the house conveniently accustomed to a cushy daily routine, the women wake up, cook, clean the house and again cook.

The movie is also a stark depiction of skewed gender contribution towards waste management within the household, which infrastructurally, too, lack a proper system. The movie shows how the men in the house after having their meals leave the leftovers on the table cloth and their wives clean it. The women have to clean the dirt — one can only feel disgusted after watching that — every day. The wives have to fit in with the household work. I believe men should also know household chores and be skillful enough.

The movie has nothing grand, but it shows the real, daily activities of an Indian household. Practising one's own sexuality and freedom over one's own body, too, is an angle shown in the movie. During her periods, the wife is treated terribly, and forced into sex after marriage.

The movie also questions the freedom to make choices after marriage. The lead actress is a trained dancer but she is just not allowed to work because she is also the one responsible to cook and clean the house. When a woman in India is married off, she is expected to learn about the whole system of the new house. But what about her own personal problems? They are just ignored!

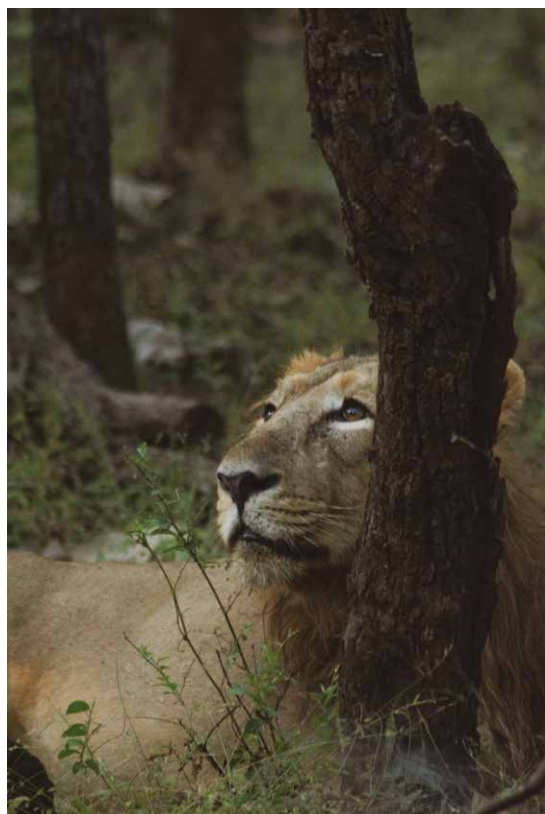
It is a fact that it is not only women who have to struggle always. Men, too, have their own struggles, which are often hidden. But when closely studied, a woman's journey has a lot to offer and this movie shows that journey — a journey from being naïve to taking a bold decision about leaving her husband.

This was a movie that just did not liberate us, but propelled us to think. Malayalam cinema has been my absolute love. The movie is not for entertainment purposes, but a depiction of social causes and gender inequality.



KING OF BEASTS

Nandish Shah, a semester 5 student of USLM, beautifully captured the majesty of lions in all their glory in their natural habitat



DUNG AND WOMAN

- Himadri Patel, Semester 2, USLM

The people of the village have a way to be always benevolent. It is in their blood maybe. To the outsiders, they would prove Gods by their altruistic spirits in welcoming them. Even if, we are in villages, they would want to make us believe we have crossed the paths of Heavens. And that's what has always impressed me of them. The bounteous spirits yielded in their fields and how they kept plenty of them to offer to the outsiders, I guessed.

I wanted to pour all my City's Smiles into her face. I did, as much as I could. I didn't want to render her any less than what she gave.

She was a woman of her husband and a woman of one of the fields my father owned. I could see how delicately, yet with a swift, did she pat the lump of dung with her all-hands, in a way that could tell that how her hands were practiced, efficient tools which had been routined with smoothness, since ages! How her legs had comfortable flexibility to bend like that of frogs! And, I pondered, how with an early entry of sun each day, that she would want to finish up her routine work of patting lumps of fresh, live dungs which the cows would excrete to the latest the last night & would splash them upon a separate official wall known to hold hundreds of such dungs upon its surface & it was the duty of that wall to make their dungs proudly dry. When the wall would finish its task to dry the dungs, she would peel them off with her usual hurried manner and check them vaguely if they were as crunchy as biscuits. The heap of biscuits, then, would be placed with their other fellow biscuits and as each day would awake, the fellow biscuits would have the other fellow biscuits to meet & gradually within a month, there would be a mound of biscuits, living happily in an organized manner. That day, she was late to pat dungs, and as she saw me there, she provided me with a green, smooth smile, just as her dung. And I still remember, her smile of dungs melted into my hearts of sanitized eternity.

I had been forcefully taken into my father's car this morning to be brought into one of my father's fields at Bavariya in my hometown Jamnagar. It was in his blood to do farming even if he had left doing it since his adolescence. And, as the days of emptiness arrived unexpectedly due to Corona Pandemic, he was left of no other choice than to do farming to satiate his empty nerves and pocket. He would leave home as soon as the moon would, and come back, as soon as the moon would. He would scrutinize the works of field workers and sometimes would himself plunge into ploughing of the field with a small tractor he recently bought. And that day, when the afternoon had appeared, we had got rains and when we had got rains, it was evening and when it was evening, my mother had proclaimed in the house that we were to have an excursion to Bavariya to have a look at the weather and the spine gourds.

"I want to pick up spine gourds, and string beans from there, haste, Himiiiiiiiiiii," she had screamed at me when I was being lethargic to jump into our car with unmatching pieces of garments clothed on.

And here, after half an hour, we had parked our car in front of the brick house of the field keepers which consisted of a woman, a man, two daughters, and a son. The women kept extremely amiable natures. We had been asked to sit upon the cots and the particular Woman of the house carried on with her usual activities.

I saw, she had got a steel pot that had a sharp slope to the top and a flat curve to the bottom. It was a pot that stored unfiltered water many times a day to help her in washing utensils beside the brick house. The field was their home & their life. It seemed that every element of the field was incomplete without each other. The pot was a part of the field, though small but a dear part. The proud pot would let them survive. It would let the

whole family feel that they were near water. It could make them feel that they could even establish good relations with it. They could even own it and could pamper their needs with it. Thus, the steel pot was a close fascination of the woman which at that time, she held it, all hollow, to the side of her waist. The waist & the pot had a single fixed place to make comfortable relations with each other. It seemed that the waist and the pot were perfectly made for each other, just like happy couples. I guessed she went to the stream to pour the half-clean water in it. I wanted to see how she would do it because it would have been ages that I would see such a tender act portraying a woman filling up the water from the stream. A few of miracles happen in water. And that day, I wanted to witness a one of such with the lady as a hero.

“Listen, shall I come with you?” I called the woman from behind, to which my mother had argued of what-would-I-do-there and to which I had replied, I-would-see-the-river. I was a girl of Tiny Acts in the world. Tiny acts. Tiny leaps. Tiny miracles.

I went with her.

While crossing the pebbled roads with no human manipulations, I could see there was a river flowing to my West, and to the East was an official pond for the fat, black, silent beasts that prevailed with huge amounts in the field. The silent beasts were buffalos and how they were relaxing voicelessly in that little pond. Each had large hoofs with an imposing pair of horns atop their heads. They will pay no heed if you allow them to soak in water for months. They would never feel solitude amongst such situations as they always have their white friends to visit frequently. The white friends, flamingos, and them make the most contrasting pairs in the world. I was warned by that woman to never mess up with them in life. They trample the outsiders, always. But, for the time, I felt them soothing from far as they seemed to look good, silent beasts wanting to live life.

“I have never seen these many, altogether,” I uttered to her, as we went.

“Ahh, they are always here.” She replied, with her humane smile.

While we were stepping forward, a tiny, young buffalo with soft, black fur and delicate skin was outside the pond, chewing the grass. Grasses would be feeling like jeera rice in the rainy season to him and he devoured his jeera rice with great passion and love.

There were a few old, lofty Neem trees with lithe boughs and with recently bathed leaves. Drops of water still rained under them, even though the waters stopped raining under the sky. You would find silly, little sticks of boughs broken everywhere on land. The land showed blemishes of boughs, weeds & pebbles but those blemishes had a way to seem beautiful, I knew not. You would even find a few shallow and a few bottomless pits around, with irregular shapes woven with leaves & weeds. We walked past everything raw & original. And that thing was making my little, foolish heart every time proud.

And to the most where you could bring your eyes, you would find everywhere the dear Acacia trees. Once my cousin told that how ugly they were and how miserably would they spoil the landscapes, in too much of a manner. But I do not believe it.

I have always found them as a part of nature & nature wouldn't gift us anything unpleasant. They can survive drought conditions since they have developed long tap roots that can reach deep, groundwater sources & as a result of which you would find them everywhere you go. They would accompany you like your shadow. Yet, I admit sometimes fine shadows can be intensely annoying, so as those trees.

We had finally reached the spot where the Woman was going to fill the water inside her proud pot. It was no picnic to handle a pot with full water. Yet she did. I saw the river flew by and how shallow it was. You could walk upon it and stamp your feet and play. The river served as a path to reach its opposite end. And just as few minutes flew by, I saw two men riding on a bicycle to have reached to the edge of the stream where we were, and suddenly they lifted up their bicycles

upon each shoulder of theirs and walked peacefully by, toppling their feet into the running currents to reach to the opposite end.

“Wouldn’t they slip off their feet upon the algae?” I asked the woman.

“Fat chance,” she replied.

Just as some more minutes flew by, we saw a swarm of people coming our way with lots of things in their hands.

“From where they are coming from?” I asked, being quite staggered. I had never seen any speck of people around our field and that day what I saw was new.

“They are coming from their desh.” She replied, still filling the water.

“Desh?” I asked, beholding a little bafflement since I hadn’t heard of any such thing before.

“Means they had gone to their own home very far away from here,” she replied, leaning slant & putting her pot to the side of her slender, tanned waist.

“Ahh! I see, they’ve got the mirrors, clothes & hair combs in their hands and seems as if they have made a long journey,” I replied to her, gazing at all the new things I was seeing that day.

They were the native people of scheduled tribes. They had deep brown skin with thin limbs & a healthy body. They were all young & studded with dull clothes. The women wore lots of jewellery & even the youngest child would have her nose pierced with a big, beautifully carved nose ring. I had always dreamt of such nose rings to put on. But I knew it wouldn’t suit my modern clothes.

They always very easily could pass the water currents the same of which wouldn’t cooperate the outsiders much. Since their practiced feet were in good terms with the currents, they could get its cooperation. In no time, they all were towards the other end of the river with their goods from their desh.

“Since there are no more people coming the way, we should go now,” proposed the Woman.

Every particle of that place was home to her but not to me and I wanted to gaze at every particle there since it pleased me in plenty, but I couldn’t do that alone. I had never stayed alone under the clouds of the fields and I couldn’t even pluck up the courage to ask her to stay there with me. My spirits turned helpless and I joined with her retreating steps.

In the field, people were nicely devouring themselves. My mother had laid out a plastic sheet and upon it, all the utensils of hot food resided quietly by. When it has been to eat in the field, it has proved me a thing to gambol. I have always leapt out of gaiety. My brother was engrossed wagging a wheel of a cart fastened to the thickest and one of the earliest branches of a tree which lied to the west of our picnic spot. The wheel was wagging like a dog’s tail and the heat soaked the air in the similar manner as my mother mopped the house’s floor that day at home. Amidst all the activities, we sat down with roaring abdomens, upon the plastic sheet which acted as a shield to protect our butts from spiky grasses, and began shuffling the utensils around. The utensils shuffled, the spoons rang until our appetites became quiet. When they did, it was the indication that we should cessate eating. We cessated.

“Come with me, Himi, to wash the utensils...” My mother announced as soon as we finished. The weather was taking a turn. It showed less pleasure and lots of sun.

“Mummy, not here also,” I replied to her, getting startled much to the extent. I had always been reluctant to do household work and if it had to be done upon the unexpected of places, it was indeed startling and annoying.

“Pick up the basket, and I am carrying the big utensils...” she ordered, shutting over her eyes to my usual laments.

It was a shallow stream to the end of our field area.

The stream lied lower to the altitude compared to the field, and there existed a heap of huge stones and some bushes to be stumbled upon, before meeting the edge of the shallow running water of that stream. There were still the fewer currents leaping by, as though in the motive of measuring their fitness and comparing their level of strength. The mortality of those currents of the stream was too young to evaluate. As though, the currents would ever not want to die, and impeccably, I wanted to believe that they should entertain my father's field forever. But, there were the falls of climate as much impeccable to ignore. And, so impeccably, would they bring esteemed evaporation upon the surface of the stream that the same immortality of those currents would doom into oblivion; one day. On that day, the young arrived oblivion of the stream would serve no longer a pleasure to the Man of the field. They love the currents. Not their oblivion. But, as the notorious nature has decided, the same, old currents could not be revived back. It is just when the falls of climate would do its work; it would call a different set of currents to live into that stream. And they would since then, rule the wet soil.

"But, uhh, there is nothing to wash, them off from..." I asked my Mummy, when she was examining the best pebbles to lay the utensils upon.

"You won't need soaps here," she mumbled, half unconcerned, and she quickly picked up some dry soil between the gaps of the pebbles skirting the edge and began rubbing it off the steel.

"Ahh.." I was under a stagger of good impressions.

"We didn't have these all soaps before. We used to do Mud Rubbing only, in our days.... It's the best method," she bragged with fine pride and nostalgia. I did think about her nostalgia a bit. The virgin, rocky roads to have around and, to carry a tiffin full of rice to feed the family members working in the field. She had told her tales, numerous times, to me and my brother, till life.

"I used to cook a cooker full of rice and Vani Masi used to carry all of them to the field...and, Ba would come home finishing all the cooker full of..."

"I know, you've told us, Mummy, many times," I said, making my hands engrossed in placing the Mud-Washed Utensils to the best pebbles I could hunt. I noticed that all the pebbles which skirted the stream were seemingly the best ones.

"Here?" I asked, naively.

"Yes, why?" she uttered with her consistent insistent speech. I had always got the grips with troubles of such homely, feminine things, which I was expected to learn. I was expected to have confidence about all homely learnings and all the places which are perfect to lay utensils upon. I have always defied this settling of confidence in me and that thing has always displeased every mother on their daughters around our surroundings.

My mother like many mothers had her own controlling and overpowering side that always glistened out like a beam of a flashlight under a somber room which chiefly did make me mourning and reluctant to bear; many a times, especially, when the dominant voice would transfer into as much dominant scream and that similar idea had brought chills of annoyance over my nerves. She had been a lady of screams and innocence. She had not any bits of awareness into today's digital world and she had chosen to live away from those alien odds and sods, as much as possible. And to a certain extent, I had come into the believing terms that if not out of anything else, the gene that concerned the speech of my mother had chosen gently to settle into my habitats of blood. I had her speech genes and I made the exact screaming young woman as my mother would be, lots of times. Innocence & screams had a good go with me & my mother. And nothing much could we do about it, quite far to an extent.

Unfathomable was my merry time that day. Has it always been my altering disposition or I know not, but, the gaiety thing seemed to me a bit weird? And unfamiliar? The exhilaration to that extent, as that day, was not a routine and everything bereft of the routine was weird to conceive. Nevertheless, my nerves did want to stash all the merry things I saw that day and to fill up a flagon of something to use them as a wine, whenever

required. I reckoned that was a nice intention. And very soon after that, my feet began stamping back to the crops and folk entertaining about, that I forgot all my intentions before I could even pour them into any flagon. I ran towards entertaining folk.

When I trod lightly upon the soft, damp mud, my weight would flatten the area covered by my feet. I had known for a long about crop spacing, which was something that my father and uncles had talked about, frequently, back in life. They would distribute the distances amongst consecutive plants so that one could comment about their density and heterogeneity and stuff which I knew a lot but precedent to a pea-sized amount. Then, I dawned stamping upon the mud, which was because I reckoned my speed could improve by walking that way.

“Mummy, I am going.... nearby those bushes....” I declared as soon as I made myself turned up before them.

“Now, where you want to roam again?” she blurted out, with her usual fears and trepidation.

“Mummy, I am going here only, not much far, uhhh, let me go, please,” I insisted with my regular soft bellows.

“Okay, return early,” she said, engaged in her own restless propensity to carry out field works zestfully.

I whisked my feet towards a massive thorny, thick tree of mature trunk far from my field, beside the trailing waters of the river. That was the only tree that kept the most soothing shade of all. I found a spot of least running ants beneath that magnificent, and spread my legs to loosen those lazy, stiff muscles in them. A sweet gust of wind wanted to provide me a gargantuan sleep of my life. It could be a sleep of sleeps, under a massive network of thorns held up in the sky in an oval shelter, though somewhere little in the spaces did some green, bunch of leaves show their perceptive presence amongst the thorns; maybe to tell some occasional spectators as me that bads hadn't overpowered

goods, quite much in plenty. I was cynical of allowing their message to decode within me. The presence of leaves amongst thorns. Could that mean the involvement of softness to balance the roughness? In no longer time did I want to celebrate a symbol. The symbol that related to my prevailing cognizance of leaves & thorns. It was Yin Yang. This Chinese symbol has preached dualities of matter; as in if we have colds, then we are required of hots and that if we have goods, then we are obliged to witness bad and that if we have highs, then, we are fated to have lows just as if we have thorns, then we are sure to sight leaves embedded within them.

This fastening of contradictions together, maybe, felt me an attestation to my dubiety. It had to. Maybe, those leaf things demanded me to do that.

To say about me, I was many a times a rubberneck of lots of stuff my retinas didn't usually come across with & remarkably when the stuff related with accessible nature like rocks, leaves, thorns, bushes & such. The emerging town of ours, Jamnagar, has left me with no whining over any pettish appurtenances like Big House, Good Markets, Good Roads, Pleasing Infrastructure, Agreeable Theatres, etc. Never have I ever moaned about dearth of things that other big cities went a bundle on and much to the fact, I would say, a paucity of assets is an opulence. A scarcity of something provides a luxury of something else. It's never too impoverished or underrated in its nature. Big Cities never much have tranquillity of air and stench of more depravity is to be expected from. The luxury of meagreness is to be thought spiffing to have in life, with very much unforgettably does influence a splendid simplicity safe for the earth. And safe for health quite in lofty terms. And therefore, Jamnagar with balanced luxuries and paucities had always kept my heart, and the red ants which ran by, stumbling over the mud, kept me reminding of the beauty of impeccable nature in front of my eyes. My eyes were a witness of the correct earth that was living in there. But, somewhere, I could even see wrong earth in the neck of the woods of my brain. That was, far away from there. The Urban Living. The part of the earth that was contaminated and I too owned the offence of contaminating it to a noticeable height. We all own.

I reckoned deeper in my contemplations, though I knew not whether they had been misunderstood or not, that, I could have been an Anglophile in my previous birth. An amalgamation of Anglophilic brain and Kathiawadi Gujarati blood was an incongruous, strange matter to concise about. So devastatingly off-the-wall. The great tale of how I pronounced 'Chitin' as chi-tin with Chi of China, before my Biology Teacher marked the culmination of years of my rotten, non-belonging Kathiawadi knowledge of Anglophilic passions as just before that same teacher, I had later on managed to utter one of the creative ways of addressing the teachers which someone more than just a plain English Speaker around our surroundings only could. And when the Local Snacks Van would arrive someday in our street and bawl out the recorded, pointy voice of the items in their menu, it was me, in my tender years, to entitle English names for various items and to rodomontade them before my mother.

"Mummy, do you know, Papad in English means Thin Crisp Cake?"

"Cake?" So would exclaim my mother, cynical of her sanguine opinions of what a Cake was supposed to be a Thing, in the surroundings.

"Yes! Cakeeee..." I would say, wanting to establish accentuation for her credence.

"And, khichdi, means, Hotch-Potch..." I would place all my learnt proud words in a way that they were being surprisedly taken as, as though in a how-could-this-girl-know-such-a-thing manner.

Some other evidence of my Anglophilic veins were the fact that, in my tender years of growing up, I had made a diary filled with English Names & Surnames of Men and Women and with the same rodomontading minds, I would orate the extended list before my father saying, "James, John, William, Albert, Henry, Alex.....Papa, these are all Names & Nelson, Niccol, Evans, Beadsworth, etc are the Surnames..."

My father was untutored of English and that was

why, his eyes would become beady of pride, discerning his daughter's Tiny Acts of English Love.

The instance when I could call out a 'pastivado man' as a Rag-a-bones man because I had heard this term in one series of The Famous Five in our convent school library, my veins had capered on inside and those Tiny Acts in brains were the cluster of evidence I always kept for plausibility regarding my Anglophilic claims. However, I had loved more the old, vintage Britain than the current, running one. I was a specific of a lover. I would love historical Britain and even, the whole of the Europe since Renaissance had marked itself in history. Those lekker people! Ahh! Leonardo DaVinci, Vincent Van Gohh! Sempiternal! Monstrous! Ahhh!

Obsolete ways of living had been my amorosity. Outskirts of town. A long meadow. A hut of books and bricks. And, the old ways of planting food and eating it. With so little incertitude, I could even claim myself to be a blend of modern and ancient. And, for an unprecedented reason, I was clung between the centuries; which if to expose a lighter part of its perspective, it made me no less unhappy. I was on my go. I loved impeccably the embedded gestures of history in my mind which spread like watermelon seeds upon the course of my life. Awkwardly gesticulate life!

Sitting there on the rough, cracked land, beneath the oval shelter of thorns, I attempted to capture some pictures of mine. The moment the AI triple Camera of Vivo F1 would capture whatever stuff being asked to, it would sound like a sound of cracking Thin Crisp Cakes of Udad, for, barring roasting Thin Crisp Cakes upon the stove, I knew not anything else to roast or boil or bake or cook. And, the things which we don't fathom, we shouldn't try to relate them with another thing. That's why Camera sound barely had any other options to get compared with. I had attempted to flaunt my best angle of the face with stretched edges of lips brought above the Overbite-problematic teeth and grimaced a Cheshire Cat smile before the camera; my tanned but long neck has

lulled my tiny, shrunk face always, which was good. As the days had advanced after my 12th std, I had shrunk like a Kismis in water. One could see no blood running below my thinned limb muscles, and my quadriceps plus hamstrings together, one day, had decided to deform my soft, round hips into a straight, immature one. The overall deformation of body muscles was a thing, which was generally named as 'scraggy' or 'skeletal' in our surroundings. Not many days before, Kanchan Masi, who lived at the periphery of our street had exclaimed awe to my shrunken state and advised some food to eat while she departed. I had made my lips stretched over the Overbite-Teeth and told her Yeses in whatever she went blurting about. As my face had chosen to shrink, there was a little space for my expansive teeth to grow laterally. Therefore, they rather chose to kick themselves out. As my incisors kicked out each day, I was left with early signs of becoming a monkey-faced girl in the future. The idea of being the world's first monkey-faced girl was a terrifying one. It had haunted me for nights. Even though, it had some fame and glory with it, of Firstness, yet, I didn't want to be First in some peculiar, hateful thing one could ever imagine. On the grounds that my overbite was sending me uncanny chills, I had set off my determination on the roads of journeying a dentist before I become a Monkey-faced; as I fancied some irksome titles I would be given as post to my transformation such as An Ancient Ape, or Himalayan Monkey or something! I loved History and Past and Old School Lifestyle. But, that wouldn't mean I would be fine with some Silly, Annoying, Irrelevant Tags!

When I stood up, I heard a shrill, distant cry of familiarity. A feminine familiarity. Indeed, it was my mother. We shared the same screams. So, I could easily comprehend the purposes and intentions lying in them. Those screams meant that we were to return to the contaminated earth. It was a time to have a departure from Earthly Purely things. Thorns, Buffaloes, Boughs, Dungs, People returning from desh and Women of Pots. It was a time to immigrate to Concrete Walls, Glass Windows, Pizza Huts, Mobile Networks, and Fresh Smoky Air.

And when I found myself returning hurriedly to the car, positioning myself to the window seat, I secretly bid a toodle-oo to that Woman of the field, and her two daughters, one of whom attracted my attention. She was younger, evaluated to have been fourteen-something. Oiled hair with a filthy rubber band and a broad village benevolent smile. And, yes, exactly when the Woman planted me her Smile of Dungs and her younger daughter, a Smile of Benevolence, I put up with my Smile of Cities, stretched and overbite-hidden.

And, when the Annoying Acacia trees swept by, countlessly, just a little distance away from my window, I feared of soon turning into an Ancient Ape or Himalayan Monkey!



PARENT CHILD RELATIONSHIP OF INDIAN STUDENTS AND SUGGESTIVE TECHNIQUES

- Dr. Preeti Nakhat, USLM (along with her former student, Sanjana Shah)

ABSTRACT

The parent child relationship is critical when the child is going through physical changes in collaboration with the emotional ups and downs and thus the child needs dependence and security from the family. Focusing on the impulsive age between 16-18, the paper examines the nature of the parent child bond. The hypotheses of the study is H1= Parent and child share highly cordial relationship. To review students from different traditions, cultures and levels of the society. The Parent Child Relationship Scale (PCRS) by Lt. Nalini Rao was used for research purpose. For data collection, 200 students and more are planned to be reached; a fair number of schools have been approached for the same purpose. After the data collection the analysis was done using Microsoft excel and z-score.

Keywords: Parent Child Relationship, Indian Students, Suggestive Techniques

Human a child trusts; in spite of a person being involved into many relations all through his lifetime the parent child relation is majorly crucial. The parent child relationship is very much responsible in the development of a child. Parenting is a process of being thoroughly involved into the emotional and physical upbringing of the child. The first learning of the child is from what the parents are doing around, the child is a keen observer and while parents unknowingly do wrong actions or speak aloud the wrong words in front of the child, the child immediately gets the hang of it and is sure to repeat it during that time or at a later stage. Parents unwantingly teach a lot of things to their child and later on complain for the same. The paper is an insight to how the parent child relationship is right now and what factors are affecting the relationship negatively. The paper aims to give suggestive techniques regarding to the betterment of the relation.

LITERATURE REVIEW

A paper titled: Parental involvement, family structure, and adolescent sexual decision making had been written by Pearson Jennifer Muller Chandra, Frisco Michelle in the year 2006.

The main aim of the paper was to determine what aspects of parental involvement are related to sexual initiation, whether parental involvement explains the association between family structure and sexual debut, and whether these relationships differ among boys and girls.

National Longitudinal Study of Adolescent Health had been used to find the study's result.

This research was based on data from Add Health, a nationally representative, school-based study that surveyed 20,745 students in grades 7 through 12, collecting data on adolescents' health-related behaviors.

Results indicated that among white adolescents, four aspects of parental involvement shared dinnertime, participation in shared activities, relationship quality, and communication pendently related to sexual initiation.

When these young people had positive relationships with their parents, shared mealtimes, and participated in shared activities, they were less likely to initiate sex. Findings also suggested that parental involvement did not mediate the association between family structure and sexual debut; rather, these aspects of adolescents' family lives were independently related to adolescent sexual initiation.

Crook Thomas, Raskin Allen and Eliot John in the year 1981 in Maryland wrote a research paper titled: Parent-Child Relationship and Adult Depression.

The present paper reported a comparison of depressed and non-depressed subjects undertaken to identify aspects of the early parent-child relationship that may be associated with the development of depressive illness in adult life.

Reports of early parental behavior provided by 714 hospitalized depressed patients were compared with those provided by 387 normal adults. The 2 groups were also compared on ratings of parental behavior along the acceptance-rejection and autonomy-control dimensions, based on reports of other informants. The analysis of the study showed differences between the groups suggest that depression in adult life may be related to parental rejection and control through techniques such as derision, negative evaluation, and withdrawal of affection during childhood.

The paper titled : "Family systems and social support: A test of the effects of cohesion and adaptability on the functioning of parents and adolescents" was written by Farrell Michael and Barnes Grace in the year 1993. The objective of the paper was to test hypothesis derived from family systems theory and social support theory taking into account methodological problems. Hypotheses were derived about the effects of cohesion and adaptability on family members' psychological functioning, behavior and perceptions of family relationships. The dependent variables were depression, anxiety, identity diffusion, individuation, self-esteem, deviance, school misconduct, grades, marital agreement and parent child communication. A sample of 699 families was obtained from a large northeastern city.

The results obtained by Farrell Michael and Barnes Grace suggested that cohesion has a direct linear relationship to positive outcomes, a finding consistent with social support theory. It was also marked that the more the adaptability the better the outcomes for girls, but not for other family members. Sharma Hema wrote a paper titled, "The effect of parental anxiety on the self-esteem of high school underachiever differing in test anxiety." The basic aim of the paper was to understand the effect of parental anxiety on the

self esteem of high school under achiever boys and girls differing in levels of test anxiety.

The underachievers (who fell below the regression line drawn on the basis of intelligence raw score and academic achievement score), equal number of both (high and low anxious boys and girls) with four categories of parents (1-both parents highly anxious, 2- both parents low anxious, 3- only father anxious, 4- only mother anxious) were selected and were tested on dependent variables of the present study.

Thus to study the interactive effects a 2x2x4 factorial design was used and post hoc comparison was made by t-test. The results revealed that parental lifetime and current anxiety diagnoses were significantly associated with the child anxiety diagnoses.

A research paper was written by Guy Doron, Danny Derby, Ohad Szepeswol titled: "I can't stop thinking about my child's flaw: An investigation of parental preoccupation with their children perceived flaws." in the year 2014 in Israel. The basic aim of the paper was to find out if the parent-child OC symptom is a prevalent source of unique distress for the parents or not.

In this study, a self reported scale for assessing parent-child ROCD symptoms (the PROCSI-PC) was created on the basis of an existing parent focused ROCD- scale. Confirmatory factor analysis conducted on a sample of 350 parents supported a five factor solution of the PROCSI-PC corresponding to five perceived flaw domains: appearance, intelligence, competence, morality and sociability stability. The PROCSI-PC total score was associated with parental OCD and mood symptoms and with parental stress. The results indicated the parent-child OC symptoms maybe a prevalent source of unique distress that is especially challenging for parents.

RESEARCH METHODOLOGY

The populations were students of higher secondary school of Ahmedabad. Two hundred students between the ages of 16-18 were sampled regardless of their class, sex and socio-economic status.

All the teenagers sampled were informed consents.

Instruments

The instrument used to collect data was Parent-child relationship scale constructed by Lt.Nalini Rao. The questionnaire consisted of 100 questions. The respondents were required to indicate their perception by grading their answers between 1-5 which indicated very rarely, rarely, sometimes, many times and always. The negative areas included were symbolic punishment, object punishment, rejecting, demanding and neglecting.

Statement of the Problem

The problem of how a parent-child relationship should ideally be has generated a lot of questions amongst researchers and doctors. The problem is very crucial and delicate and is supposed to be dealt with caution. There is no ultimate way to solve the problems that happen in a parent child relationship as every individual is unique and is expected to deal with differently. As a person keeps on changing so does a relation like these if/if not taken care of.

Objectives of the Study

The purpose of the study

- [1] To find out parent-child relationship of higher secondary school students
- [2] To analyze what factors are leading to decline in parent child relationship
- [3] To give suggestive measures to parents to have a healthier relationship with their child.

Major Assumptions

- [1] Parent child relationship is very unstable during the teen years.
- [2] While answering the survey questionnaire, students have given honest answers.
- [3] The child is more at fault than the parent.
- [4] Teenagers are mentally affected by their relations with their parents.

Significance Of The Study

- [1] The study promotes parents and children to have a better relationship.
- [2] The study favors a healthy and happy lifestyle for the entire family.
- [3] The study helps in showing various alternatives for the scope of an improved parent child relationship.

DATA ANALYSES

H1 : Parent and child share highly cordial relationship. To test the above hypothesis, instructions from the manual 'Parent-child relationship scale by Nalini Rao' were used. All the scores of each student were calculated individually for the sub scale 'Demanding' and 'Symbolic punishment'. After that 'Raw score' were calculated and later converted into z-score using the table below:

Norms for interpretation of level of parent-child relationship. (For mother and father)

SN	Range of z-score	Grade	Level of parent child relationship
1	+2.01 and above	A	Extremely cordial relationship
2	+2.01 and above	B	Very cordial relationship
3	+0.51 to 1.25	C	Above average relationship
4	-0.50 to 0.50	D	Moderate relationship
5	-0.51 to -1.25	E	Below average relationship
6	-1.26 to -2.00	F	Unfavorable relationship
7	-2.01 and below	G	Extremely unfavorable relationship

The analysis shows an 'A' graded relationship with their parents which meant that they shared an extremely cordial relationship with their parents. An extremely cordial relationship according to the researcher means that there is a healthy communication between the parents and the child, that the kid is given enough quality time, the parents are involved in the upbringing of the their child , the child is attached with the parents, sheltered and given a shield of protection for situations assumed to be hostile and oppressing and a relationship where the child is given space and freedom to have an individualist opinion and follow his/her own principles and ethics. The majority students surveyed fall into this category which signifies an extremely positive parent child relationship.

In spite of having an extremely cordial relationship with their parents, the answers the children had given do show a high incline in the negative factors like symbolic punishment, rejecting, object punishment, demanding and neglecting.

(i) Demanding

Quite ironically 79 out of 129 children feel that the parental demand is extreme and that the stress to fulfill the parental demand will surely lead to a decline in the relationship the parent child had prior.

The demanding parent might feel that the authority and command is essential for the child; sometimes they fail to understand their child's capacity.

Imposing their unfulfilled dreams on their child and wanting him/her to excel in every activity and academics is not righteous majority of the times. As this affects negatively on the child. Parents who are over controlling for their children are probably causing them lifelong psychological damage, proves a study of a group of people born in the 1940s.

A few illustrations of psychologically demanding behaviors which were found in the study included hindering into the child's privacy and a strong disapproval to let the child make his/her own decisions, and fostering dependence upon the parent.

As an individual they possess different traits, thinking, ideology and personality, thus forcing the child to follow a lot of rules and regulations results into the child being completely ignorant towards anything and everything. Under pressure he/she gets frustrated and does whatever he/she feels like.

Child may not agree to the parents point of view. The parents in order to maintain their socio economic status burden their child with a lot of activities. 10th-12th boards are surely of great importance. The parents create tension amongst the family, and burden their child with expectations and conditions. Questioning their kids about studies, other conversations don't

happen and thus the child remains in the tense state of mind throughout. The hype of board exams and the fear of the society questioning the parents about their child's result play the major impact.

(ii) Symbolic punishment

One of the two major factors falling into the category of highly negative factor was found to be symbolic punishment. 46 out of 129 students having an A graded relationship with their parents' feel they are being symbolically punished by their parents in an extreme manner.

According to the researcher symbolic punishment can be defined as Punishing the child psychologically by either neglecting, disapproving interaction, making the child feel unwanted etc and not with any physical action like slapping while their child has done something wrong.

Symbolic punishment is worse as compared to a physical punishment, as the symbolic punishment is of a longer term. Punishing kids provokes misbehavior. A punished kid is likely to be more angry and violent. It stimulates adrenalin and other fight, flight or freeze hormones, and lowers the reasoning, cooperative impulses. The child takes less time to forget the behavior which led him to the punishment, but it takes way longer for the kid to process the emotional aftermath of the punishment. One learning that happens is they learn to lie and try their best not to get caught. Punishment leads to a disconnection between the parent and child. It negatively influences IQ, as the child who does not feel completely safe and feels insecure aren't open to learning. Simply put, punishment is never an better alternative to raise a mature, attentive, happy child.

As the parent symbolically punishes the child for small wrongs the child feels embarrassed and guilty about his/her doing. The parent fails to understand that at what intensity the child would be affected by their neglecting behavior. A child initially confesses about his/her wrong doings; but slowly gains the maturity that when he does something wrong he is neglected and disapproved of, while he strongly dislikes such a behavior by his/her parents the child starts lying about his/her doing.

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It is sensible to talk and communicate as to why the parent felt he/she is wrong and why should it not be done any further in an appropriate manner. Furthermore they have to understand why did the child do something like that and communicate what they want to in a way that the child accepts their view point and is convinced not to make the mistake again.

Symbolic punishment in several cases is even found affecting the child so negatively that he/she feels separated, lonely and abandoned, it strikes such chords in his/her brain that that one incident can impact him/her for a lifetime.

The parents at times refrain from understanding that at what level the child needs symbolic punishment, irritation and annoyance by the smallest mistakes the child does and giving him/her symbolic punishment cannot justify.

Such symbolic punishment makes the child come in contact with the feeling of guilt. The guilt becomes heavy on them and while they are being punished symbolically for both small and big mistakes they get confused about 'What was so wrong in not listening to the mothers call for the first time' that she is treating me like she doesn't love me anymore. At times parents think its not a big deal to do so but in a lot of cases it adversely affects the child. It leads to a shocking decline in the parent child relationship.

The benefit of communicating with the child is that if he/she knows that their parent won't neglect them so they will come and share everything and lie very rarely because they know that they will always be treated with love and given proper guidance. The parent needs to sit and listen to the child and find out what lies in the crust and come across the reason about why the child decide to make such a mistake.

RESULTS AND FINDINGS

The results obtained were surprising, in spite of 129 students having an 'A' graded relationship with their parents the results concluded that even the 'A' graded relationship had many flaws and could lead to degradation in the bond. Amongst the 129 students 79 students felt their parents are extremely demanding and 46 felt that they are being symbolically punished. That means that even while the parents tried to maintain and put in their efforts to be fairly positive in the areas like protecting, indifferent, loving, symbolic reward and object reward and very calm in, object punishment, rejecting, and neglecting, they unfortunately failed when it came to symbolic punishment and demanding and ignorantly degraded their fair graded relationship.

Scope and Delimitation of the Study

It would have been ideal to stretch the scope of this study to cover more areas, but for the minimum resources available and time factor, the area of the study of this research is delimited to just the developed areas of the city of Ahmedabad. The results might have been different if some other locality or area was surveyed and researched.

Suggestive Measures for Parents

The Stress Perspective Stress is a common factor in a parent child relationship, and it usually happens when the parents and their children fail to understand each other. Stress in a limited form will always be present in every individual life, the paper is just an effort to minimize the stress between a parent and a child to promote a healthy and happy family environment. The paper tries to give suggestive techniques to the parents, as the researcher feels that either one of the two needs to change, and as parents being the mature amongst the two should take the first step.

(i) Communication

A parent child relationship will get better if there is communication from a very initial level. The benefit of having a healthy communication between parent child is that both will be able to understand each other's expectations and have a common understanding of the same.

(ii) Dynamic

A parent child relationship is ever changing; as the human mind and emotions. As they keep on changing the parent child relationship seems like a rollercoaster ride, at times fun but most of the times scary. The parent should take this into consideration and stay patient with the child.

(iii) Being on the same page

The parent child relationship will be better if the parent tries and is on the same page as the child is. The parent can do so by reading the same books they read, watching the same movie, crushing over the same celebrity, playing card games and board games, going to the restaurants they go to and binge watching the same TV series as they do. This helps the parent know their child and his/her interests better. This won't only create a beautiful bond between them but also gives them plenty of more common topics of discussion. This will also make the parent understand their child better.

(iv) Dining together

For a good parent child relationship all the members of the family should sit together at the dinner table and should be aware of the whereabouts of each other. Discussions about the best and worst memories of the day should be initiated.

(v) Being involved into the child's academics and extra curricular

The child loves attention, and while he scores good in a test or wins at a match in a sport he expects the parent to praise him and celebrate the victory. A parent should try and be a part of all the matches their kids play, positively a part of all the parent teacher meetings that happen and should try to pick and drop off their kids at schools, classes and games. This is when the child is very enthusiastic to share what has happened in the classroom and at the football ground, the parent should try and becomes the first person to know everything about the child and in a way shows positive listening so that the child is sure of knowing that he is well attended to.

(vi) Joke around

Children are happy when there is a light environment in the house, the parents should joke around and pull their child's leg once a while for better relations with their child, while the parents play cool the child learns that he/she can joke around and tell them about the things he/she does at their age and if appropriate even the parents should share about their childhood memories so that the child feels that the parents approve of a lot of things they never thought about. While there is a light atmosphere the child would like to be home and go on drives with the parents.

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(vii) Keeping it open

The child likes when there are open discussion and acceptance. The parent child relationship will get better when the parent is also open talking about bold topics like relationships, sex, alcohol, drugs, smoking etc. The parents when such discussions happen should make the child understand about the pros and cons of everything. When there are open discussions happening in the house the child is less likely do take wrong steps as he/she is already well informed by a trusted and reliable parent point of view.

(viii) Keeping the office stress at work

Parents should keep their professional and personal life separate. If not done so the office

stress might lead to unnecessary arguments and tense environment in the house. When the parents come carrying their work stress at home there is a noticeable change in their behavior and the child finds it difficult to communicate major as well as minor things as they know the response won't be in their favor. The parents should stay calm and maintain a stress free environment around their child.

(ix) Difference of opinion

Parent and the child should consider arguments as healthy conversation. Arguing and understanding each other's point can lead to constructive decision. All such small actions make the parent-child relationship bloom. Parenting is surely a tough job but if done the right way, it is not that difficult to become a successful parent.

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Conflict of Interest

The authors colorfully declare this paper to bear no conflict of interests

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